

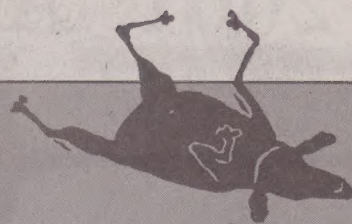
2001: An (empty) space odyssey

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

50¢  #29

hearttattack

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hearttattack@ebullition.com

phone (805) 964-6111

fax (805) 964-2310

distribution

Issue #29 • 10,000 copies

February, 2000

DISTRIBUTION: *HeartattaCk* wholesales for 5¢ plus postage.

U.S.A.; \$5 box = 30+ 'zines
\$10 box = 65+ 'zines
Canada; \$5 box = 10+ 'zines
World; \$7 box = 10+ 'zines

You can then sell them for 25¢ or 50¢ each or give them away, but please don't charge more than 75¢ each. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: *HeartattaCk* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for:

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Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

#3-#6, #11, & #15-#21 the usual shit
#22 The Women's issue part 1 of 2
#23 The Women's issue part 2 of 2
#24 Catharsis interview
#25 Kosovo and other goodies
#26 Race and hardcore
#27 International issue
#28 the last issue that we did

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: *HeartattaCk* contains extremely small text in large abundance. Prolonged exposure may cause blindness, dizziness, bagel tossing, headaches, or anal leakage.

STORES

If you would like to get copies of *HeartattaCk* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC.

If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis, and please only one ad per person. All ads need to be in by the deadlines. We do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition, not *HeartattaCk*. Please send all ads in on paper. Do NOT send ads via E-mail or on disk!!!

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Leslie "The Gambler" Kahan

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CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HeartattaCk* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.



classifieds • top ten lists • classifieds • top ten lists • classifieds

Timothy Sheehan

YAPHET KOTTO—live • BORN DEAD ICONS—live • *Days of War, Nights of Love: CrimethInc for Beginners*—book • KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS—*Pigeon English* 7" • *Doris* #16 • xLIMPWRISTx—demo • TRAGEDY—LP • DISCARGA—7" • YOUTH STRIKE CHORD—7" • POINT OF FEW—*Beneath the Surface* 7" • ORCHID—*Dance Tonight, Revolution Tomorrow* 10" • THIS MACHINE KILLS—live

Lisa Oglesby

BEAUTIFUL SKIN—*Revolve* LP • TRUE NORTH—*We Speak In Code* LP • BURNMAN—*Notes For A Catalogue For An Exhibition* LP • WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?—*Ahora Mas Que Nunca* 7" • *Jeanne D'Arc* 'zine • TOCOTRONIC—K.O.O.K. double LP • *Take The Cannoli* by Sarah Vowell • RED SCARE—*Strangers Die Everyday* LP • DEAD NATION—*Painless* 7" • V/A—*Stop Rape Now!* LP comp.

Dylan Ostendorf

ELLIOTT—*False Cathedrals* CD • HEY MERCEDES—the men, the live band and, yes, even the self-titled CD • KARATE—*Unsolved* CD • THE LAPSE—*Heaven Ain't Happenin'* CD • MAHOGANY—*The Dream of a Modern Day* CD • OLO—*Still Life with Peripheral Grey* CD • PILOTS V. AEROPLANES—*Our Desire is Wind and Motor* CD • Hanson Brothers/Slapshot figurines by Macfarlane Toys • Lubomir Visnovsky: L.A. Kings rookie of the year • A steady paycheck

Marianne Hofstetter

The Goleta folks • *Music*: Touring with THE LAST FORTY SECONDS and THE CHASE • AIM OF CONRAD—live • MILES APART—all • SONGS: OHIA—all • *Movies*: *The Pledge* • *Unbreakable* • *The Third Miracle* • TV: OZ • 100 Centre Street • Sports Night • Touching Evil

Vincent Chung

TRAGEDY—LP • BJORK—*Selmasongs* CD • DEATH TO BROADWAY—demo • FAIRING—*Directionality* CD • Q AND NOT U—*Kill No Beep Beep* LP • MADONNA—*Music* CD • THE HOT SNAKES—LP • RORSCHACH—*Remain Sedate* LP • THE REZILLOS—*The Best of* CD • THE RUTS—*The Crack* LP

Jonathan Lee

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Steve Snyder

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Steve Aoki

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Adi Tejada

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Punk Rock Film Guide #2. It's (about) time. If you would like to review films for this 'zine (#1 is still selling like crazy!) please email siue at siuem@hotmail.com Maybe we could do more DIY stuff?

Traveling around Canada/USA May 2001 to whenever. Need places to stay/people to hang out with. I'm vegan and sXe. 21 years old and into punk rock, activism, reading. Axenic@Furbymail.com Anna Weevil/11053-89 Ave./Edmonton, AB t6G 0Z7/Canada

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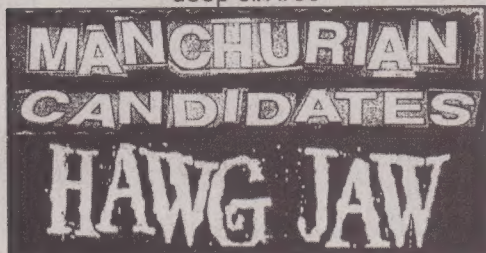
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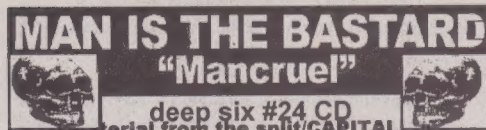
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deep six #30



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deep six #26 CD

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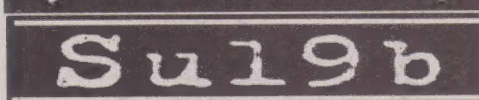
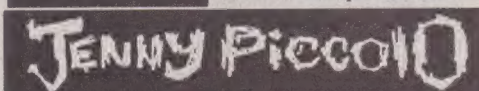


deep six #24 CD
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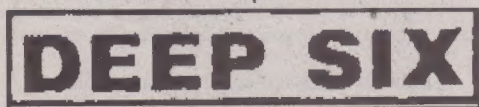
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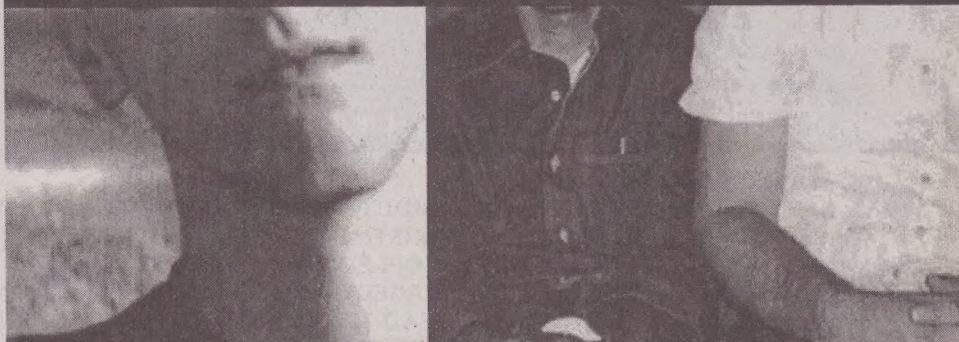
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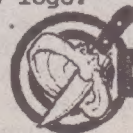
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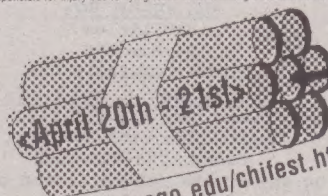
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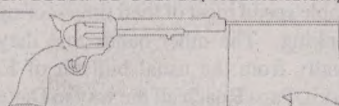
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- MARCH 7 - NEW ORLEANS, LA
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LETTERS

Ravi and *HeartattaCk*,

"Bands on major labels/tours sponsored by jeans and beer/I can't believe a fucking words sincere/you're paid by the system you claim to oppose/don't insult my intelligence with your radical pose"—"Rage Against the Mainstream," Code 13.

OK, it should be painfully obvious what this letter is about. Before we begin, I would like to say that I agree with most of the things you said in your column in HaC #28. Kids in the "scene" really do need to quit the bitching. They see no problem with buying the new mosh-metal CD at the Sam Goody in the local mall for \$17.99 (on Victory Records no less), but inexplicably find a problem with shelling out one or two extra bucks at the door to support out of town bands. Most of this has to do with a privileged up-bringing that devalues economic common sense.

What I did not agree with was the "wholehearted support" that a band such as RATM gets from a columnist in an underground punk publication. Far be it from me to dictate another's taste in music, and I promise you I am not attempting it with the last statement, but I feel that the line needs to be drawn.

You seem to believe that RATM (and other bands of their ilk) are blacklisted out of the punk/hardcore scene simply because they have "sold out" and gone on to the majors. It goes beyond this. With the claim that RATM are doing a service to the causes and fights that the punk scene is involved in by being in the mainstream, you make it seem that this is the only way to reach people. Underground=preaching endlessly to the converted; Major Label=instant enlightenment of the masses. Of course I don't believe that you have as narrow a view as that, but the sentiment almost seems inherent in your column. But it must be pointed out that in cases like this the way the message is gotten across is very important. Granted, if some clueless 15 year old learns about the plight of Mumia or Peltier through the efforts of RATM, then the band has done some good. But how credible is the source when the CD is on Sony, how serious is the intent? In fact what evidence is there that the band is actually nothing more than a record label's token "politically aware" band?

The fact of the matter is that, despite the few people who may actually take their message to heart, RATM are sellouts. Plain and simple. In your column, you pointed out that labels such as Victory, Revelation and Epitaph are no longer welcome to place ads in the major punk 'zines. Why? Because of corporate ties, because they got too big, because the bands that they sign have little or nothing to do with DIY sentiment or practice. Inside Out, the band that had at least the singer of RATM (if not other members) was on the Revelation label. The band was scheduled to release a recording on Kent McClard's Ebullition Records. Instead of this, the band resurfaces a while later as RATM (a name

STOLEN from Kent) on the major label Sony records. Untold amounts of \$\$\$, MTV videos, major magazine press. All in the name of being "more worthwhile than preaching to the converted"? If Revelation does so well, then why the jump to Sony? Can you honestly tell me that after playing a show the members of RATM get off the stage and get on to their spacious and accommodating tour bus and actually care? If they did, maybe they would find it more important to play FREE shows than to spend time on their pseudo-rap posturing in front of teenage girls on the video set.

Which brings up another point: if the "message" is so important, why are they on a label that charges people so much to hear the music? Or so much to see the show. It sounds to me like the Vans Warped Tour takes precedence over protests in front of the capitol building. DIY baby. And as for the issue of how many people actually DO absorb the political content of the lyrics, it doesn't look too bright. I work with several people of varied ages who like the band. These people spend most of their time scoring drugs and drinking. The other bands that they like vary greatly from the usual bullshit of Korn, Limp Bizkit, Papa Roach all the way to Dave Matthews Band, Beck and assorted Gangster Rap. The only other thing these people have in common besides the drugs is the fact that the "message" that RATM wants so dearly to get across falls on deaf ears. None of them are anymore politically enlightened than before they wasted \$17.99+tax to get a RATM CD. Most haven't even bothered to read the lyrics.

I'm getting long winded so I'll wrap this up. I really don't care about RATM. They are nothing more than a 3rd rate rock band with a vocalist who clearly wants to be a rapper. They are only symptomatic of another problem altogether. The notion that espousing our beliefs in the underground is preaching to the converted and the only viable solution is to make that crossover into the corporate mainstream world so our voices can be heard. At what cost? DIY means just that—Do It Yourself, not Have Sony Do It For you. The saying "cut off you nose to spite your face" springs to mind. The values, ethics, concerns, fights and ideas that we have DO need a larger audience to make a real impact, to see some real change. But Sony is not the answer. We need to exercise the utmost care as to how we get our opinions across unless we are to become parodies of ourselves. We have got to do it with our integrity intact or we become as bad as the corporate bastards who strive to run our lives.

Sincerely, Steve Feltner;
Ferenzy@aol.com

Steve

I couldn't agree more. I actually wrote Ravi a few e-mail letters after reading his column to complain about many of the same points you

bring up. Personally I think Rage Against The Machine is merely another product for big business to sell. Nothing more, nothing less. The medium is the message. And Rage's medium is corporate-friendly anti-DIY and ultimately I think that means that Rage is supporting the anti-democratic forces of corporate America. Their message is merely a gimmick and a product. They may very well believe in their message, but that doesn't change the fact that corporate America views this same message as a marketing tool. If Rage's message were truly dangerous then Sony and MTV would have nothing to do with Rage.

Ultimately I think the problem with Ravi's message and his system of looking at the world is that he seems to believe that Rage Against The Machine can change the world via their lyrical content. But in my opinion this is a futile and completely naïve notion. The forces of capitalism and class structure are so incredibly powerful and so entrenched in the very fabric of our lives that it is asinine to believe that Rage can change anything via their lyrical content. Sony understands this. MTV understands this. Big business understands this. These corporate structures realize that the Rage content is benign, and they are eager to make millions selling the illusion of rebellion and the visage of Che Guevara because they understand that the message is merely advertising and when the day comes to an end they will be wealthier, stronger, and even more powerful than they were the day before. The true subversion is that Sony and Rage Against The Machine are taking all of the power, impact, hostility, rage, dissension, and angst of the disenfranchised and reducing it to meaningless product. They make it safe and sane and consumer friendly. And in the process those that own the world get just a little bit richer. — Kent

★
Dear *HeartattaCk*;

My name is Andy Kindon and I sing for a hardcore band in Los Angeles called End On End. A review of our second demo tape was published in *HeartattaCk* #28 (and quite a nice review it was, too!!!). Unfortunately, our email address was published as "endonend@hotmail.com," which is not the correct address. Our email address is actually endonend13@hotmail.com.

Normally, we wouldn't be all that upset by something like this. However, I am particularly concerned now because we have already had instances of messages being mistakenly sent to whoever has the address that you published. I am a teaching assistant at UCLA, and one of my students sent a message thanking me for being her teacher to this email address. The person who received the message responded with an extremely offensive, explicitly sexual message which put my job at UCLA and my future as a graduate student in jeopardy. I can only imagine

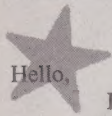
what kind of messages this person might send to people who have attempted to email us about our demo tape...

Obviously, there is no good solution to this. However, we would greatly appreciate it if you would publish a correction to this error in the next issue, if possible. If that isn't possible, please let me know, because then I would like to write a letter to the readers to explain the problem and give people the correct address.

Again, the correct email address for end on end is: endonend13@hotmail.com

Thanks-for taking the time to read this!

—Andy Kindon/end on end; <http://www.bands411.com/endonend13>



Hello,

During all those years of running a mailorder and distribution, I never bothered to write such letter—even though I came across a lot of assholes ripping me off. But it seems to be just a part of human nature, that people disappear without taking care of paying their dues... so what's the deal of complaining anyway. But not being able to handle a bizniz properly and "dropping out of the scene" is one thing—being lied to is something else! Especially when it comes to someone who seems to benefit and dwell really fine by ripping off others... and that's why I'm completely mad and pissed about Bruno of Genet Records and Pyrrhus Distribution.

Here's the story in short: in August 1999 Bruno desperately needed a whole lot of records for sale at some of his shitty festivals. He ordered tons of stuff from us and promised to pay right after the festival was over. Note: it was not our label-releases, but records from other labels, which we should have to pay in reasonable times ourselves! Needless to say that he never sent the payment and countless letters and email remain unanswered until the very day!

That's what I call a fucking LIAR! And I hate to say this, but I believe it to be true: instead of paying his debts, Bruno releases tons of records each month on his Genet Records label, most probably believing that other labels and distros will take his shitty records as trades instead of getting payments. Fine for those who are into the crap he releases... but when being promised to get payment, then I can expect to get money, instead of being lied to. So, be warned about Genet and Pyrrhus!

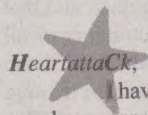
—Armin/X-Mist Records/
Leonhardstrasse 18a/72202 Nagold/Germany;
armin@x-mist.de

Armin —

Sadly, I have to concur with you that Pyrrhus and Genet are untrustworthy. I do not trust them and I would recommend that anyone that ever deals with them do so with the utmost care. Many years ago Genet would make orders from Ebullition. They would take months and months and months to pay us. Finally I told them that I could not do any more orders with them. Bruno called me and he asked me to do one more order. He seems like a nice guy and he is always

friendly. He promised me that he would pay me within two weeks. I was very clear that I would be extremely pissed off if he did not keep his promise. Needless to say I didn't hear from him again for many months. He finally paid half of the money he had promised me some five or six months later. And after I started to complain and threaten him he finally paid off the balance close to nine months after he had promised to pay me within two weeks. At this point I told him I would never trust him again and he would need to pay up front for everything. He has never done an order since.

However, we did some trades between Genet and Ebullition. This ordeal was equally fucked up. All of the CDs he sent us were extremely damaged and he managed to only send me part of what he owed me. It took months to get it all sorted out and in the end I simply grew too tired of dealing with him. As I write this I can see some of the damaged CDs that he never replaced and he still owes me some records in trade as well. I no longer try to get him to fix these problems because it simply isn't worth the effort. My recommendation to everyone is to simply not deal with Genet or Pyrrhus. — Kent



HeartattaCk,

I have two questions I would like to ask, maybe someone can explain a few things for me.

1. What the hell happened to emo core bands like Closure and Mohinder? Honestly it was not that long ago that these guys were around. Even the youngest of us in the scene remember these bands. I am all for evolution and natural progression, but this just happened. 'One night I was listening to some emo with kick, rockin' and sensitivity all in one tight some times screaming sometimes soothing package. When I woke up the next morning all of those bands had been replaced with American Football, Paris Texas, and other indie rock style emo bands. Don't get me wrong, I do enjoy the indie rock/emo style. I am listening to Dianogah right now, I planned a day around buying the new Joan of Arc album. It is just sometimes I want something more real. Something that emo used to be, for me. It was a musical representation of what is going on in the world. Sad and angry, with some odd beauty mixed in chaotically. Well if you know of bands like this give me a list, or tell me why they are so few and far between these days.

2. What is with all of the scary cover art in the hardcore punk scene. My girlfriend, more Jen Wood than Orchid, was flipping through HaC # 27, and when she came across the Neil Perry/Usurp Synapse 7" ad she let out a little gasp. When I looked to see what it was, she showed me a very scary picture of a little girl with a skull face holding an axe in one hand and a severed head in the other, surrounded by what looks like the remains of her family whom she has just murdered. Can someone explain this to me. Is the scene about unity and the betterment of the human race, or mass murder?

Thanks.

—Nathan
nmcninch@chat.carleton.ca

McNinch;

The following is the Colours of Resistance (COR) statement. Please feel free to circulate.

Colours of Resistance is a network of people who actively work to develop multiracial, anti-racist politics in the movement against global capitalism.

We are committed to helping build an anti-racist, anti-imperialist, multiracial, feminist, queer liberationist, and anti-authoritarian movement against global capitalism.

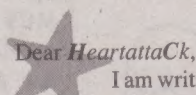
Colours of Resistance is made up mostly of organizers of colour, but we recognize that both white organizers and organizers of colour have roles in our work, and that these roles are distinct from one another.

Colours of Resistance is both a thinktank and an actiontank, linking global issues with those in our own communities, and providing and sharing support, ideas, and strategies across borders. Our collective work includes but is not limited to producing a 'zine, a website, and published articles, sharing ideas through an email discussion list, and facilitating workshops and events.

While we do use the internet as a networking tool, we believe that real resistance comes from real communities, and are committed to rooting our work in community-based organizing.

Colours of resistance came together as a response to the disturbing divide between the issues and movements of certain communities - in particular, the alienation of people of colour from the "anti-globalization" protests which caught mainstream public attention at the turn of the 21st century. It is our hope to connect these mass anti-capitalist convergences back to the local struggle.

—colours@tao.ca; <http://www.tao.ca/~colours>



Dear HeartattaCk,

I am writing this letter because I'm very irritated over the blatant misuse of the word "rape" in environmentalist circles. Often times ecological destruction is compared with that horrible act of sexual oppression and dominance, and I'm sorry to say to the "eco warriors" out there, ecological destruction and rape are not the same thing. There is no such thing as "the rape of mother earth."

Rape is an act of sex that is forced or coerced upon another human being. Rape is also an act of dominance, onto a person who is weaker. Ecological destruction, deforestation, pollution, etc., are NOT sexual acts that involve force or coercion. "Ecocide" is carried out for profit, not sexual gratification and dominance. No businessman sets up shop to "dominate the earth," but to make a profit. No businessman sticks his penis into the earth, against her will, while she screams for him to stop.

The earth isn't being raped. There is no sexual dominance over the earth, and the earth isn't being forced into sexual acts. Period.

And please don't take this as an anti-environmentalist stance. I just wish my fellow "tree huggers" would stop taking a horrible thing like rape and using it to make power slogans like "stop the rape of mother earth" and such, not to

mention that it makes us look stupid to the mainstream, further marginalizing us, and it's offensive to most women who have actually gone through it.

For any questions or comments, feel free to mail:

—Lucas Szabo/PO Box 618/Donald, OR 97020

HeartattaCk

In D.I.Y. there is possibility.

For over 100 years revolutionaries have talked about how revolution must be based on the self-activity of the working class. That is: revolution is the taking into hand the control of our own lives, at every level, ensuring liber(ation)ty for everyone.

To this end revolutionaries have discussed at great length what is summed up, in the IWW preamble, as the need for "forming the structure of the new society in the shell of the old." This notion is often summed up in the phrase "dual power." Dual power is the setting up of our own autonomous bases of power within and against capitalist society, based on the principals of revolutionary action.

Enter D.I.Y.

In spite of many people who have found "nothing of value" in the punk scene, punks have managed to form an increasingly global network "from the bottom up," based on the ethic of "do-it-yourself" (D.I.Y.). In practice this ethic means attempts at as much autonomy as possible from

corporations, authority (inside or outside of the scene), and exchange whenever possible. Punks have in no way perfected these autonomies (for example: most of us are forced by a need to eat and such to sell our records and 'zines and whatnot), but it is a start. And it is, in a small way, very successful, as the increasingly international character of the scene shows.

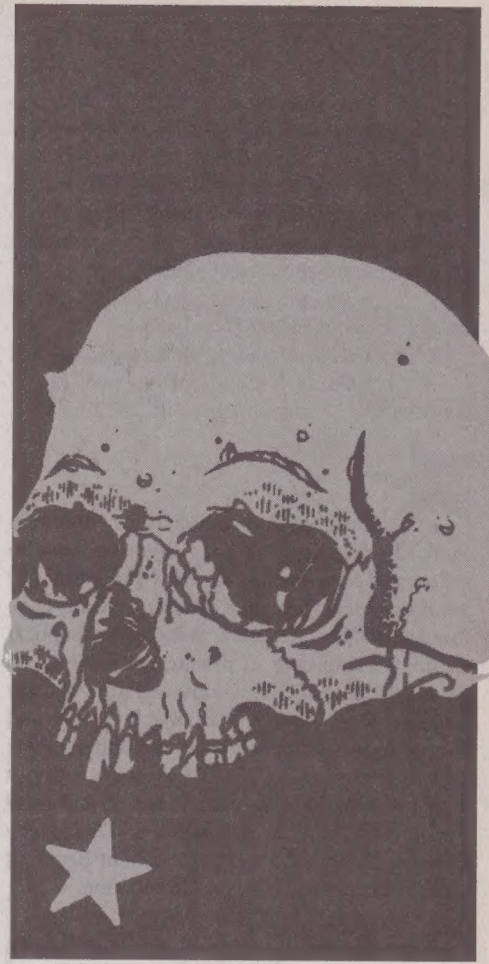
Unfortunately, as often happens, punks have become insular & elitist. Instead of sharing our successes, failure, experiences & possibilities with the rest of our class, we remain in our guarded clicks, afraid that any openness would destroy what autonomy we have.

And I don't know how to fix this. I too have the survival instinct to be insular & elitist in guard of what autonomy I have. But we must not. I don't think we have to leave or end punk. I think we must learn to reach out to the rest of our class not to teach, but to participate & share what we have learned.

Imagine a world where just a billion people (less than 1/6 of the planet's population) are participating in D.I.Y. community mutual aid programs aimed at increasing the autonomy of our class against the system. And imagine that these programs are networked together, and that they are growing, and that the autonomy of all the individual communities, and all of those communities as one community, were increasing.

This would be revolution growing. This would be the possibility of insurrection increasing.

—Jeff Miller/PO Box 563/
Morgantown, WV 26507; jeff@dojo.tao.ca



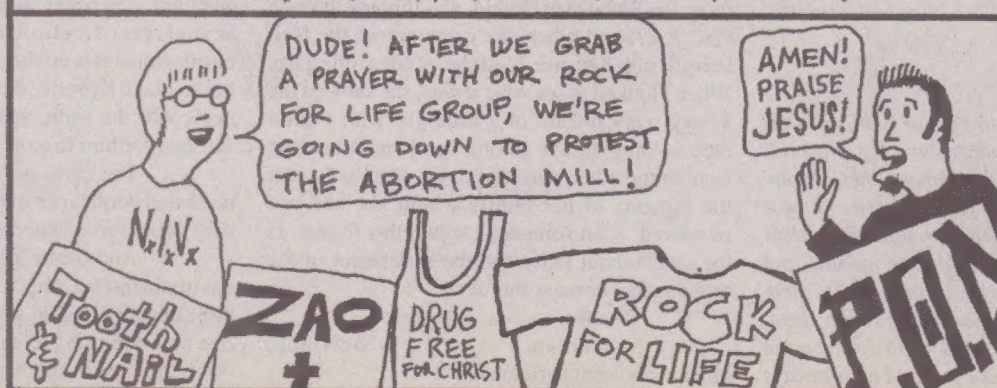
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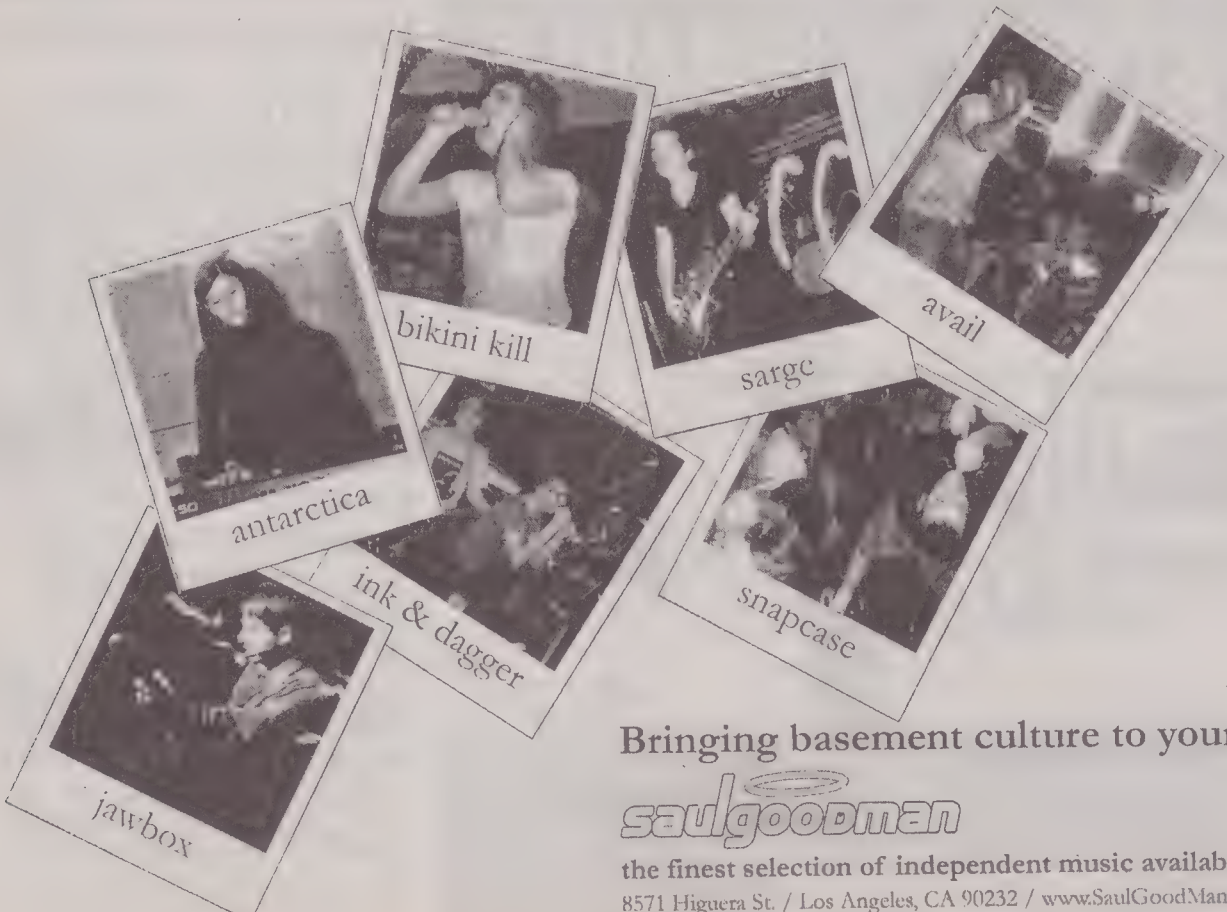
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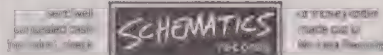
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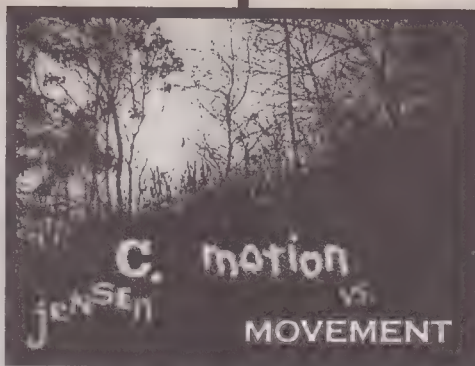
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I went into teaching for the right reasons. I did not choose to teach for the salary; I did not go into teaching for the social respect afforded to teachers; I did not choose to teach for the vacation time; I did not go into teaching as a power trip. I decided to teach because I knew that there were kids living in New York City

who were not getting the quality education they deserved. I went into teaching to do something constructive for the community as a whole, to feel as though I was a contributing to the progress of humanity. I went into teaching for altruistic reasons.

I went into teaching to face adversity. Still, my working conditions matter. I can and do work in less-than-ideal situations, and often stretch myself to the limit just to do what I consider a decent job. As much as I really do not think about the size of my salary, when I get home from work there are still bills to be paid. I don't teach for the paycheck, but the paycheck to some degree determines what I can do with the rest of my life: what I eat, where I live, what I can do, and where I can travel. I am not counting the minutes of my workday—which officially ends after six and a half hours, but rarely *actually* ends in this time—but I do know that as the unpaid overtime piles on, the quality of my work in the classroom suffers.

During my first year of teaching, I went in realizing that I might have to deal with an ineffective or counter-productive administration, but I knew well enough to leave the inept runnings of my first school for a school with more inspired and less obstructive leadership. When I went into teaching I did not think about the health benefits, but one hospitalization and several emergency room visits later, I am certainly glad for the



restrictive environment." In the context of the massive New York City public school system, I think that my school provides some of the best possible conditions. Sadly, the school's impulses to help its students are always limited by the larger contexts of the school system, the community,

and the city at large.

I have made a lot of 'sacrifices' over the past eight years. While teaching, I expended a large portion of my personal energy within the classroom, leaving me with limited resources for relationships, creative endeavors, and activism. As my college classmates went on to receive Master's Degrees, PhD's and Medical Licenses, I could not manage to climb the ladder of academic success while teaching. Many would say that I squandered the most important 'career-building' years of my life. I feel the strain of that which I failed to pursue and achieve, but I make no apologies to myself. I made these 'sacrifices' in the context of my students; I have given up privileges that most of the kids I teach do not even have. And so, after awhile, it does not really seem like the losses I suffered even exist; 'sacrifice' becomes a word doomed to be bracketed by quotation marks that suggest that I really did not give up a thing. As I struggle to come to terms with what I may have lost, I am left with little doubt that I have given a lot.

Anyone who decides to teach in a school system like that of New York City makes sacrifices. Teaching in this context is an altruistic endeavor. Some give more, others may give less, but to teach in an under-resourced school system is to give back to the community. With conditions already very difficult, it seems obvious that steps need to be taken to make things better, not worse.

has been struck: for weeks, Mayor Giuliani refused to negotiate with the United Federation of Teachers—our union—on a new contract. Since November we have been working without a contract, and in that time the Mayor's office has issued the following proposal:

1. New York City teachers should absorb a cumulative pay cut of over one billion dollars over the next four years.
2. Health and Welfare benefits for teachers will receive less support from the City.
3. New York City teachers should accept a two week "payroll lag" before receiving a paycheck.
4. Paid sabbaticals will be eliminated.
5. The length of the school day and school year shall be extended with no increase in teacher pay.
6. "Merit pay" will be adopted as the new means of assigning teacher raises.
7. Teachers lose the power to democratically decide on how their schools are run.
8. Teachers lose many of the protections of tenure.

At a time when teacher morale is low, teaching conditions are very poor, and the challenges facing New York City students are at their greatest, Mayor Giuliani's proposal can only be interpreted as a declaration of war, against public education.

None of the proposed measures laid out by Mayor Giuliani stink as strongly as his suggestion to *pay teachers less*. Already, New York City teachers make far less than teachers in the surrounding suburban counties. Our last contract included an increase which failed to even keep up with the rapidly rising cost of living in the metropolitan area. And, worst of all, when it comes to teacher pay, money is not money. I wish that the only cost of low teacher salaries was reflected on my paycheck. The most painful consequence of not paying New York City teachers a wage comparable to that of other teachers is a consistent decline in the quality of educators attracted to the system. When teachers earn so much less than other workers with similar educational backgrounds, why would anyone choose to be a teacher? When nearby school systems pay twenty, thirty, sometimes fifty percent more than New York City, why would talented

COLUMNS

Things people write thinking that you might care.

coverage I have 'enjoyed.' I knew that this would not be an ideal job. I knew that in order to put in time bettering my community, I would have to make a number of 'sacrifices.'

It occurs to me now, only after seven and a half years of "teaching for the right reasons," that altruism is context-dependent. Even when motives are pure, the degree to which an individual or group can make beneficial sacrifices for the good of others depends entirely on the circumstances which surround those sacrifices. In spite of my best efforts to be a dynamic, independent, self-sustaining force within my school, I am constantly affected and limited by the environment in which I teach. I can only do good so far as I am supported to do good. I am lucky; I teach in what I would call the "least

In order to maximize the inspiration of teachers, it makes sense that we should try to do everything in our power to improve the conditions under which educators work.

Our Mayor Rudolph Giuliani does not seem to understand this point. Over the past seven years he has consistently portrayed teachers as lazy, self-serving frauds, leaving the New York City school system with a terribly low morale. He's clashed with various Chancellors as they try to run the Board of Education, interfering with key programs and initiatives. His meddling and public battle with the Board of Education has run several talented educational leaders out of office, leaving us with our current Chancellor Levy, a businessman with no experience running any educational institution. And now, the final blow

teachers choose to teach in New York City? The answer is clear: a few dedicated altruists teach in New York City, and the rest either: 1) flee the city for the suburbs; or 2) seek other employment.

Low teacher pay does not simply affect the pool of teaching candidates; it also affects those teaching for substandard wages. While I—as a person of middle-class background with no dependent children—may not suffer as a result of being underpaid, many New York City teachers most certainly do. Try raising children on a New York City teacher's salary... will you be able to arrive to school well-prepared and well-rested every day? Or will economic concerns erode your ability to stay focused on the job at hand? Will teaching alone be enough? It is in fact the case that many teachers have second and third jobs,

and it seems obvious that the necessity of working beyond the classroom means that the quality of teaching within that classroom will suffer. It is hard to expect teachers to commit to a job that does not meet the basic needs of a family.

Similarly, cuts in benefits and increases in the workload of the teacher erode the quality of classroom teaching. This seems so obvious; if medical care and other benefits are reduced and teachers now suffer from poor health, their classroom teaching will also suffer. If the teaching day already leaves teachers exhausted, a lengthened school day will reduce rather than enhance productivity. When paid sabbaticals disappear, so too will all the inspired activities which this professional development time used to foster. Teachers who no longer have power to democratically influence the structure of their workplace will feel disenfranchised, and the resulting frustration will without doubt take its seat in the classroom. Without job security, many teachers will "play it safe," valuing their own job stability over creative and intrepid teaching.

While low teacher salaries threaten the integrity of the teaching profession and decreased benefits threaten to erode the quality of teaching, merit pay promises to put the final nail into the coffin of public education. Merit pay has that public relations appeal—it sounds so great to "hold teachers responsible" and to "reward quality teaching." Unfortunately, merit pay—a system that momentarily rewards teachers for the success of students on standardized tests—does not fulfill its stated goal. Rather than improving the performance of teachers, merit pay will simply change the distribution of quality teaching.

Merit pay would only serve to broaden the already-wide gap in opportunity and privilege that exists within the school system. As it stands now, the students with the fewest educational obstacles attending the best schools already enjoy the best teachers. It is a simple case of selectivity: great teachers have the greatest opportunity to choose where they teach because there is such a short supply of great teachers; teachers with the power to choose where they teach tend to choose those schools with the best programs and most receptive students. The system tends to match the least inspired and least skilled teachers with the most needy students; this injustice is already an existing condition, and I am certainly a part of it—while I did not choose to teach at some "gifted child" think-tank, I also did not search out the worst-run, most poverty-ridden school in the city. It is hard enough teaching *anywhere*, so those who can choose end up at the most functional schools.

Under merit pay, this problem would be magnified exponentially. The existing incentive to teach the less-needy students would now be compounded by a financial incentive; the best teachers will shift to schools with least-needy students, who will achieve the high test scores which yield the merit pay. Teachers like me, who chose to teach in the best-run of needy schools, would be hard-pressed to achieve merit pay given the educational disadvantages my students face. Under a merit pay system, I would be paid less to teach students with more severe needs. For how long would I be able to altruistically endure this imbalance and injustice?

And even if—through some as-yet-mentioned magical mathematical mysticism—

a system of merit pay could be established which took into account the relative disadvantages of my students, would I really want to teach under conditions which made standardized test scores the ruler against which my teaching was measured? Would I feel good about churning out little student-score packages to prove my productivity? Could I really call myself a teacher when the standardized test came to mean more than all other classroom events? Would I choose to teach under such a system?

When you take a look at the sum of the Mayor's proposals, it looks like he wants to get without giving. Our Mayor concurrently proposes to worsen teaching conditions and complains about the poor quality of the average New York City educator. You would think, for such a fiscally conscious Mayor, that the basic rules of supply and demand would apply: if we are not attracting quality teachers to the system, we need to make teaching more attractive. The Mayor wants the school system to run more like a business, but he is ignoring basic economic principles; after all, if teaching was such an easy and lucrative job, wouldn't savvy career-seekers be flocking to the position? The fact that there is a perpetual teacher shortage indicates that the job simply is not offering enough to attract the most promising individuals; many of those who choose to teach do so largely because few other options exist, and not surprisingly these are not the most talented of our college graduates.

Obviously, increasing salary and reducing the workload and stressload of the job would boost the quality and quantity of new teachers. Above all benefits, this would make my job easier. The single biggest impediment to my attempts to help my students can be found amongst my colleagues. I am lucky (again, because I have found the "least restrictive environment") because many of my fellow teachers are actually dedicated and talented; still, there are too many teachers who are hard to work with, set a terrible example for the students, and fail to do their part as educators. Some are young teachers who have no business being in the classroom, others are veterans who may have talent but have long since given up trying to swim upstream. Whether futile or just finished, these teachers dominate the educational landscape for the simple reason that their jobs are not under threat. The system 'accepts' mediocre teachers because few talented, inspired individuals are enticed to teach.

What becomes clear when one examines the Mayor's proposals is his not-so-hidden motive for making such an insulting and laughable proposal. Giuliani has no intent of saving the city money. The Mayor really is not out to improve the quality of education. Rudolph Giuliani's real goal is to dismantle public education, to drive away all of the giving souls who teach until the entire system starves to death, taking millions of New York City school children down along the way. Once the school system has been bled dry, conservative politicians will claim that privatizing the school system is the answer to the 'problem' of public education. The for-profit corporations

will move in to 'save' New York City education, and in so doing skim billions of dollars off the slim educational budgets afforded to some of the most needy American students. It is disgusting, but his plan is working: given the choice, and in light of the Mayor's contract proposal, all I want to do is to exercise my privilege to leave. Do I stay on this sinking ship?

If a contract that presents a substantial opposite to that proposed by the Mayor is not adopted, I will find it difficult to stay. I went into teaching and chose specifically to teach in New York City because I wanted to make a difference in children's lives. How effectively can I pursue this goal when the context of my pursuit is so dire? How much longer can I fight through disastrous conditions made worse by a politician's ambition? Am I an altruist working within the system, or an apologist for the system?

As I contemplate these questions, the most demoralizing of all my realizations is this: when compared to other altruistic pursuits, teaching provides some of the best working conditions. Although teaching—especially quality teaching—is exhausting work, at least most teachers can live fairly comfortable middle-class lives. I struggle, but not like career activists, not like those who feed the hungry, not like the heads of tiny not-for-profit non-government organizations, not like those selfless individuals who put volunteer work ahead of paid work. Many others, who perform services far more radical and altruistic than mine, do so under working conditions far below my own. At times I feel a bit bourgeois, as though my altruism of choice does not really involve any true sacrifices at all. In the shadow of more radical activists, I look like a whiner who ought to suck it up and stop complaining. Essentially, this is what I have done over the past eight school years.

But all altruism is framed by the social, economic, and political context; the working conditions under which people make sacrifices for the better of humanity often dictate the degree to which those sacrifices are felt as positive change. Like friction within any system, arduous environments limit the progress of even the most inspired and self-sacrificing of altruists. When there is not ample social, political, and economic support for those who perform tasks which benefit others, progress is severely limited, and inspired human potential is wasted. When the impulse to do 'good work' leads into stressful and exhausting situations, it is only of matter of when—not if—burnout eventually occurs. Burnout, the sense that no amount of effort can surmount adverse odds, puts a quick end to altruism of all kinds.

I have to admit it: I am feeling pretty charred.

Contact: cjensen@earthlink.net or PO Box 3146/Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103/USA

Post-Post-Modern, Post-Millennial, Post-Election Thoughts -or- Stick This up Your Reformist, Liberal Ass and Vote on It: In light of all the glib commentary concerning the subject, here's a

The Dirty & Broken Teeth of
Timothy Sheehan

little 'civics lesson' I've been inspired to write in response to all the political and media rhetoric concerning the 2000 presidential election:

The US is a republic, not a democracy. Please do not confuse the two. In a republic, power is centered in the hands of a privileged elite; in a democracy, the citizens make governing decisions *directly*.

In the US, the selection of the chief executive officer is made by avatars selected to represent the 'people's will,' rather than the 'people's will' itself.

Consequently, every vote does not count. Without proportional representation, as in a parliamentary system, every vote *cannot* count. Only those votes cast for the winner count—all other votes (and thus, all other perspectives) are *discarded*.

As ol' Joe Stalin once laid it down, "He who cast the vote decides nothing. He who counts the votes decides everything."

Lastly, there is no 'right' to vote. Forty-six states and the District of Columbia have disenfranchisement laws that deprive convicted offenders of the right to vote while they are in prison. In thirty-two states, convicted offenders may not vote while they are on parole, and twenty-nine of these states disenfranchise offenders on probation.¹

Thirteen percent of black men in this nation have been disenfranchised from their 'right' to vote due to a felony conviction.² The young cannot vote. Many immigrants cannot vote. If these groups of people (and many more to be sure) have no voice as to how legislature may affect their lives—is the US still a democracy? How far removed is this from the 'right' to vote belonging only to white male landowners?

Regardless of what the media, in protection of the status quo, may say, voting does not change anything. There is never the possibility to vote for anything different from what already is; the discussion is already framed, with all possible outcomes predetermined and planned for.

Don't buy the lie. Organize and agitate for change.

Endnotes:

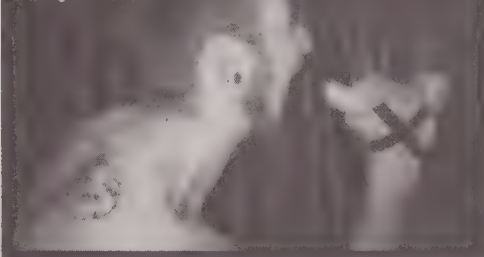
1 State disenfranchisement laws and laws governing other civil disabilities are summarized in U.S. Department of Justice, Office of the Pardon Attorney (DOJ/OPA), Civil Disabilities of Convicted Felons: A State-by-State Survey (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Department of Justice, October 1996).

2 Approximately 1.4 million Black men, 13% of Black males in the US, have had their right to vote taken away because of felony convictions, according to a report released on October 22 by Human Rights Watch and The Sentencing Project (Marc Mauer and Jamie Fellner, Losing the Vote: The Impact of Felony Disenfranchisement Laws in the United States, Human Rights Watch and The Sentencing Project, October 1998; Marc Mauer and Jamie Fellner, "The Lost Voters," Legal Times, October 26, 1998, p. 23; Tamar

Lewin, "Crime Costs Many Black Men the Vote, Study Says," New York Times, October 23, 1998, p. A12). Some studies state that as many as one-third of Black males cannot vote now, and the numbers may rise to 40% in the coming years.

Dialogue: Timothy S./PO Box 423868/ San Francisco, CA 94142/USA. Especially interested in hearing from Nipponese Anarchists, *demo boku no nihon go ga warui desu*.

The Start Of Something New Daryl Vocat



"When the music starts I never wanna stop. It's gonna drive me crazy. Music makes the people come together."
—Madonna

Over the past few months I have truly discovered the magic of the dance floor. It has become my refuge and dare I say a reason

to live. For some time now there has been this monthly night in here in Toronto called Vaseline (or maybe I should say Vazeleen for those nice folks at Unilever). For the most part what I go through at Vaseline is kind of indescribable, but here is an attempt. Vaseline is dubbed a queer rock night where the DJ's spin glam, punk, metal and disco; anything from Judas Priest to Gary Glitter. At Vaseline the people are the party as much as the entertainment. In the past months there have been an amateur strip show, mud wrestling, Vaginal Davis performance, film screenings, mandatory costume for Halloween and so much more. The fabulous thing about Vaseline is that people really get into it dressing up in all kinds of wonderful ways and just generally letting loose. Vaseline is sexy and dirty and there is always plenty of skin.

This wonderful event is the brainchild of local artist Wil Munro. In a lot of ways Vaseline is this really ideal place. People are pretty free to do what they want and the party goes on until the wee hours. I'm not sure exactly how he has pulled it off, but Wil manages to attract all kinds of different people to Vaseline. Metal heads, dykes, bears, drag queens, punks, trannies, fags, straights, and just about anyone else you can think of. In some ways it's like heaven having everyone swap sweat and generally get their groove on. Each month I think about the next Vaseline, anticipating another wonderful night.

Although I never directly experienced the dance floors of the 70's and 80's this is what I long for. People getting all dressed up to go dancing in outrageous costumes and rather than just dancing putting on a performance of sorts. It seems like in some ways the dance clubs of today are more conservative in terms of dress and even how people dance. There are an awful lot of folks who appear to take dancing very seriously with these stern looks on their faces, almost as though they are there out of obligation rather than any genuine sense of fun. Maybe this is part of the reason life is not like an 80's rock video. Or

maybe I should be trying harder to ensure that it is with lots of smiles and silly clothes.

I used to think that whole thing about "wave your hands in the air like you don't care" was a bunch of garbage and now I feel it in my blood. It's funny how people evolve like this. I didn't think I'd see the day when dance music speaks to me more than hardcore. Maybe it's the apparent lack of fun and silliness of hardcore, maybe it's the lack of booty shaking, maybe it's me feeling ostracized. I think it's more the latter than anything given how uptight people become when I am critical of the "scene."

"I want to go where the people dance. I want some action... I want to live! I love the nightlife, I got to boogie on the disco 'round." — Alicia Bridges

P.S. I think Lisa and Leslie are both wrong, it's all about Joey.

P.P.S. Hugs and kisses to Chris Colohan.

Daryl Vocat/241 Logan Ave./ Toronto, ON/M4M 2N2/Canada; safe23@hotmail.com

It's a bit dated at this point, but: www.daryl.nakedplanet.org



"The List! The List! You're on the Fucking List!" —President Ronald Reagan in his response to the P-Power movement

1. Political desperation. It's arguable whether or not punk and politics should mix. Frankly, it's nice to see the disillusionment of Americans permeate into mainstream media—without the aid of punk rock. I've found it much easier to keep politics and punk as two separate entities. Very rarely does one see the mix of the two as a seamless solution free of any conflict between the "less talk, more rock" school and "instead of a set, let's sit down and preach to you about political injustices about cultures I really don't know anything about." The clash between the two mentalities is just as equally unproductive as armchair revolutionaries. I certainly do commend the times when the fusion of the two creates something ten times more beautiful, but often people let one side dictate (not influence, but dictate) the other. I don't care if it's social justice or just politics of society—when a band stops achieving what they yearn for because it doesn't fit in a pre-ordered set of beliefs, the growing pains really burn the sincerity of it all.

2. Actions before thought. Rule #379: Punk rock is about speaking your mind and living off the adrenaline that passion brings. The idealism of molotov cocktails thrown at the oppressive fascist store down the street (you know, doin' it for the kids) sounds alluring, although it's a vulnerable spot to set oneself up for a fumble. There's too many aspiring martyrs out there, although instead of getting crucified like the Christ dude—it's like Hugh Grant caught with his pants down.

3. Calling it DIY when it's more Done In Your (Ass). I was flipping through a 'zine once and wandered about the lack (zero) of articles within the pages. In fact, the entire 'zine was

compromised of only record reviews. Not only that, but each record review consisted of two or three lines saying how much the record rocked. I asked about the substance, you know, the meaning behind any 'zine and he simply replied "It's DIY, what did you expect?"

4. Ignoring the Mainstream (or other factions of popular culture). Sure, subcultures exist in retaliation to the ever so revolting mainstream, but why raise a voice when one doesn't even know what they're retaliating against? Both Robyn and Jen Hate have disclosed small vices of indulgent mainstream obsessions in the past couple of issues. I think it's healthy to admit that every once in awhile, if not daily. Hell, do it all the time—being aware helps in getting that broader spectrum. Not only does the mainstream get ignored, but other subcultural factions are often ridiculed instead of appreciated. Sure, the downfalls often exist in a generalized manner, but then again, who says punk rock doesn't have its own drawbacks?

5. Homogenized punkers. For those of you who have the Internet, find your way over to Makeoutclub.com and you'll see what I mean. It's sort of a punk rock cyber personals site and if you click through all the profiles, you can't really tell anyone apart from each other. Some people refuse to believe it when I say that punk rock itself can be an institution. Yes, there are organized guidelines. Yes, there are significant trends in style/tastes/interests. Yes, a lot of people treat these trends as guidelines in order not to feel excluded. I'm also pretty sure a lot of us have fallen guilty to this sort of mass peer pressure.

Oh yeah, my "fuck you" is on page two in the 'Boys' section.

I recently got to see Gilman St. in Berkeley for the first time. It was intimidating in the sense that I didn't have the uniform (leather jacket, Nausea patch, studs everywhere, etc.) everyone else did, or maybe I was the outsider from out of town. People were friendly when I talked to them, but for the entire time, I couldn't distinguish the Jens from the James because they all looked exactly alike. Of course this is just based on one show experience and it all depends on the band...

6. Lists like these. The pages of this 'zine are often laced with bitter cynicism and totally un-posi thoughts. That's not very crucial. People spend more time being critical than being productive. I know what you're saying, but I live my life full of contradictions and ironies. Call me a sucker.

7. Rejection for the sake of rejection. I mean, what kind of socially retarded way of life is that? Reactionary stances only remind me of those stubborn motherfuckers at fests that just want to burn the bridges of their middle/upper class upbringings and tear down all that is institutional around them. These are the people who are so held by principle that the word "sellout" comes to mind when Kent McClard doubles his price of *HeartattaCk* to a whopping fifty cents. These are the people who went to DC or Seattle last year for the massive world trade protests just to fuck shit up. These are the people who are making picket signs right now to use when they

"Boycott Jade Tree Records" within the next five years. Not that the latter is going to happen, but I wouldn't be surprised if it did. In fact, I'm sure Darren Walters and Tim Owens already deal with it on a regular basis.

8. Ogres running the scene! I saw one in disguise! I think his name is Pat Flynn.

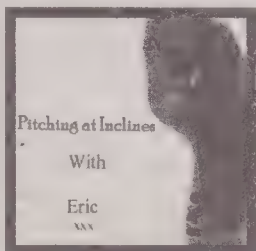
9. Categorization creating catharsis. As punk progresses in sound, more categories are made up to cater towards different scenes. Now I'm hearing about tough guy homophobic straight edge vegan christian mosh/death/black metal assholes and avant-garde black dyed vulcan/romulan hair white belt wearin' Locust lovin' assholes and crusty patch/dirt lovin' dirty spiked hair 'do-in' dog collared high watered studs assholes and two toned fred perry sportin' vespa ridin' denim jacket wearin mod assholes and black rimmed glasses frontin' thrift store button up nerdy wimpy indie rock lovin' assholes.

And all of them hate each other. People play into the roles dealt out like it's their deck of cards, when it's really just punk rock in general. If you don't fit in the formula, then you must not be very cool. That's usually how the standard goes. Also, the formulas don't mix so it's like some lame 80s Outsiders rip-off. I'm one of those kids who will be walking in some public place and will talk to other punk kids, because you sort of identify with them. I don't care if it's Dystopia or the Dropkick Murphys or Dillinger 4, I'll probably tell you that your shirt is cool.

10. Ku Klux Krew! It was once termed as "punk rock fundamentalism" but it all boils down to the fact that people hold on stubbornly to traditions when that's what kills the progression.

I'm out of time now (my traveling companions are begging me to stop writing so I can play) but I want to give props out to a band like Cave In for taking steps to break their own stereotypes and alienating all of the purists. There's much more out there, but I encourage everyone to keep pushing the envelope.

I'm traveling now, so this column has been written longhand in pieces on trains, planes, and automobiles (oh how I love thee, Greyhound, let me count the ways) and then word-processed at various computers along the west coast. It's ill-thought out and written hurriedly at peak moments where I was probably drunk off my ass, so if you want to discuss further, please contact me at: Vincent Chung/PO Box 5002/Cary, NC 27512 or at vincent@punkrock.net. Remember, I have my opinions and you have yours. I want to say thanks to all the amazing hosts I've had on this trip: Sarah Herritage (Berkeley), Chris Hong (Seattle), and Graeme Williams (Vancouver and for proofreading)—all of you fucking rule.



Pitching at Inclines

With

Eric

xxx

My hometown is Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I grew up here, moved away for a few years of schooling and then promptly moved back to begin my life. Most people remember Pittsburgh from its heyday as a steel producing giant. (Hence the nick names Steel City and/or Iron City.) The river valley of South Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio gave way to mills beyond the capacity of

imagination for most people outside of what is referred to now as the Rust Belt. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and Youngstown, Ohio supplied the United States with most of the steel and iron used in production for years. When the demand for cheaper steel crept up in the late 1970's imports were sought out and my neighbors were thrown out of work. It continued on that way until today. The only steel that is actually produced in the so-called Steel Valley is really only what is called fine work. Few large slabs of steel for massive industrial projects are made, if any at all. Things like steel cans, specific fittings for industrial uses and some ornamental work is all that remains.

Around 1983 or so Pittsburgh decided that it needed a Renaissance. Actually, the mayoral leadership at the time decided a "re-birth" was in order. A new white-collar look was being thrust upon a blue-collar city. Skyscrapers were constructed and rumors of the budding high-tech sector moving in were all the rage. Job retraining for folks who were "only" Mill Hunkies existed, but only in short order. It was a tough row to hoe for many. The times of re-birth and new life were obviously existent in the sky scrapers, but the city was peppered with out of work yinzers (a term for native Pittsburghers derived from the Pittsburgh word "yinz" meaning y'all or you all). The medical industry has flourished. The high tech jobs have come like the rumors said they would. Few out of work steelworkers got those jobs, but some daughters and sons of out of work steelworkers did. That was viewed as justice by some, luck by others.

Now there are a million service industry jobs from which one can choose. If you think it will be easier to sweep up rather than run the fryer then the world is your proverbial (fried) oyster. If you choose, instead, to provide a family with the means to survive a relatively comfortable existence, your choices become a bit more narrowed. One can get a number of part time jobs, or even full time \$5.50 an hour jobs to try to make ends meet. But, as my dad used to say, "If you can't feed your family with what you're being paid, it's not a real job."

In a city with a fragile industrial base, plenty of service work and a growing gap between the rich and poor, it came as a surprise by many when the city officials pushed through a plan to build not one but two new stadia for the local sports teams. Reflect for a moment that the measure failed a ballot referendum. The public said that they didn't want it. Reflect that the Pittsburgh Public Schools are in about a billion dollars worth of debt and on the verge of closing more than 10 schools, consolidating facilities and raising city taxes to deal with the debt. Now reflect that the city council and mayor (with the help of Gov. Tom Ridge... the same fascist who signed Mumia Abu-Jamal's death warrant) pushed through what they called Plan B. This set up bids and began construction of not one, but two new sports arenas for the city. These were apparently a must. The mayor/governor/city council whipped up a plan to direct tax monies from all over the state to directly fund this project.

The next "new birth" for Pittsburgh seems to be a string of ill-fated stabs for more service industry jobs by the mayoral and city council powers that be. Most recently the plan was to knock down the center city area known as

Market Square, complete with all of the independent shops and restaurants located there in the name of Imminent Domain. The goal was to build in its place, a large indoor city mall complete with multi-national chain stores. This plan only failed when the department store giant, Nordstrom's, refused to sign on the dotted line indicating they would definitely put a store in this new city mall. It seems ironic to me that the only party to this scheme with any brains was Nordstrom's. They looked at the city's history with down-town-style malls. Allegheny Center Mall on the North Side was supposed to breathe new life into the community. Instead, it completely failed. Now only a Wendy's fast food place and an office where you can pay your gas bill in person remain.

The rest of the entire mall sits idle with gray paper over the window fronts of every would-be shop. Nordstrom's also must have looked at the other down-town features, like no parking and a sub-urban culture more likely to drive to the department store in one of the many near-by malls instead of driving to a park and ride and taking a bus to the down town area just to shop at a department store. Also, in the small down town area there are already a number of full-scale department stores, like Kaufman's, Lazarus and Lord and Taylor.

It would seem that the threat to the independent down town shops has ended for the moment. With a city government willing to pull Imminent Domain on property rights to build a mall, we're all a bit more skeptical of what they are doing. That in and of itself is a positive thing. The reality remains of the lack of control people have of their community in the face of authoritarian figureheads. All of this leaves us wondering what, if anything is worth doing. In addition, how much is worth doing?

There seems to be one quality that people who have been around for a while in any resistance movement, hard core punk rock included, seem to share. That quality is an ability to be very pragmatic and realistic about what will happen in the world. For instance, I'm vegan. I know that my personal buying and consumption habits will not single handedly change ANYTHING. But that hasn't stopped me from following this lifestyle for the past 7 plus years. In fact, realizing the scope of what I am capable of has given me more in the way of self-realization and a clearer sense of a true and realistic life of resistance.

The same goes for living in this city. It infuriates me that these jokers try to pull this kind of crap with taxpayers dollars, peoples businesses and ways of life. I know that my voice is not going to stop the city councils history of asinine decisions about planning and it probably won't turn the tide of public opinion on most any issue, but I will continue to use my voice. I'll continue to talk about it with fellow workers, with family and friends and in the classroom. So many amazing and motivated people burn themselves out by simply fighting so strongly for a short time that they never want to think about any social or civic issue of conflict as long as they live. Striking this balance is, to me, one of the most important

things one can do to insure a true life of resistance in a world of increasing authoritarianism. As I grow older I realize how much I want to stick around and stay involved in independent hard core punk rock and some level of activism. My desire to do this for the rest of my life leads me to critically examine my actions for many reasons. Striking that balance of idealism and reality is one of those reasons.

I do half of a 'zine called *Here Be Dragons*. Write if you're interested. Write anyway.

Contact me through real mail at Eric/ PO Box 162/Turtle Creek, PA 15145; xerixc@telarama.com

Thanks. See ya next time.

Guest columnist: Carissa Screams

On Writing

I have been getting a lot of mail lately about my 'zine *Screams From Inside* as to

whether or not I am still doing it. For those who are eagerly awaiting my next issue you'll be happy to know that for the past two years I've been writing a book. It's a novel called *Yours for the Revolution*. The name comes from Emma Goldman. She used to sign her letters 'yours for the revolution' and ever since I have read her memoirs I have been amazed by what she as a woman in her time could do before woman's suffrage or the equal rights movement. It made me realize that no matter what the odds are, anything is possible and that listening to discouragement is a waste of time and mental energy. If you want to do something, simply do it.

Yours for the Revolution is about a 14-year-old runaway named Penelope who meets two other runaways named Eugene and Liberty. They get involved with the Anarchist struggle in Philadelphia. The time is 2004. The US had fallen into another 'great depression.' It was initiated by energy shortages and stimulated further by corporate greed and waste. Anarchists in Philadelphia attempt to struggle for a more equitable, fairer society, specifically for workers. The anarchists eventually get caught in a massacre created mostly by the ignorance and overreaction of police officers on the scene. Mainstream media remains completely one-sided and attempts to reflect only the views of government officials and businessmen. Liberty is eventually sentenced to death as an example for all those who attempt to slip through the hands of the US oligarchy.

Yours for the Revolution didn't start out that way; actually it was a novel starting from nothing but a character based on an inspirational woman I knew who started a squatt two houses down from me in Philadelphia. This character was Liberty and she was a mixture of both this woman and me. The younger character, Penelope, was I as a young girl. In the original manuscript Liberty got pregnant. The woman Liberty was based on, we'll call her Linda, and I were talking a lot about having a baby. Linda wanted to have a baby and I was perplexed how she would manage to do so in a squatt. Squatts tend to be dirty places with lots of different people always coming through. They are constantly under construction, and often lack heat. Linda at the

time had electricity and water, but no heat. And I just don't know how well a baby would do without heat. Would the baby survive?

This brought me to the subject of how there is really no space for having a baby within our society. Looking at it from a distance it looks virtually impossible. What with no access to money unless you work 12 hour days for a crappy underpaid job, no access to affordable daycare while you have to work all those hours, no access to quality time with your own child, no access to healthcare as an adult (which means having the baby will put you in debt for the rest of your life if you are like 50% of the population who don't have health insurance). Then it made me think of possible solutions we have been debating in our own subculture like midwifery, herbal remedies, community childcare, etc. How strong is the will for a better society among us? Especially upon something so central and vital to life in and of itself. Will we really stand by all the things we are saying when it comes to helping to take care of a child in our community?

While I was contemplating this our house got robbed—for the 6th time. This time it was only my stuff that got stolen: my book bag and my VCR. I wouldn't necessarily be so emotionally scared over a book bag if it weren't for the fact that the bag contained my handwritten manuscript. It happened at 8:00 in the morning. My partner Scott didn't come home till late that night and I woke up with that horrible lonely feeling that I get whenever he is gone. I often try to blast it out with music but as soon as I put on a record I looked into his room and he was there. So I turned off the radio and snuggled with him for a bit. I heard some strange sounds downstairs, no different than what I've heard before. Nevertheless, I said something to him and he waited to hear something as well. When he did he ran downstairs to see someone with his bike. When I followed him, I realized my VCR and book bag were gone. I swear I wanted to die right there. My manuscript was in the bag.

I always had this distinct feeling that I would lose my manuscript, like I was not meant to have it in my possession. Regardless, I was not careful nor did I ever bother to make a typed copy. I certainly never expected it to be forcibly removed from my own home. Scott always tells me not to put all my eggs in one basket or else when the basket is gone I have lost everything. I guess that's good advice for someone who is notoriously as unlucky as I am. However, I need to focus a lot to get anything done and I fear that if I start a number of projects at a time, I would never finish any of them. I think the people who give advice like, 'don't put all your eggs in one basket,' either have outstanding amounts of resources, motivation, energy, and confidence, or never really had anything worthwhile. Sometimes you need to put all your eggs in one basket. Otherwise you wind up having nothing at all.

Later on that day, while Scott and I were hanging up flyers promising a reward for the stolen bag, Scott saw one of the guys who robbed our house. We followed him five blocks from 45th and Chestnut to 52nd and Chestnut. Scott followed the guy closely and I followed Scott a few blocks behind, looking at the two from a distance and allowing myself the autonomy to run away and not be noticed. Scott wound up catching

up with the burglar at 50th and Ludlow. The guy turned around and yelled at Scott,

"Why are you following me?" and Scott yelled back,

"Why did you steal my girlfriend's bag?" When I got there, two painters were trying to reason with the burglar.

"Tell us where the bag is or we'll call the police," one of them said. 'The police, what would be the point.' I thought to myself, 'What are they going to do about it? They certainly can't get my bag back, all they could do is send this guy to prison. I couldn't live with myself knowing I sent someone to prison.' There was no way of manipulating this guy. He was mentally ill and slow. He couldn't really understand what we were saying and when we mentioned the police he would start freaking out. Even if he took us to the place where his burglary partner was—how would we be guaranteed that we were safe? It would take a lot of trust on our part to go with people who have robbed us six times; people seemingly capable of anything.

"I watch them," Dan, our next-door neighbor, would say. "I watch as they go back n' forth between our houses smoking up or fucking some woman behind the house. They watch our homes like hawks, waiting for the opportunity. You hear 'Rodney' bark—and you know something is wrong when that Dog barks." And for once I felt good about Dan and his bossiness. Dan and I were always fighting over stray cats and trashcans, and also more important things like child abuse and 'the way it was.' Usually, I walk away from Dan frustrated and angry but this time was comforting for once. "If I worried about anything Scott, it is Carissa being alone in that house."

The painters were yelling at the burglar, "Be a man, be a man," and the burglar ran away and Scott ran after him. I don't even think Scott really thought about it, but before we knew it, Scott caught up with him and the two painters called the police on their cell phone. I didn't exactly feel right about calling the police but I justified myself by thinking that if our community was a little more proactive and actually confronted the guy—this wouldn't have ever happened. Maybe if drug abuse were treated as a public health problem, rather than a criminal problem, we would not have to be scared to walk around our neighborhood. We could sleep through the night knowing we were safe. Drugs being handled this way certainly make it possible for the government to establish some sort of genocide towards the poor, most specifically minorities. Still, it occurred to me that maybe Scott was wrong and he would be in prison on a hunch—cause even Scott started second-guessing himself.

On the way to the police station all I could do was think about how I wanted to strangle the burglar with my bare hands in the morning, but now all I felt was pity. He was a shell of a person: poor nutrition, drugs, hard life, and mental instability had taken the soul out of this him. I feel really bad for people like this but they aren't half as bad as corporate CEOs and managers, who have lost their morality and humanity for money instead of drugs.

We got driven home in a patty wagon. All the cops commented on the illegality of Scott and I hanging up flyers for my stolen bag. It

occurred to me that we never saw cops around our neighborhood—but they all saw us. I thought about how these cops saw so many bad things but ignored most of them, and whether we begged these cops or not, even if they found my bag, it was unlikely I would ever get it back. There were blood stains and pee stains on the walls of the patty wagon and Scott turned to me and said, "Someone was horribly beaten in here," and we were silent for a moment, possibly too scared to recognize how scary this world could be.

I realized after all this happened that it must have happened for a reason. It's too depressing to think that things happen just to destroy you and I have been fair and kind to people so I can't see how my karma would be catching up with me. A year of work going nowhere, but maybe my book wasn't supposed to be about pregnancy, maybe it was supposed to be about something that is affecting us all right now. The Republican National Convention happened the summer after we were robbed. I didn't really pick up my pen and rewrite my book till it happened. As it was coming up all these activists in West Philadelphia complained that they saw people going through their trash. At the same time, many of us felt invincible. We were excited because we had such a good plan and the press kept talking about how it was so afraid of us. At the same time all the city union contracts were up for deliberation, including those of the garbage collectors and the police. Philadelphia is synonymously a union town and it just seemed like the Republican convention happening here was bound to start some controversy. So we were filled with a sense of optimism and efficaciousness. We thought we were really going to fuck their shit up.

To make a long story short, we didn't. State troopers were called in and the police didn't beat us in the streets or spray pepper spray they just arrested us in the hundreds and beat us in the prisons. The list of abuses was enormous and we're still trying to get a couple kids out for trumped up charges of trying to beat up the commissioner of police. A lot of the kids who were arrested were arrested with felonies on \$100,000 bonds. It was simply ridiculous. The press rambled on and on about how great the police behaved, and how much restraint they showed given the abuse of us 'petty' children. There was not a word spoken about the amount of people arrested, the civil rights violations that came about, the number of spies who worked among us throughout the year in preparation for the convention, and the revenge the police gave us while we were in their prisons, etc.

This was a hard lesson for a lot of us to learn. I guess the biggest reason was that we were surprised that nothing had really changed. Our situation is no different than in Emma Goldman's time period. Woman have a few more rights (more in terms of sexuality than actual equal rights—no equal rights amendment ever passed) and blacks have a few more rights, but most of them are minimal and are brought up over and over again in the press as if to say how much the government aims to make society more equitable. But really they are just hot buttons to get everyone all excited

about racism and sexism. They cause no real change because they aren't aimed at the heart of the problem. The government is not interested in aiming at the heart of the problem because that would mean that the corporations, which it is set up to protect, would lose money. The press is just as conservative as it ever has been and so powerful that it has sucked the humanity out of our fellow Americans, policemen, and even those who record our stories. So I was inspired, I wanted to create something, a story that would encompass everything I was feeling at that moment, the helplessness, the anger, the fear. However, I wanted to instill hope even though we seem to be facing crippling odds.

Guest columnist: Lauren Rosa

This is partly inspired by a book, partly an open letter to my dad, and partly something that has just been on my mind for a while.

About a year ago I got into a brief conversation with some friends. One of my friends was working at women's shelter and she was disturbed by the pattern that she sometimes saw, of women considering themselves LUCKY after being raped or beaten—"It could of been worse." We didn't talk about this too long before, our conversation drifted, but this wasn't something I had really considered before, however it sadly made sense. A woman being raped and then saying she was LUCKY because at least she didn't get pregnant or AIDS.

We are so far gone that a woman can get raped or beaten and then tell herself she is LUCKY. She can go through denial about her own pain and deny her basic right as a woman, "because it could of been worse." We should all be shouting this is not acceptable, I refuse to take part in this process. No matter what happens to someone (woman or man) if they don't want it, then it's not ok. This is the first side of the coin; the internal feeling of being LUCKY.

The second side is the external message sent to women. The book that made me think the most about this is Lucky by Alice Sebold. Right on the cover is written that the author had been raped, beaten and left for dead in a tunnel near her dorm. One of the officers working on her case explained to Alice that another woman had been killed in that same tunnel, so she should consider herself LUCKY. By the time I had picked up this book I was about fed up of hearing stories that ended with "well she should consider herself LUCKY."

I do consider myself LUCKY (wait—I'm not contradicting myself, let me explain) to have never been raped, but I am not LUCKY because there are other forms of violence against women I deal with: the comments made as I walk by men, the times I wear a skirt and the comments get worse, and I feel the urge to change my clothes, the unknown men who stand too close to prove their power and take mine, the men that avoid my eyes and make me want to cover my breasts, because sometimes clothes aren't enough, the men that make me carry pepper spray, the men that think I am there for their enjoyment, the men who bump into me at a bar and sneak a feel of my body, the men who lust after my youthfulness,

the men who open the door for me then whistle as I walk by, the men who grab my arm to get my attention, do I need to go on? This is only part of what every woman deals with day in and day out, are we LUCKY?

When I brought this topic up to my dad he tended to believe the answer is yes. He automatically put my experiences on this scale of what's LUCKY and what's worse. True, there is a scale, but it's when you let one situation take away from another that is wrong. As if somewhere in the middle of this scale is big sign saying "OK" and telling women on that side to hush up. In reality none of it is OK, and this is the part that gets forgotten.

My dad is sitting there having his only daughter tell him men stare at her breasts and men block her path to explain what sex with him would be like, and my dad is not fuckin' yelling that it all needs to change. Hmmm... maybe he's in denial?

In order to try to push my dad out of denial, or at least to start agreeing with me, I explained the case in Italy. A judge ruled that the woman pressing charges could not have been raped because she was wearing tight jeans. The judge set the precedent that tight jeans could not have been taken off with her consent/help, therefore it was not possible she was raped. My dad hesitated after I told him this story, but still didn't want to admit this was bad. "Because look at the women in South America where 40% have been raped, and it's much more socially acceptable."

Of course my heart sinks when I hear these kinds of statistics and I want to scream because this doesn't get enough attention, discussion, and ACTION, but I do not believe it should take away at all from the case in Italy. I felt my dad wanted to basically dismiss that case and focus only on the women in South America. He went on to explain that Italy doesn't really have a "problem with rape, and is doing quite well." Excuse me? A woman can't win a rape trial because she was wearing tight jeans and you're telling me Italy doesn't have a problem with violence against women? He went on... this woman is LUCKY because she lives in a country that is more sophisticated and doing OK dealing with violence against women. Obviously no woman wants to deal with a 40% chance of being raped, but obviously no woman wants to deal with a 100% chance of dealing with any kind of sexism.

Frustrated, I tried to explain that the woman in Italy, and all the women in South America, and the woman who wrote *LUCKY* are all connected. One woman's experience is tied to all the others, and it all occurs because of the same social mind set about women. Whatever happens to one woman is valid and deserves attention and action. I refuse to tell some woman with a black eye she should count herself LUCKY, "because it could of been worse." Instead we should apologize and tell her it could of been better. This whole concept of saying these woman over here have it worse than these woman over there only works to separate and disempower woman as a whole (separate and disempower?...

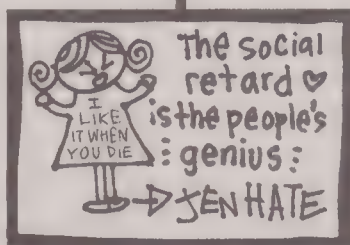
smells like patriarchy to me).

When I asked my dad if he thought I was LUCKY because I live in San Francisco and "only" have to hear comments on the streets almost daily, and push off a few unwanted touches here and there, he wouldn't exactly say yes. He did, however, say America is more sophisticated and rape is not as socially acceptable. By this time I was too mad and didn't know how to respond anymore.

Sexism is sexism and violence against women is present everywhere. Yes, I understand America is in this weird way safer for women, but America also does a damn fine job of hiding it's sexism and goes through denial (as with classism, racism, homophobia and a million other things). But I still think that the mind set that allows 40% of the women in South America to be raped is the same mind set that decided the case in Italy and caused officer friendly to tell Alice Sebold she was LUCKY and allows men to treat women with disrespect in San Francisco.

Lauren
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Rosa;



This Christmas I attended midnight mass with my mother at a church that she used to frequent (she just doesn't go much anymore). I went simply because she asked and wanted my company. I can recall hating church when I was younger, maybe the way

most kids did, but I think it was because I felt like I was only being dragged around. The truth is, I don't have any religious opinions or beliefs. I'm the same way about voting. I just don't care either way, no opinions. Blank. But anyway, sometimes you have to indulge people. Especially your parents.

I was totally distracted the whole time. Either from boredom or ignorance, take a pick. I kept laughing (right up in the second row, too, mind you) at the priest's voice because it was as soft and soothing as a drill sergeant's. He had the most PITIFUL comb-over bald head, too. Mom and I kept cracking up every time he bowed his shiny head. It was so bad. Some asshole's cell phone went off (I guess nothing, not even church, is sacred!). After the priest made his big Christmas speech, I let out a loud snoring snort sound and the people in front turned around and stared at me. Well, I thought it was funny, rude as it was. Who cares. It was a horrible speech.

My favorite part (aside from the snoring), was the part where they rattle off little dedication prayers, to which the herd responds with "Lord, hear our prayer." I kid you not, one of the dedications was "to all the aliens, homeless, and unwed mothers—Lord, hear our prayer." We couldn't contain ourselves. Mom and I had our own private field day. Aliens? Are we talking Moulder and Scully speak or is it Archie Bunker on Mexicans? No idea. And the unwed mothers. Yeah, pray that they find husbands under their tree for Christmas from God.

The homeless part got me for a minute, though. It just made me think about how many of them must be suffering in this arctic weather right now. It saddens me. How do they even

have the will to live when it's like this? Beats me.

I also scratched my crotch three times. I never would have noticed but it seemed like a poor thing to be doing in such a place, but oh well.

I don't know how Catholics do it. It's all so boring, forced and rigid. At least the Baptists are up and screaming, having a blast. All of that "I am not worthy to receive you" and "He takes away the sins of the world" just doesn't make any sense!

Before we left, as I was putting on my coat, my stepfather noticed the Make Up pin on my lapel. He asked what it said. My mom cut in and barked, "It probably says I HATE CHURCH." Imagine that! Well, I guess I could use one now. But who cares, really.

I Hate You #8 and #9 should be out now. E-mail if you want info. jhate@eminem.com

Guest columnist: Ron Campbell

A little over four years ago I wrote a column for *HeartattaCk* about my upcoming release from prison. Since then, I've spent another three and a half years in prison, with plenty of time to explore some very personal issues from my life. I've tried to share some of those issues in my past few columns, as I thought that I might benefit from the telling, as well as help anyone else who has experienced them realize that they're not alone.

So, I'm now a few months away from release again. I'm looking to be released April 13th, and was wondering what to write for what I hope is my last column from prison. Do I share my fear and uncertainty of coming back to prison yet again, or maybe some of the plans I've been going over and over again for the past few years? With the exception of a few of my friends who'll read this, does anyone really care? Judging by the lack of response to my previous columns, I'd have to say no.

Well, I gave a lot of thought to this, and decided to write about a group of people I know in Chicago who truly embrace the DIY ethic and the essence of community spirit. I lived with them for two months in 1997, and will live with them again upon release this year. I'm talking about the people at the St. Francis Catholic Worker House.

I can imagine the groans and less-than-complimentary thoughts some of you may be thinking, but before you dismiss me (or them) as being your typical church group, let me give you some history.

The Catholic Worker movement was founded in 1933 by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin. It is based on communal living with people struggling with homelessness and poverty, and nonviolent resistance to war, injustice, and materialism. The St. Francis Catholic Worker has no organizational ties to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, not does it receive any government, church, or corporate funds. There are between 150-200 such houses in the U.S. and other countries, run solely by the people who live and work there. In most cases, the people involved

need not be Catholic.

My first experience at this house was definitely a little strange. To go from a highly structured prison environment, where I was treated with contempt, to a place full of cheery, concerned people had me confused. I was also a bit leery, expecting a bunch of religious zealots who would bombard me with their beliefs. Not once while I was there did anyone bring up church, my feelings on religion, or anything that made me uncomfortable. While there was a 10pm curfew and a no drinking or drugs policy, I didn't particularly mind. I'd been through worse, and had nowhere else to go anyway.

There weren't many dull moments there either. I had plenty of lively talks with other people living there, and it was the first house I'd ever been in that didn't have a TV. Instead, round-table discussions on a variety of topics, music, games, or just hanging around filled the nights. And dinners were always an event, with plenty of vegetarian food, a lot of it taken from dumpsters, being served. The house would fill up, as the homeless came for a hot meal and some decency.

Being a big house, everyone had to help keep it clean. We all did two nights a month as dishwasher, and I'd usually do some sweeping or yard work. Seven would usually cook dinner, and she took care of the cats wandering the house. There was compost to tend to, gardening, never a lack of work to do. I'd have probably resented being forced to work, but because virtually no demands were made on me, I did more than I had to.

Oh, I got in trouble a couple of times, like when I threw away a bunch of prison papers rather than put them in the recycling bin. I just wasn't used to recycling everything possible, but I learned! I also went out and got drunk one night, and didn't come back in. I wasn't kicked out, because I think they understood my need to unwind, but I did get warned that the next time would get me kicked out.

Lots of activists know about the Catholic Worker, just as they know about a lot of the people and places I frequented. The Catholic Workers are very active politically. I hosted a meeting of the Chicago Anarchist Black Cross at the house, which is a story in itself. Nervous, high, and trying not to show either, it was a total disaster.

I left the house after two months, because I was becoming increasingly bored, frustrated with myself, and wanted to party and stay out all night. Now, as I get ready to get out again, I look forward to the strong sense of community that's found within that house. And as long as I remember to reach out when I need help instead of retreating within myself, the Catholic Worker House will be a real source of strength for me.

So, there you have it. My last contribution to HaC from prison.. What will future columns be about? Why, the life of an ex-con after prison, what else?

Have fun, stay free, and above all—treat yourself and others with respect.

Ron Campbell #N30537/PO Box 711/
Menard, IL 62259



A little while back, I was involved with a coalition that worked to mobilize and organize a demonstration against the Organisation of American States (OAS) when they held their meeting in Windsor (across the border from Detroit) this past June. Included in the OAS' portfolio is the detrimental implementation of the Free Trade

Area of the Americas (FTAA), which would essentially be similar to expanding the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) to all of the Americas (and the next big meeting for this is taking place in Quebec City in April 2001...). It was extremely exciting being involved with this protest because I was still riding the wave of excitement from the victory in Seattle against the WTO and the mass convergences that followed in North America after that. However, I was perched rather precariously on this wave of excitement.

A few short months before, Where was the Color in Seattle?, an article written by Elizabeth (Betita) Martinez, circulated around the internet after having made its first appearance in *ColorLines* magazine. I read this article with amazement and excitement because it was the first time that someone was publicly bringing up a criticism that many of us people of colour (and others) had noticed: the 'Battle in Seattle' had been overwhelmingly white, despite the fact that people of colour are often the ones hardest hit by global capitalism.

In Windsor, I remember talking to (mostly white) activists about this criticism and finding that while people acknowledged that there was a problem, no one really did anything to address the problem. And so it went that Windsor, too, was overwhelmingly white.

This was the turning point for me. Up until then, I had been involved with a variety of different activist groups, both within the community (like Food Not Bombs) and on campus (like Students Against Sweatshops). And most of these, too, had been overwhelmingly white. And I was tired of it. I was tired of feeling like the token person of colour, of feeling marginalized even within 'progressive' groups and movements, of feeling like certain issues were not being addressed, of feeling like I was by myself in all of this.

After Windsor happened, I interned briefly with a union local where I tagged along with organizers who were helping to organise the newspaper carriers of one of Toronto's most popular newspapers. The union organizers were both people of colour who had immigrated to Canada years ago—Sam was a black man from Nigeria, and Regi was a Sri Lankan woman. The newspaper carriers were mostly immigrants from various places around the globe, and some were refugees who were displaced because of the direct or indirect effects of global capitalism in their originating countries. Having arrived in Canada, they found themselves thrust into a job market and a society that does not benefit people of colour (particularly not immigrants whose first language

is not English), and found that the only kinds of jobs that welcomed them were low-paying, exploitative jobs... such as newspaper delivery.

Because I can speak Vietnamese, my big task was to communicate with the many Vietnamese carriers, most of whom Sam and Regi had been unable to verbally communicate with during the past 2 years of the organizing drive. I was very nervous because my Vietnamese is a big joke since I've lived in Canada most of my life. I spoke with them in my broken Vietnamese about their hopes and fears, what they thought about their jobs, and what they wanted to see happen. And the entire time, I wished and wished that I had not lost so much of my language. I felt really hopeless because I could not even communicate properly with my own people! I watched Regi speaking to the Tamil-speaking carriers with ease and I saw the trust that they had in her because there was no communication barrier. And every month, Sam and Regi would mail out to every single worker a copy of the newsletter—translated into many of the languages they spoke—to let them know what was going on, and to allow the carriers to share stories, thoughts, and ideas with each other.

I saw how important all of this was in building a solid resistance, and how important it was to ensure that the organizing being done is inclusive in every possible way. While recognizing that my experience with the labour movement is a unique one since they still have a long way to go in terms of anti-racism within their ranks and with their organizing, I learned some valuable lessons from working with Sam and Regi that I will never forget.

In London, I started getting involved with a group called the Movement for Justice that works around issues of racism such as police harassment and refugee rights, and whose long-term goal is to build a civil rights movement in the UK. Virtually all of my activist work in the past had been with predominantly white groups and this was my first time being involved with a group that was predominantly people of colour. It has been a very different experience and in many ways, a very positive one.

I remember sitting in a MFJ meeting one day and being conscious of the fact that there were about 95% people of colour present, and 5% white. The meeting was held in a refugee centre in Brixton, an area in south London that is home to many of London's black population, but also an area that is beginning to suffer the fate of other areas like Notting Hill and becoming gentrified, which means that black people and poor people are being pushed out to make way for the rich white folks. Any day of the week, you will see kkkops walking around or standing prominently in high traffic areas (something you would never see in wealthy areas like Chelsea or Notting Hill). The city is trying to implement a program called 'Operation Tippet' (legitimized under the propaganda of 'fighting crime') which, among other things involves a procedure called 'Stop and Search.' This basically means that the kkkops are given the legal go-ahead to randomly stop anyone on the street and question or search them. Such a procedure in a racist society is never random because it will always mean that black people will get stopped most of the time, particularly young black males.

At the meeting, people were sharing stories of how they have witnessed their neighbours, friends, and family members being brutalized by the police in London just for 'walking while black.' These people were there at the meeting and take part in the resistance that the MFJ is working to build because the issues that the MFJ deal with are inherently anti-racist. Not only that, but the organizing that the MFJ engages in is also inherently anti-racist, such that not having 'enough' people of colour present is never even an issue.

But it goes far deeper than merely having people of colour present. As Chris Crass rightfully stated in his column a few issues ago, "we need to be clear that multiracial doesn't automatically mean anti-racist." Being merely multiracial does not take apart or even challenge the status quo. Genuine anti-racist work involves building alliances and working in solidarity with people of colour; it means understanding the ways that unequal power relations manifests itself in all settings (including activist ones) and how it works to oppress some while privileging others; it means looking to people of colour as leaders, and not as mere tokens in order to prove how 'anti-racist' your group is ("We're not racist! Look, we have two Asians in our group!"). It means a whole lot more too, but above all, it means being dedicated to proactively and consciously working to bring down the structure of white supremacy and privilege.

My work for social change now circles around bringing down capitalism. In the past few years, I have come to recognize the ways that all of these issues of injustice—whether it be police brutality, the (in)justice system, sweatshops, immigration, housing, gentrification, you-name-it—are interconnected and how capitalism plays a huge role. It does not make sense to fight against the WTO, the IMF, the FTAA—to fight against global capitalism—and not also against what we consider to be 'local' issues, issues that people of colour have been building resistance against for decades. But while witnessing and taking part in the 'anti-globalization' movement has been exciting and inspiring to me, it has also been disempowering at the same time, and it will continue to feel that way until people are serious about challenging and dismantling the racial oppression that has been crippling the movement thus far.

A few months ago, I began dialoguing with two others (one of whom is Chris Crass—see his column in this issue) about our frustrations with the 'anti-globalization' movement and out of those talks came an idea which has since become a reality. A network called Colours of Resistance (COR) was born. The first few lines of our statement of politics reads "Colours of Resistance is a grassroots network of people who actively work to develop multiracial, anti-racist politics in the movement against global capitalism. We are committed to helping build an anti-racist, anti-imperialist, multiracial, feminist, queer liberationist, and anti-authoritarian movement against global capitalism." Although we are only a few months old, the response so far has been overwhelmingly positive. Of the many issues that that various COR participants are putting out to the movement (and to progressive groups in general) right now, there are two that I

just want to bring up very briefly.

The first is that the long history of struggle and resistance against capitalist globalization of peoples in the South (Third World countries), and of people of colour and indigenous peoples in the West continues to be ignored while Seattle is credited again and again not only by the media, but perhaps more detrimentally by activists themselves, as the official 'beginning' of the movement. Basically, we are stressing that the fight against global capitalism did not begin with Seattle, nor does it consist only of the mass convergences in the West that we associate with the 'anti-globalization' movement. It is important to recognize this, even though we don't always hear about it. Remember that "the revolution will not be televised," and that means not in alternative/independent media either!

Secondly, it is important to bring into question the meaning of 'radical activism.' Is it only 'radical' when we engage in blockading meetings and get dragged away by the police, or are there other ways of resisting that can be effective and just as 'radical,' if not more so? Who gets to decide what is 'radical' in the first place and who gets left out? In his essay, Finding Hope After Seattle: Rethinking Radical Activism and Building a Movement, Chris Dixon challenges activists to rethink radical activism. He says, "Too often this concept is defined almost exclusively by white, middle-class men, self-appointed bearers of a radical standard... Rethinking radical activism is about understanding social struggles in broad terms and toppling conventional hierarchies of activist 'worth.' Equally crucial, it's also about locating and sustaining hope. Overly fixated on mass mobilizations, we can easily lose sight of what's happening around us in our workplaces, households, classrooms, religious communities, neighborhoods, and local activist groups. Yet these commonplace venues can be just as subversive as street confrontations at major protests, if not more so."

Both of these issues have very important implications for the movement. Whether we move forward or not, and whether we can truly build and sustain a movement that is dedicated to ending all forms of oppression, is dependent on how we deal with such challenges, along with many others. It is never easy to face these kinds of challenges, especially not when what is already going on seems so (superficially) positive to begin with. But a movement that is dedicated to bringing down all forms of oppression *simultaneously* with challenging global capitalism is the kind of movement we must endeavour to work towards if we are truly serious about fighting for a world that is free and just for all. And this is the kind of movement I want to be a part of.

More information on Colours of Resistance is available at <http://www.tao.ca/~colours>

Dear Punk Subculture,

I know that you wonder why I rarely, if ever, write about you. I guess I should tell you why. Well, here goes. I recently got a patch in the mail by Lauren Martin (an amazing, bi-racial,

queer tough girl who does 'zines like *hard as nails* and *quantify*) that I fell in love with right away. The patch says "Punk Rock Expatriate" and nothing could sum up my current relationship with you any better. I am hanging on by a thread, if that, and it's because I don't know if I believe in you anymore. I believe in the philosophy of DIY but that's where it ends. I feel this way because from my experiences, you have time and time again failed to deliver your promise of being progressive, much less radical. Or did you ever promise me that? But that's why I believed in you before. That's why I would go to your shows and festivals, why I would put on shows for you even though it was a tough thing to do, because I believed in supporting you. I even believed that I could find others who are into you and depend on your community to support political actions and causes... but I became disillusioned when I discovered that the kind of support I thought you could give me does not exist within you. And please don't get me going on how oppressive and unwelcoming you are to me and my brothers and sisters of colour, not to mention to others as well since you love straightwhiteboys best. So that's why I have no desire to write about you. Instead, I choose to write about things that I consider to be way the fuck more 'punk' than what you have given me these past few years. If this sick world is going to change and get better, it will not be because of you, even though you like to think that you play a big role in it. Our precarious relationship consists of a mutual love for DIY and music, but please don't tell me that you're more progressive or radical than you really are because I refuse to listen to that bullshit anymore.

xo, Helen.

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Guest columnist: Justin Kern

It seems in the last year my parents seem to drop the question on me at least once every time I come home:

"What do you want to do with your life?"

At first I replied to assuage their fears, and possibly my own, that I wasn't wasting my college experience. Careers like reporter, public relations advisor, and feature editor came out of my mouth before I could even understand what that would entail. And my parents, believing and loving as they are, happily took these titles to place upon me. Now it was just easier for everyone, especially out-of-touch relatives, to start pointless conversations with me.

"So, Justin, I hear you're going to school for journalism?"

"Yes, Uncle Soandso, at Buffalo State."

"How's that going?"

"Fine."

"Good."

The only escape from this uncomfortable conversation comes when Uncle Soandso has to replenish his drink at my grandfather's bar.

The intent of this column isn't to make fun of my relatives (that's the last thing my family needs), but to address a larger question, if not just

for myself in a public forum. Why should what I want to do with my life have a direct correlation with what career I choose? And what if I don't like the career I choose, or worse yet, what if I don't choose a career at all?

After pondering these questions, among others, I've begun to answer my parents with more honesty lately.

"Well mom, maybe I'll work at a temp agency for a while 'til I get enough money to move to Toronto."

"I don't know dad, I was thinking that maybe I'll go with Jim across country on a Carl tour for a couple of months."

Both of these replies receive jeers, anger, sadness from my parents (but laughter from my sisters). Coming from large, middle class backgrounds, they've both struggled like hell for over twenty years just to get a home to raise their families in. They want an easier life for me and see a college diploma as the next step to my career. Even seeing this, I understand their consternation. I've been with my parents ever since I was "immaculately conceived" a month before their marriage. We have had very hard times economically, socially, and spiritually. And I love them for the freedom and love they've given me but, at the risk of my home turning into the Pat Benetar "Love is a Battlefield" video, we stop the argument before it turns ugly.

Getting a career involving a specific profession (in my case, newspaper journalism) doesn't seem like the worst thing that could happen. I just don't understand why capital and job status should be the product of learning and living. My thoughts and desires change everyday, as I'm sure yours do. Just looking back at the journal I started recently reveals monumental changes in the way I think, and that was only in September. Choosing no specific career may make me a professional loser to some, but this is offset by the fact that I don't care. Thanks to anyone who has felt the same or tried to understand.

I like The Passion by Jeanette Winterson, Jacob's Ladder, and Reflection Eternal. Contact me: Justin/PO Box 175/Dunkirk NY 14048; robotkern@hotmail.com

It's been extremely cold here in Memphis. Winter all over the US has been at record lows and I know many people, myself included, who would much rather stay inside than venture out in it all. Not long ago, though, my friend Dave and I went skateboarding in the area near the late DIY Memphis, which closed this October. While out there I noticed piles of blankets, trash bags, and bodies in the side doorway of the French Rivera Spa on the corner. Not that this was a new sight or experience for me in a metropolitan area that is full of homelessness, but it is a stark reminder that we live in privileged situations and environments (no matter how poor or bad off we may be or feel), especially when there are thousands of people in my area alone that can't even get the bare

necessities needed for survival.

In Memphis there has been a move to just push the problem of homelessness aside. The downtown area, which has always been small and basically unattractive, has been growing at a rapid rate. A new AAA baseball stadium and team has appeared and brought great success and money downtown. In doing so there has been an economic and corporate boom all over downtown Memphis. Soon there will be malls, movie theatres, new restaurants, and corporate centers (all of which are in the middle of construction as we speak). From the point of view of the city and its officials this is exactly the chain reaction they have been looking to spark for the last 10 to 20 years. The owners of the Redbirds ball team have been hailed heroes and given the oh-so revered key to the city (a prize the King himself put on his mantle, ha).

Truth be told though, the baseball park and the apartments being built next door actually pushed out plans for a better organized homeless shelter in an area in desperate need of such assistance. A night's stay in a homeless shelter can range from 6 to 7 dollars and for those without a steady income of any sort this can be nearly impossible. In such a severe winter in an area that is not cold weather prepared this can prove to even be fatal. Quickly the blame seems to be on the very few shelters that actually exist for charging such prices but running a shelter takes money and funding, something these organizations don't have 9 times out of 10. I've done benefit shows (and even a record) to relieve the financial stress during winter months, but if you consider how many people (children included) use the shelter every night you realize 1000 plus dollars only go so far for a short period of time.

The Redbirds organization has joined with other business groups to push a no tolerance policy for homelessness and panhandling in downtown Memphis. The Commercial Appeal ran a series of articles that pushed homeless stereotypes in a completely biased way, backing the Memphis business group. They released bogus studies about the percentage of homeless people that are mentally ill and put full color

pictures of drunken men and women carrying bottles in bags. Actually, the caption underneath the picture described the woman as having drinking as a hobby (oh its just something she does in her spare time and she has a lot right?). These distortions, though true in some instances of course, helped a public already

uncomfortable with the idea of homelessness (unless it was clearing their consciences by making sandwiches for their church or donating a coat to MIFA) grab onto the appeal of a clean and clear downtown. Of course that would make it safer and more pleasant for them because they wouldn't be confronted with their own fears and discomforts. So many times in this society we push for the instant solution instead of looking at the long term one. Instant solutions to create instant bullshit!

Back near DIY Memphis, we encountered one of the homeless locals who had been at the club almost every night we were open. He was like so many homeless men and women that I have met over the years or personally worked with, fighting to survive by his own hands and means, even with obvious problems (like alcoholism, loss of hope, etc). He would clean car windows, carry in equipment, clean the parking lot, or just hang out for company, telling stories in his quiet voice. With a smile, Dave and I were greeted from across the parking lot. After shaking our hands and saying general hellos, I asked how the neighborhood had been holding up since we left. He started by telling us how much he missed the club and how important it had been to him. Overall, he had been treated well and by being around the place he more often than not got money to eat with or go to the downtown shelter.

He went on to tell us about his recent problems and the appearance of a large drug ring in the neighborhood. For those of you who have no prior knowledge of the DIY space in Memphis, it was in a lower income neighborhood and was surrounded by things like prostitution, even in our own parking lot. It never became a problem, safety or otherwise, but it was there. The man asked me to feel his jaw. It had 2 distinct cracks in it were he said some drug pushers had beaten his jaw in with their boots. According to him, now that no one was out and around in the later hours, there was no safety for anyone and many homeless people had been attacked. Cocaine seemed to be the major push and the men who ran the ring didn't directly operate out of the neighborhood, they only sold there. So supposedly even buyers were left in the dark. Violence had shot up just in the short time the club had been closed.

So if anything the presence of the punk scene in that neighborhood made it a safer place. People in general have these notions about subcultures and how they operate around or breed negative things like drinking, drugs, violence, or what not. But the presence of a punk subculture is actually positive in this case. It brought a group of people together, late at night, hopefully forming some kind of community, and whether music was being played or not, just kids being present was enough to make the neighborhood better. Life is full of such irony.

If anything this column is just sharing my thoughts and frustrations on this matter. Take from it what you will; hopefully you can relate in some way. Working in shelters is a great way to get involved. All bullshit aside, there are many churches or religious organizations that don't push their religion in with their charity and are looking for volunteers. Working with groups that are already organized well and have access to usable space is beneficial and achieves a lot. There are also other things you can do like get involved in local legislation for homeless support or do food/clothing drives. Benefit shows are great—make punk active! Though I personally am not involved, Food Not Bombs is of course a wonderful way to help out. All this is so fucking basic but we all would much rather do things we feel drive behind other than things we perceive as work or charity. That doesn't make it any less important or rewarding. For a side note, START



ADIY SPACE IN YOUR TOWN!!! There aren't enough of them and they are under-appreciated. A thankless job well worth the effort. DIY OR FUCKING DIE!!!

Love: Jonathan Lee/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111; (901) 726 0069; diymemphis@aol.com

After reading over the past few columns I have written for *HeartattaCk*, I noticed that a vague theme seems to have

developed concerning punk's relationship to academia. The two have certainly enacted a microcosm of that conflict within the limited confines of my own life and the issue is one I've been struggling with long before I came of university age. For many university punks it seems to me, university provides the milieu either for the introduction to or parting from hardcore. I find it kind of strange that despite this, so little ink is devoted to the issue of punk and educational institutions. Punks who wouldn't think twice about hurling the most viscous criticisms at large corporations seem shy about applying the same language to universities as if their content excused their form. For my part, I can't detect any radical difference between the organising principals between the two institutions and I don't really understand why universities get off so easy. The only complaint seems to be the high cost of joining up.

My two attempts at university have been utter failures, both in terms of money and time. The unpredictability and upheavals of living a life always seem to get in the way. I have no idea how people remain devoted to the university institution over a long period of time manage to incorporate it into their lives, and I would really like to read about some experiences people might have being a university punk. I do have some hands on experience though. For about eight years I grew up as the son of the dean of Trinity College, University of Toronto. I lived right in residence with all the students and was frequently privy to the behind-the-scene intrigues that coloured my father's unique perspective of university life. I loved it. The students would frequently hold parties in our apartment when my dad was out and me and my brother were often mentioned in the student newspaper and incorporated into university in-jokes. All my friends loved the place and envied me since to them it seemed like I lived in a huge gothic castle. I was ten when I moved out to the suburbs and my life started to go down hill.

When I was of age, I was re-accepted at Trinity and lived in residence. I have always had difficulty with school, but my experience with the institution of my childhood I can remember as one of the most depressing of my life. After a failed attempt at moving out of residence, I had to drop out eventually to find work and pay rent.

I love to learn. I have been an avid reader since I was very small and nothing gives me more pleasure than picking up something new. According to my parents, I was born to go to university. It was expected of me and for the short time I attended I did quite well. I hardly ever showed up to class, but I found if I did the reading

and handed in the essays on time, there were no problems. It was pretty easy and I managed to pump out A's steadily while only going to class about three hours a week. The rest of the time I spent drinking and finding ways to escape university life. As far as educating me, university was entirely successful. If I stayed on the boat

for a few more years, I could have had it easy, getting high marks with a minimum of effort.

Despite this, however, I found the university experience to be entirely deadening and life draining. I have memories of sitting in a lecture hall full of fellow students all turned to the same page of the same book (*Philosophical Fragments* by Søren Kierkegaard) taking notes from the professor pacing back and forth at the front. We were issued these syllabi that outlined exactly what we had to have read by exactly what time. If you do what they want, it's not too much of a challenge to do well in university.

I read *Philosophical Fragments* and loved it. For me, reading philosophy is a very personal and intimate thing. I feel privileged to have access to such great thoughts from so far in the past. It connects me better to reality and helps situate me in the world. It's kind of like listening to music. To see it treated so commonly and systematically in that classroom just seemed like a violation. I never took notes, but I noticed that people would mark up their books, writing the professor's ramblings in the margins and drawing arrows in and around the text and underlining passages with a ruler to make it all look neat, as if the book was incomplete without them. Certain sentences were given hierarchy over others depending on how well they served to support an essay topic or exam question. The text was in a sense pilfered for profit. Students were encouraged to disregard the text's organic nature and to dismember it to serve the interests of academic ambition. Little or nothing in the way of debate or interaction with the text took place or was even possible. Instead of using the given community to infuse an old text with new life, it was systematically dismembered and dissected as a corpse. This I found depressing.

This is to say nothing of the quality of the professor or the brightness of the students. I remember really liking what the professor had to say for the most part. It is the structure and the hidden imperatives behind the university system that is to blame. Historically, universities have been organically linked with society at large and have produced radical, rigorous, and effective critiques of power and the world such as it is. Stuff that would put hardcore to shame easily. With few exceptions, every major school of thought and program for progressive political change has been born from universities. Viewed from this angle, it's no wonder many of the more intellectual strands of punk rock have found a kinship with certain schools of academic thought.

This unfortunately comes at the cost of another punk tradition of viewing institutions such as university with extreme skepticism. This attitude is derived from punk's working class roots when the average punk wouldn't have access to higher education even if they wanted it. Which

they didn't. The current love affair between high education and low culture is difficult to analyse. It is unclear whether the connection came from the top down or the bottom up. Certain academic disciplines, mostly cultural studies and sociology, took a special interest in punk culture especially in 1970s Britain. This may have been the seed that grew into the academic acceptance of punk ethics and politics. More likely, though, the wide cultural dissemination of punk images and tropes have attracted people from higher social standing to punk culture, albeit in a rather more sanitised, university-acceptable fashion. Whatever the case, punk and academia reached out to each other and found each other willing to integrate. The impact, it can safely be said, can be far more acutely felt in punk than in academia. I, personally, find this really disturbing. What threat does punk pose if it can be so easily fitted into the containers society provides for it?

This is certainly not to say that we should contrive to "dumb punk down" and pretend we're stupider than we are to save punk face. The bullshit argument that pops up every now and again against academic texts that they are undemocratic and written for only an educated few seems to be the best some can do to criticise higher education. Some texts are denser and more jargonistic than others, sometimes more than necessary, but this blanket argument is willful ignorance. True, a factory worker off the street probably would have difficulty deciphering *Das Kapital*, written for her emancipation, but we are not 19th century factory workers. We have the time and the resources to teach ourselves this stuff and to teach others. There are libraries which order any book you can possibly desire free of charge and there are tons of beginner books, educational comics, overviews and synopses to get you started. The myriad of highly sophisticated and interrelated cultural codes we are ensconced in is far more difficult for the uninitiated to comprehend than even the most opaque intellectual tract would be to us, but most 10 year olds have no problem whatsoever navigating their way through it. In fact, a better argument against academic institutions stems from the fact that most of its products are so easily accessed and understood by the population at large. What purpose then, we are prompted to ask, does the university serve, and why do we think nothing of hitching a ride?

Universities are relics from a world we no longer live in. They serve an obsolete purpose. Right wing radical critiques that reduce learning to earning are actually difficult to refute. Why do we need to teach humanities? What purpose do they serve not only the student, but a society that, as a whole, has systemically suffocated and sterilised its in-built political avenues of change? Power has been stripped from the political to the point where the nation-state's validity has been all but completely undermined and it has been deposited directly on the movements of capital and market forces. In Marxian terms, the superstructure has been eviscerated and we now have direct access to the base: the economy. The ability to enact change politically is an impotent privilege because we no longer enact change, we profit from change: market change which we don't even pretend to have the power of destiny over. We are trained to make millions running around

Guest columnist: Christian Whittall

debasement ourselves seeking supplications from a god, the economy, who's will we only have a vague notion of. Where does art and poetry fit into this? The best liberals and soft-leftists can do to counter this argument is to say that they've always been there, they give colour to life, solace for the tired businessman. Even they aren't quite sure what purpose they serve. I would just be a shame if we got rid of them.

Here's an example. Philosophy, the most maligned of academic disciplines, the degree you can hang on a Taco Bell wall, used to be the most revered and vital areas of study of all. Philosophy professors were given huge grants and generous placements to teach at certain universities. The greatest political event of all time, the French Revolution, was intimately married to progressive philosophical notions that were incubated in universities. G.W.F. Hegel was one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived. In the Nuremberg of his day, 1808, a newly installed Protestant educational authority was seeking to combat the old Catholic hierarchy by introducing a much more progressive, open-minded curriculum. Hegel was hired to teach philosophy to students of high school age. As a means of doing this, he wrote what were perhaps the most difficult and daunting books of his career: *The Science of Logic*, written in three parts. What now is regarded as one of the cornerstones of Western philosophy was for Hegel, merely a teaching tool designed to lay the ground work for teaching a new way of thinking to young students. To actually be taught these books in any detail now, because of the modern system of prerequisites, one must be well into graduate studies and must have exhaustively covered the rationalists, the empiricists, and Immanuel Kant before being allowed to proceed to Hegel's work originally intended for high school students. *The Science of Logic* contains its own structure of progression where every stage is built upon the last and, to be fair, it was meant to be taught gradually over many years, where as now, it is usually lumped into one year of study. The point I'm trying to make though, is that in Hegel's day, doing philosophy was no different than learning it. The most radical philosophy of the day was the first to reach the ears of students. The organisational structure was born of the moment to serve specific, real political ends. The path from philosophical text to classroom structure to student was short and immediate. Philosophy had urgency and teaching had meaning.

This is in contrast to the present where philosophy, as with most humanities and social sciences, is no longer served by the organisational structure of university, but exists to serve it. It merely fills in the semantic blanks of university's syntactic structure. The university system is a dinosaur; a fossil from an earlier age that no longer serves any purpose outside of itself. It's just a big, fat, money hungry behemoth that feeds on and is fed by itself. No wonder most current governments are doing their damndest to wrest themselves free from that financial black hole. An organisational structure with no moral or political fundamentals is very dangerous. If left to drift freely to obey the laws of chaos theory, there's no telling what damage it can do. That is why so much of modern society's money and resources are geared to damage reduction.

Universities come with heaps of market-useless historical and cultural baggage that unfortunately can't go out with the bath water, so their structure simply conforms as much as it can to existing forms of control and power. So, said power coming from markets, universities have lost any vestige of outwardly manifested influence. The raw, unbiased bulk of inert power that is inherent in bare structures of organisation, like universities and colleges, instead turns in on itself and focuses on self-containment. Universities, from the larger vantage point of society, merely serve as file cabinets or storage facilities. They contain and sort out the masses of obsolete and useless data our society has inherited and keep it safe and, more importantly, away from society at large. They contain not only the works and wonders of our civilisation, but also limit the actions and passions of those who seek to become involved in them. They have arbitrarily claimed authority over certain sophisticated forms of human discourse and then charged admission to them. This is theft.

The magical castle I lived in and loved as a child felt more like a detention centre as a full-grown student. Living in residence, I soon learned that the college system is set up with the intent to corporatise a large body of students, all with unique backgrounds and life-experiences, into an easily manipulated mass for the purposes of population control. This was mostly done through the use of alcohol and tradition, the latter thoroughly infused with a savvy self-reflexive irony to keep it current. They are designed to overtake the socialising role of the parent in order to bestow the idea of independence and self-reliance in a controlled environment. These were 19 to 23 year old women and men who had dinner served to them everyday and their rooms cleaned every week and yet managed to fancy themselves the arbiters of their own lives. Perfect preparation for the future.

I'm glad I got out and I never want to go back. Academics belong in punk. Punks do not belong in academia. Words mean nothing if they cannot be translated into political action and political action is not possible in a structure whose very existence relies on the power of inertia. A far more effective alternative, it seems to me, would be to do the work of wresting valuable academic texts from the prison of higher education and learn to incorporate it into our lives organically. To counter the mass media barrage of commercialism by working and living with these texts on a day to day basis. We must not be afraid to read what we don't understand. For especially hard books, I tend to read out loud and I find this act helps make sense of the rhythm and structure of certain arguments and makes it clearer just what is being said. Even though I may not understand fully what is being written the information seeps in and if you stick with it, you find that ideas that seemed impenetrable before, make sense in different contexts and situations in life. This is truly living philosophy.

Anyway, I'm really interested in getting in touch with punks who go to university and discussing alternative to institutional education. Here's to education free youth.

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In the fall of 1999 I planted several rows of garlic in a slightly raised planting bed in my garden. I worked some compost and horse manure from a nearby stable into the soil before opening the shallow planting rows. Into these are placed the individual garlic cloves. Then the rows are filled with soil until the cloves are covered with a layer as thick as they are tall. I like to keep the whole planting bed covered with clippings and trimmings from elsewhere in the garden to help hold moisture in the soil and provide a continuous source of organic matter for the living soil to digest into nutrients and humus. The garlic will take up the water and matter it requires to grow through a chain of relationships that connect its roots to the microbial life in the soil and the nutrients provided by the soil's biota.

Garlic prefers the cool and moist weather of winter on the California central coast to sprout and produce a stalk of leaves. The bulb will not form for seven or eight months when the leaves dry up just prior to summer harvest. Garlic has a long and slow growing cycle and needs continuous, if minor tending to produce good size bulbs. During this cycle the rows must be kept clear of any plant that is not garlic. Grasses, broadleaf plants like dandelion, and other volunteers will quickly grow larger than the garlic blocking its leave from the full sunlight they require and removing the nutrients and moisture from the soil. For all its pungent flavor, garlic has a fairly weak plant structure when compared to just about anything else in a garden, except its relative onions. It must have full exposure to sunlight and full access to the riches of the soil or it will simply not produce bulbs. Fortunately it is easy to visit the garlic bed a few times weekly and remove unwanted plants as they sprout. A layer of green matter and dried stems and roots from previous crops provide mulch to protect the soil from excess evaporation. When rain is frequent and in adequate amounts the soil will be OK. If the surface becomes dry under the mulch then it will probably be necessary to water with a slow flow until the soil is fully wet. It is probably a good idea to add some kelp meal along the rows after three months and four months have passed from the time of planting. Once the leaves show signs of browning, probably in May (the seventh month) then no more water is necessary as the plant will begin transferring the energy stored in its leaf mass to bulb production. The more leaves the plant has produced the more papers will surround and protect the bulb.

Another of my favorite crops are pumpkins. They require less attention than garlic but considerably more space and resources. Due to their sprawling growth and massive product pumpkins are heavy feeders on the soil. Several seeds can be planted in small mounds of soil fully enriched with compost and manure. Planting should be done after spring solstice so the emerging plants will have plenty of sun and warmth. Probably all the seeds will germinate. Usually I let them grow for a week or two and

then clip back all but two or three strong vines on each mound. Then they will grow fast. Maintaining vigorous growth requires much water, at least one deep watering per week and supplemental water during the hottest summer weather. Much compost and manure is necessary to keep the soil replenished as the plant feeds during blossom production. The vine will produce multiple blossoms, not all of which will be fertilized. Of those that are, all will produce pumpkins if left alone, though the plant seems to do some regulation of quantity by letting some small pumpkins dry up and drop from the vine. I generally trim each vine for one or two pumpkins. Once they are set and growing the vine will continue to sprawl. It is essential that the growing tip not be damaged or the vine will die back to the roots. Side shoots can be clipped off so the plant puts its energy into the pumpkins. When the pumpkins turn orange they are ready for harvest. Mine usually are ripe by the end of summer.

The whole garlic plants can be harvested and tied into bunches of five or six and hung in a warm place to dry. It is usually ready in a month or so after the stalk has turned whitish. The pumpkins can be baked and mashed and canned for use in pies and other baking projects. I save some seeds for planting the next year and the rest can be toasted for snacks. From the garlic I choose the largest three or four bulbs for planting in the fall and use the rest for cooking. All scraps and inedible parts of the plants are returned to the soil either by turning the dried vines into the bed at the end of the season or composting the garlic trimmings and pumpkin insides. I try to keep the growing cycle oriented on what the garden produces with only a few outside amendments. In this case, the horse manure and kelp meal from a local garden supply store.

A garden provides an opportunity to experience and observe a complete work cycle. Preparing the soil and growing beds, planting and tending the plants, and harvesting the benefits of the preceding labor for me embodies a full work experience. I want work to be a part of my whole life providing me knowledge and experiences in the physical and social world I inhabit. Through labor in my garden I collect a wealth of knowledge about small scale agriculture and how the cycles of nature interact and depend one on another. The lives of pollinating insects means fertilized blossoms that produce many fruits and vegetables and the needs of plant roots and the soil biota that surround them are two areas of importance when coming to terms with how food gets on our tables. Sharing in this essential knowledge that people will always rely on comes with sharing in the work that people will always have to do to facilitate our survival. It is a small part but the food I grow for myself and my friends is a thread in the thickly woven cycle of life that requires agricultural labor around the world to provide for all of us.

I am fortunate enough to work at a food co-op as well. This work provides me with money and some benefits in exchange for labor and some of my time. This work also provides me with many social interactions and opportunities to participate in a cooperatively run organization. The two kinds of work I've mentioned here make up a significant part of my life. They provide me with many enjoyable moments and interactions

with the plants and soil and people and food and to many other thing to list. This work I do provides a challenge to my problem solving abilities and many opportunities to nurture all kinds of living things. Ultimately I believe that the work I do connects me to the place I live and is a part of my journey or walk through life. It took some time and a few attempts to find a place and work that suits me and there is no guarantee that I will always feel the same as I do now.

When we are working we should try to remember that much of what we take for granted is provided by people laboring in far-flung reaches of our planet. The affluent lifestyles of many people reading this 'zine depend upon the labor of people making clothing, growing food, transporting products, and cleaning up or living with the messes. Our demands create a demand for work. When trying to comprehend the complexities of the planet's socio-economic system I think we should try to determine our individual impacts. If we each would work at growing our own food and directly benefiting our local community instead of our current employment, what would be the impact on the planet and its inhabitants? And if the people who do grow our food and make our clothing no longer did so, what might they do instead?

On a different subject: Apparently PBS is running a series of programs that portends to tell the story of jazz. For another and probably quite different point of view I suggest reading "Blues People" by Leroi Jones, or Amiri Baraka as he is known today.

This is your self-defence manual; your London Underground map to womyn-positive self-defence in a danger-filled world of patriarchal pitfalls. The fourth wave of feminism is here, and after civil rights, consciousness-raising experiments, splintering affinity groups, scholarship and reams of literature; the age of direct action for gender trouble and equality and against global patriarchy and sexism is here.

Fight Like A Girl is a regular column of ideas for empowering ourselves and our sisters. These ideas are also intended to inspire you to your own actions. The manual comes (so far) in six sections to be spread across various issues of *HeartattaCk* as follows:

- 1) Raising the standard (last issue)
- 2) Fighting Rape (this issue)
- 3) Feminist Frontline—against sexist media & advertising
- 4) Guerrilla Girls—art for the post-patriarchy
- 5) Swinging Sisterhood
- 6) Self-Defence

Anyone with a 'zine, website, interest in making flyers etc. is encouraged (@nti-copyright) to reproduce any or every part of these writings. Any more ideas for adding to the list under past, present or future sections; or if you have comments or want to make general connection here is the info:

Laura/14 Batavia Mews/London/SE14 6EA /UK; laura_wirtz@yahoo.com; http://connect.to/synthesis

One basic thing to keep in mind is this: PROTECTING OTHER WOMYN IS SELF-DEFENCE AND SELF-DEFENCE IS PROTECTING OTHER WOMYN.

Fight Like A Girl Part 2) Fighting Rape

Fighting rape has never been straightforward and probably is more confused than ever now that people like evolutionary biologists are trying to tell us that rape is a natural urge in the human male. But we know better than that; rape is a violent result of patriarchy and a reality in our communities and the community level is a good place to start protecting ourselves. RECLAIMING THE STREETS

Find out where in your neighbourhood women have been attacked and leave feminist graffiti as a warning to other women and/or to rapists (e.g. 'Women Against Rape,' 'Dead men don't rape,' etc.).

If you have a local minicab/taxi service that is run by & for women/gays then help promote them.

RAPIST-BASHING

Thanks to a sexist legal system and various other social pressures, most rape does not result in punishment for the rapist. Furthermore, the people who do successfully prosecute their rapists are almost never hailed by the media as victors as are the prosecutors in say, murder or libel trials. It is up to us to change this course of events.

Terrorising perpetrators has proved very successful in animal rights campaigning and terror tactics are well worth using against rapists.

Find out where your local rapist lives and works. Ask his employers how they feel about employing such a person, follow the rapist around intimidating him with silence & glaring or chanting and pointing. Fill his car with something smelly, throw tampons at

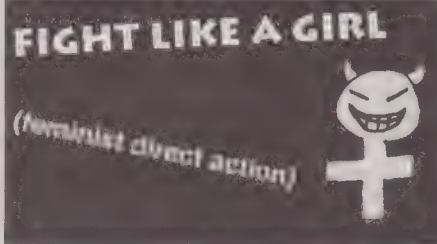
him, leave graffiti in his neighbourhood, be creative! If he is on trial, taunt him when he enters and leaves court. Never let him be at peace; you will break him eventually. Make sure that successful prosecutions end up on the front page of your local mainstream and radical newspapers. SISTERHOOD

When you are going into a potentially dangerous situation e.g. going out late at night alone, let a girlfriend know where you are going and when she should check that you have returned safely. Look after other girls—if you see a woman on her own (e.g. walking through a park, standing outside a club) don't leave her alone/out of your sight.

Don't be ashamed to ask for/offer companionship if you or someone else is going into a potentially dangerous situation.

SMASH SEXISM IN ALL ITS FORMS

There is a radical feminist slogan that says that, 'Every wolf whistle ends with a rape.' You don't have to take that literally to know that if we don't let people get away with sexist shit in the long run this contributes to the fight against violence. Some of us remember from our schooldays that when some boys were being mean we would call them on their shit. Lots of boys never left the playground and still need to be told



off. The 1980's backlash against feminism & women's liberation has made many of us afraid of speaking up when faced by sexism—nobody wants to be called a 'moody bitch with no sense of humour.' Fuck that, I'm an uppity woman and a warrior queen in the revolution to overthrow patriarchy! Most people have never thought to question the patriarchal norms we live in, show them a new point of view and you will eventually win them over.

RAPE IS A PEOPLE'S ISSUE

When women want to speak for ourselves, we should be able to do so without men always trying to put their two penny's worth in. But let's hope that in the 21st century we can sometimes work in mixed groups without gender roles creating a hierarchy or silencing women's voices. Rape survivors are all sorts of people and male rape survivors are arguably more silenced than female rape survivors. At present, there are very few mixed support/activist groups for rape survivors and there should be more.

Sociopolitical Contextual Intro....

Let's face it: unless you're a white guy from a family with a load of cash, the job market is lookin' pretty bleak. There's been a lot of talk amongst our corporate-owned media about some economic boom (which, they warn us, is on the wane). But the only thing booming for most of us is debt and/or poverty. True, faceless analysts claim unemployment rests at an all-time low in the U.S. That doesn't mean most of those employed find their jobs meaningful or enjoyable. It also doesn't mean these jobs pay a livable wage.

It ain't no secret that people work harder for less than the workers of two or so decades ago. Average weekly earnings in 1973 were \$315. Today they are about \$256. Income inequality is on the rise: the lowest fifth saw income decline by \$210, while the wealthiest 5 % gained an average of \$6, 440. Temp jobs and service sector jobs are the fastest growing and surprise, the pay is minimal, as is the benefits and job security. Considering these facts, the question shouldn't be why so many choose to scam or sell drugs or not work, but why so many opt into the work system at all. Is there some other way, a bonafide alternative to this madness?

I'm sure it doesn't shock you that I don't work. Indeed, I had the full-time job. The salary. The benefits. And like so many others (and just in time for the holidays!), I was 'laid off.' I had wrestled with the notion of jumping off the sinking ship for some time, but my former employer solved the issue by throwing me overboard into unemployment. It was one of the best days of my life.

Personal Anecdote on First-Hand Experience in the Lack of Job Security in These United States

I expected it to be just another day. Another rung in the ladder ascending towards bored mediocrity. In early-morning zombie state, I lugged the bike down the steps and out into the cold morning light. I barely remember the ride. I went inside my place of employment, crashed down into the seat and rested my head soundly on the desk, drool ready to seep out. My head

throbbed from the lack of sleep. I thought to myself "This truly blows. I should just quit. Get the whole sham over with already." I felt like I became what I vowed never to become. A suit. A stiff. A square. A 9 to 5er with a one way ticket to a mid-life crisis, high blood pressure, heart attack destination. A passenger en route to a suburbanized grave. And I worked at a non-profit social services organization. What the hell right did I have to complain? I wasn't slaving away for the Man and his profit margin, no no, I was slaving away for the administrative arm of an agency that doled out services to lower-income "clients." Yet I found no meaning or fulfillment in my occupation. I didn't actually help people.

And I wasn't helping my predicament by obsessing over punk rock, leftist, anti-work, situationist-inspired rhetoric, which told me that to live a free and authentic existence, I must forgo my job. But every time I planned on quitting, I developed an excuse to stay. I needed the pay. I needed the benefits. I needed the structure. I

needed those free copies. And I quickly saw everything so clearly: this is exactly what work does to people. They entice you with their promise

of money and prestige and advancement. It's what we, as Americans, as Westerners, as Capitalists, all want, right? So we get the job, and the more critical, the more cynical amongst us fight it. We proclaim our dissent. But soon we grow accustomed to the Routine. We become the Routine. It grows within us like a virus. It infects our consciousness. What was once detestable, unconscionable becomes expected, negligible, acceptable. I hated work. I read Guy Debord while killing time at the office and thought, "Yes! Never Work!" But soon I was thinking, "Well, I need to pay the bills. And I can still do stuff after I get off work..." I was the worker drone and barely knew it.

So I sat at the desk, contemplating either quitting or killing my supervisor. Given the stiff penalties associated with the laws regarding homicide in this country, I decided against option number two, yet still felt compelled to stay at the job. I had a meeting that morning with the boss. I went up to her office (indeed, in the non-profit world, women seem to run a lot more of the show than in the for-profit world). After I entered, she went and closed the door, a sure sign that something serious was about to unfold.

"O.K. Casey, I want to discuss your position with the agency," she said. Having met with this woman countless times in the past year, I could determine the tone of her spiel depending on the tone of her voice. This would certainly be heavy. I expected a reprimand for not doing my job correctly or with the fervor of yore. I couldn't fake passion or ambition anymore.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to lay you off," she mumbled quickly with such a look of twisted grief upon her face you would've thought she was sentencing me to death by guillotine. The statement stunned me. Yet it elated me. I didn't expect the ax to fall so soon. But I welcomed it joyously nonetheless. I even think my lips began to curl into a mischievous smile.

"You did say you were leaving at some

point anyway," she said, desperately looking for something to grasp onto to soften the blow, to make herself feel better. "And I don't want you to take this personally. We just need a better fit here at the agency." She would inject that phrase "better fit" numerous times throughout our discussion. It became quite nauseating. Better fit? What, was I a square peg for your round hole? "And you do great flyers and brochures! I wish we could have you do just that. But I have this pile of work that needs to be done..." she commented, pointing to a white and tan stack of papers and folders piled on her desk. So that's all I'm good for, half-ass concoctions hacked out on Microsoft Publisher utilizing fancy fonts and corny clip art for meetings, seminars and pamphlets? I felt a bit insulted. But then I realized my job would soon end and any acrimony I felt quickly evaporated.

"I also wanted to discuss your last day," she then mentioned. I expected two weeks, maybe a month. She then clarified, "Would you like today or tomorrow?" That surprised me. Seeing the shock on my face, she added, "You will be paid a two weeks severance pay. And since I'm laying you off, you will be eligible for unemployment." What luck! I get canned, paid two weeks for hanging out, and made a prime candidate for free money from the State. So she decided I'd work that day and the next, the primary reason being, I had no way to take all of my belongings on my bike. And "we" decided one last formality: "If it's O.K. with you, I was wondering if we could just tell everyone we decided it was time for you to go, since you are going back to school." She really wanted to come out of this looking as guilt-free as possible, as unlike a Supervisor as possible. It was rather pathetic actually. I conceded, albeit reluctantly. But I was too happy to argue. So what if I wasn't even considering going to school for at least a year or three or never. My employment had been terminated.

The remainder of the workday buzzed by in a haze. My vigorous joy dissipated into a lukewarm feeling of despair. I mean, shit, I was fired. I had never left a job I hadn't quit. Didn't this make me a substandard employee hence a substandard human being, because after all, what other way is there to measure a person's worth than their employability and success as an employee? Or maybe my lack of strong feeling on the matter was something akin to finishing a school year and suddenly being thrust into a summer free of stress, only to feel empty instead of crazed joy. My Routine was about to perish. It was all I had, and as horrifying as it was to admit, it had become me.

Such over-analytical estimations of my situation vanished the morning I awoke to my last day at the job. I felt like I was twelve and waking up on Christmas morning. The birds were singing (even though it was November), the sky was smiling, passengers on the Philadelphia roadways seemed infinitely more kind and courteous- life was grand.

I went inside that slender, ramshackle, ugly pink building one last time, and immediately the place was bubbling over with the news of my imminent departure. The woman in charge of payroll lamented: "I'm so sorry. I know I haven't known you all that long, but jeez, I can't believe

Guest columnist: Casey Boland



it." You'd think I was going to prison or the hospital for brain surgery or something similarly traumatic. Then again, this office consisted of mainly middle-aged Philadelphia suburbanites who had nothing more interesting to discuss. Something like me leaving was the cream of the gossip mill crop.

All in all it would prove to be an uneventful day. Delivered a package. Revised a brochure. The fun arrived two hours before my five 'o'clock finale. My supervisor asked me to help her move tables in our conference room. Immediately I knew the score: the ceremonious surprise going away party, an excuse for the office to share responsibility for a half-hour or so and congregate around a cake and evanescent small talk. I knew it'd been awhile since the last "party," but really, I had been fired. Would they really exploit my dismissal for their diversion? Would that be appropriate considering the potentially sensitive circumstances?

One thing made the party seem all the more imminent. My co-workers all fell beneath the impression (impressed upon them by my supervisor) that I had in fact chosen by my own volition to leave. When I relayed the real story to Ron, the receptionist and my only genuine partner in crime at the agency, he responded with: "I can't believe that. Does it make any fucking sense to you?" He loved to blurt out the foul language when the higher-ups weren't in earshot. "Now they're gonna get some monster in here part-time." "Part-time?" I asked, curious. "So they're getting someone for part-time. I guess they're having financial problems." "I don't know, but it sucks if you ask me," he commented.

With this anti-establishmentarian conversation in mind, I walked into our conference room, which was dark, save a small white cake with one lone, lit candle sticking out like a luminous miniature flag. Louis, the maintenance man with an overt obsession for Philly's own Will Smith, grabbed me shouting, "BOO!" The room erupted into boisterous laughter and half-hearted "Surprise"-es. I suppose the dark inspired Louis' reaction. I looked around to see all of my co-workers, some smiling, some looking stone-faced, obviously coerced to attend the festivities. You see, contrary to popular opinion, I am not exactly the office clown, or even Joe Popular. I kept to myself, not wasting or mincing words unless absolutely necessary. This fact made our little party that much more awkward. What do you talk about when the guest of honor had said barely five words to most of the people in attendance?

I looked down at the cake, emblazoned in red icing with GOOD LUCK CASEY! My supervisor handed me the knife. "Go ahead, cut the cake," she implored. "Um, no, I've never cut a cake before. You can do it." I requested, blushing beneath the glaring stares from the partygoers. "No, no, it's your cake- you have to cut it!" Alright, alright, I'll fucking do it, I thought, quite annoyed and appalled at this turn of events. Under normal circumstances I wouldn't have the heart to tell them I couldn't eat the cake given my strict dietary restrictions (saying "I'm vegan" would be akin to saying "I love hardcore" to this audience—they'd think I was referring to pornography). Yet I had no reservations today. "What? What? YOU don't eat dairy?" came their

shocked response. I could relish in the awareness that I had forever scarred these cloistered individuals. A human being that forsaken dairy? Blasphemy!

I sat alone at the front of the table, the rest sitting to the sides, staring at me. I glanced at a card they had gotten me and all signed. It reminded me of those high school yearbooks, when kids you barely spoke with would scrawl "Have a great summer! -Todd." This time I received "Good Luck!" times ten. Talk revolved around the election, the goddamn election. One cannot go one foot in public or private and not hear about the Gore/Bush contestation for votes in Florida. I was rather surprised they didn't ask me, the guest of honor, my opinion on the subject. Maybe they knew I'd answer with something like: "Either way it's a dog and pony show. Large multinational corporations own both candidates. We are doomed whatever the outcome."

After ten agonizing minutes, everyone drifted back to their workstations. I packed up my meager belongings: a few books, some 'zines and magazines, a dozen pens, paper clips, file folders and other office supplies. I managed to abscond three reams of copy paper: a going away present. I walked out, with a tremendous sense of relief. I placed the leftovers of the cake in a homeless guy's shopping cart, being sure to scrape away my name (in case any co-workers happened upon it) and went home a changed man. I was unemployed. And I had about a month's worth of paychecks coming my way. I felt like Lester Burnham in American Beauty when he embezzles a year's salary from his former corporate keepers. I felt like I ruled. In the days that followed, the clouds of the past year faded away. Food tasted better. Music sounded better. I felt alive. I could now do all of the things I wanted to do. I could live the life I wanted to live.

That doesn't mean bills don't need to be paid or I'm unconcerned about those damn health benefits. And I realize I can do this due in large part to privilege. I'm white, male, American, from a middle-class background. I don't have a family to support. I'm not burdened by debt. And I have the luxury of knowing I can put that suit back on anytime and beg for more crumbs. But I realize one need not succumb to the 40 hour a week enslavement to survive. We need to explore the alternatives to the 'normal' mode of existing in Western civilization. More on that next time around.

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There she is. Her skin is smooth like the raw surface of a drum and darker than night skies. Her lips are big and beautiful. They carry the weight of a thousand years of great wisdom. Her eyes are like knives stabbing my chest and causing me

pains. She invokes my mind. My thoughts are our playground of lust and love (?). I want her badly... but what is it that I "want." This symbol of possession plays itself out over and over, as if

it were some sort of bad R. Kelly song stuck in my head after being around my second graders for too long. I feel as if I have some sort of right to be in her life. I mean, I am black. I do listen to rock and roll. I know the alienation and the hurt of racism felt in punk rock adolescent. I know the frustration of work place racism. And I also know the sting of the simple "hey nigger" down home racism better than the white male counterpart she throws her arms around and kisses, slipping the secrets of tribes between touchings of tongues. What the fuck can he help heal? Why is she with the "oppressor"? Seeing them together makes me mad and I know this. But I question the background of my anger. Is this just a patriarchal gesture of black male ownership of the Nu-African female? Am I just looking at her with hurt eyes of anger? Or does my anger have some sort of hidden relevance and validity.

Acting like a child, I want to justify my feelings by using objectifying misogynistic neo-culturalist ideology. I'm saying "the black woman is being used and treated like a sex object and cum dumpster by the white male patriarch." But despite whether this holds true, it is in fact my sexist jealousy and possession (some of the cornerstone of patriarchal society) that provides the base for my agenda. I am sexist in this regard. I am playing into the sexist standards that are being reinforced by the white imperialist status quo and my new-self is trying to justify a slave mentality (slave mentality in this case displaying itself as base sexism) by dressing it up as emancipation through sexist culturalism. Sexism isn't something new. I can't just blame it on Europeans (alone). It's a system of rule that is problematic to every culture. Like the windows of your local Starbucks in a riot, it needs to be smashed.

This has me vexed, but the feelings don't subside. I ask my roommate about her feelings on the subject, but approaching it from another point of view. I ask her how does she feel when she sees "sub-cultured" or "alternative lifestyle" men of color dating white women. (Hell, the breakdown of the definition of alternative took a whole conversation in itself.) She responded with the same tome of anger. This fucks up my head, because I now know that these feelings aren't just rooted in sexism, but are multi-dimensional. (Not to discredit or ignore the symptoms of sexism, but to understand that racism imposed by white male sexuality and oppression also plays a roll in this anger.) Me and my

roommate (who is in a band that is known for its pro-woman stance) engage in a conversation about our dislikes and concerns about interracial dating with a frank approach, while being analytical about our deeper rooted feelings and contradicting beliefs (mine being sexism).

So now I have new feelings that fuel the fire of confusion, anger and rejection.

Nu-Africans in America have been subjected to ideologies of what is correct,



civilized, proper and holy. Even in sexuality these roles and ideals have manifested and have proceeded to dictate our so-called "preferences." These perceptions tend to bend and shape our lifestyle choices. Regardless if we want to own up to it, we shape our ideals around the hierarchical structures of race and class (which to me race and class are synonymous). We have been told by the white male status quo that manhood is achieved through the ownership of material; for black men we have been taught that women are a part of that material. White women have been put in the role of virtuous and saintly by the patriarchal society. White women have been made into a commodity of high esteem, while the Nu-African woman has been dubbed a charlatan with loose morals (still treated as a commodity). So-called Alternative/sub-cultured Nu-Africans (this includes punk rockers) are conditioned to think that their African roots are subhuman. We tend to shelve our cultural identity to fit in. We don't speak or congregate with each other in or outside of our "sub-culture movements" (unless of course through jaded dropping out of the movement or through condescension). Even I have been guilty of rejecting revolutionary ideology for the comfort of my white friends growing up. My "preferences" shifted to white women and my perception was shifted to a white male perspective. Rejecting black women and embracing the sexist ideology that says that white women are the holy object to won made me lose closeness to the other half of my cultural identity (black women). This mind frame also helped me perpetuate my sexist ideal of possession. I have been dismantling my sexist attitudes towards African women as well as my twisted imperialist brain washing to objectify white women. Both ideals are sexist and both ideals are rooted in racism. I don't think you can ever separate racism and sexism. For white women are sexist towards black women, because of their racism. This is documented throughout the history of the (white) women liberation struggle and it's denial and inability to come to terms with its racism. This movement has dubbed itself a women's movement, while at the same time ignoring three-fourths of women on this planet.

But still it isn't safe to think that just because someone is attracted to someone of another race that their attraction is an act of conditionalism. But it is a system of racism when your "preferences" are just flavor of the monotheism and bodies of people become objects of your sexual lust. I know that I don't want to become a sexual object. I don't want to become someone's flavor, and at the same time I see this in most friends of mine that take part in interracial relationships (including myself). This dehumanizes every party taking part in the relationship. It dehumanizes your lover by making them a flavor instead of a loving person, and it dehumanizes you by owning up to the concept of race (which is a system of dehumanization in itself). Not allowing true sense of love to aid your mental, physical, and spiritual growth causes one to not be human. By stripping love/sex/friendships/whatever down to the sum of bodies and skin tones is an act of dehumanization. I think about this shit. It's been wrapped around my head for the longest time.

But it hasn't just come up through relationships, but also in friendships. I have lost friends just because I was trying to build a bond with a person of the same cultural background. This shit has left undoubtable scars on my mentality. I mean, it hurts when people reject you based on their robotic conditioned reactions. I'm saying, are people living beings or just the sum total of the equations of their environment. This makes me angry. I don't want to whitewash myself. I don't think I should be cheated out of a friendship/relationship with anyone based on racism, self-hate or sexism that they have been taught. Fuck that shit dog! No, I don't think it's safe that when you see me at shows you run the other way. No I don't think it's cool when your boyfriend's last six girlfriends have been black, while never checking his racism. And no, it isn't cool for me to be all up in your grill for who you love, if that love is true shit.

I remember when I was 15 I asked this white girl (whom I was digging at the time) about what she thought about dating black people. Her jack-assed response was that she wouldn't date black people, because the black women needed good black men in their lives, and that she didn't want to take that away from them. Now this whole statement shows her racism and sexism. Number one she thinks that black women need men in general and more so that the black man is the black woman's support and savior. She also inserts her racism by declaring that she doesn't think the state of Nu-African males is good enough for her to interact with the lot of us. She is using her power to justify her racist mentality about black men and women. She is acting as if her lily-white ass is the sole factor in helping us poor Negroes by not fucking one of us. PLEASE! Needless to say I wanted to barf all the fuck over her. This is the mentality that exists out in the world of justifying racism and sexism. I wonder what roll I take in this. Am I doing what she is babbling about? Am I inserting myself as the black woman's savior? This chapter isn't anywhere close to being closed. All I know is that next time I see a black woman with an alternative mindset at a show, in a store, at a bar, or chilling on South Street, I'm going to say what's up. I'm going to start a union. We don't have to date/be friends/or even talk about Mumia, Hotep, or Fred Hampton, but we should at least talk and find out if we want to continue contact based on our conversations, and not by the pre-subscribed mentalities we have been sold down the river with. I am a potential friend/lover/enemy, but you will never know until first contact.

Needless to say, fuck conditionalism, get free.

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*Ain't Been Caught
Stealin'*

There's something undeniably and irresistibly sexy about ripping off behemoth conglomerate, soul-sucking, fun-dashing, earth-raping, worker-fucking-over chain stores. Don't believe me? Try it sometime. You will see the light of stealing back what they take from you. If you adhere to

any of the variety of morality systems out there, you can call it justice. I call it fun. It's an act of both stark utility and sheer excitement. Besides; it makes for a better time than sitting at home watching the pictures go, or worse still, working.

Now I must admit, I am a neophyte merchandise liberator.

Some may wonder why an easily employable person would choose to risk herself by committing acts of petty theft. My response to the cynical naysayer is: why not? The chain stores do not need our monetary support. They steal enough by paying minimum wage in the U.S. and slave wages in foreign countries (not to mention condoning and encouraging horrifying working conditions to cut costs). With a lot of rage against the machines of the global economy—the Wal Marts and the Barnes and Nobles and the Tower Records, I have no better recourse but to become a criminal, an outlaw, a renegade of society.

And what is crime? Who is the real criminal? A handful of expatriates of privilege commit the heinous act of shoplifting. A legion of monstrous businesses deprives entire nations of livelihood and culture—of the true enjoyment of their existences. One is branded the malcontents and enemies of liberty loving people everywhere, as the other is lauded as the archetype of true capitalist spirit. Maybe they are correct—I'd rather be the enemy of a society that extols the virtues of an economic system wherein exploitation is the bedrock of social interaction.

This being the week of consumer madness, the week before that Shrine to all that is Capitalism called Christmas, it was my duty to take what struck my fancy. Most of my five-finger discounts involved the necessities of life: food! I strolled into that glitzy ACME, recently transformed from an archaic relic of the 70s, into a shining, ultra-modern Superstore of the Millennium. It being located in what some may call a lower-income sub-sect of the city, security cameras infest the ceiling like round, black insects. One thing I've noticed on my shoplifting spree is that suburban supermarkets and stores of any kind boast little security instruments, be it cameras or sensors. City retail outlets and chain marts are armed to the teeth with the latest in hi-tech anti-theft gadgetry. It makes sense: the fruit of the haves is a target for retribution in the land of the have-nots.

So this ACME stood in my mind as the single most difficult place to take shit from. I'd go in there and lust for a free Nantucket Nectar or loaf of bread. Yet I'd peer up, in any and all directions, to catch a camera peering back at me. The ACME's makeover left it with those hanging black orbs, much more intimidating than your average camera. And they hung above EVERY SINGLE aisle, in fact two or three to most. This was the Alcatraz of supermarkets. I was determined to defy the bastards.

As stray, bored looking elderly shoppers mulled about, I went to the fresh bread case, carefully selecting a fresh roll (not an easy task). I wrapped her up in plastic, and began a search for a remote corner of the store to commit my dirty deed. Yet no such

Guest columnist:
A. Merchandise Liberationist



corner appeared. Finally I walked past the row of registers, congested with shoppers stocking up on Christmas needs, and casually stuffed the roll in my jacket pocket. I tried to make a quick yet nonchalant get away, but of course, any register not used was blocked. Fear struck me like a hammer. I spied a way out, but it was in front of the main office, where I imagined pasty-faced buzz-cut managers ready to pounce on me. There was no turning back. I walked by it, and out of the store, triumphant.

Next came a trip to the lovely chain health food store. Said establishment is nefarious for paying low wages, busting every stab at a union, hiring exclusively young people, and slowly but surely phasing out all genuinely organic merchandise. They asked for some theft. They got it.

Now I honestly had no intention of lifting any goodies on this particular day. But when the poor selection and high prices met my eyes, I immediately set upon an act of liberation. I picked up a bar of Toms of Maine soap (grossly overpriced) and thrust it into my pocket. I went over to the organic garlic (also grossly overpriced), and shoved a few buds quickly into the pocket. Nothing like a quick and easy job, like taking candy from the corporate-owned candy store.

I hopped on the train and took it to the big Thrift Way smack dab in the middle of what, again, some would term a "lower-income" area or a "depressed" neighborhood. One thing they're depressed about is having to fork over the big bucks in this supermarket. They have a small health food section, with prices far above those in the independent health food stores. That alone caused me to act in the true tradition of those who have dubbed this establishment "Theft Way." I conducted the preliminary investigation, which revealed cameras above every aisle. But unsuspecting employees arranged displays in such a way as to offer a perfect hiding spot for many a

thieving entrepreneur. I acted like a normal shopper, looking intently at many items, picking up some cooking spices, a Luna bar and a can of soup. The spices and Luna bar were for

a friend, the soup for my dinner. The booty was a bit awkward in my coat pockets. I put my hands in them, but it still looked suspicious. I began to get the Fear. As I slowly fled for the exit, it seemed as though all eyes were fixated on me. At any moment, I awaited the shout of a manager or the tackle of a plain-clothes security guard. Yet I escaped unscathed and saving the \$20+ the loot would've cost me had I played it safe and square.

The next day saw another real challenge. The target? The university Barnes and Noble. For those who are unaware, our friend B & N owns many college bookstores. They may not advertise themselves as being another B & N outlet, but don't be fooled, they're corporate owned and operated. Now I had my eye on this particular Barnes for some time. They had the sensors- the electronic guards standing like

sentries just before the exit. How could one get what they wanted without shelling out money to this despicable company, the murderer of thousands of independent bookstores everywhere? I knew I had to find a way.

I walked inside and saw the thick crowd of very white students lined up in front of the dozen or so registers. A sign told me it was Book Buy Back time, always an enjoyable period at college. Yet this could work to my benefit, the attention of the overworked employees diverted from myself. And then I noticed it: the sensors were wooden decoys. No plexi-glass or red lights or any of the sort. Just dumb, mindless wood. Immediately a feverish consumer passion seized me. I could indulge in a stealing spree. Yet such a move would make me no better than the shopaholics infesting the store. So I resigned myself to the luxury of the latest issue of *The Nation*, Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* and Jeanette Winterson's book of short stories. I went to the second level and sat at a table in the Starbucks Coffee area. I slipped the booty in my bookbag, got up, went down to the first level, and walked right out.

Moral of the story? There are no morals to any of our stories. We must live our lives in accordance to the maximization of our individual happiness. Now before you go Jeremy Bentham on my ass and label me a hedonist, allow me to clarify: we must enjoy ourselves, while simultaneously reaching out and working with others communally. We have nothing if we do not have others. This is why I have no guilt stealing from corporate stores. They are antithetical to the very nature of community, of independent business, of self-sufficiency, and self-empowerment. So take take take what you need and give to others. And don't get caught!

Next time: theoretical thievery, pirates, heisting from corporate music stores, Shoplifters Anonymous, looting in historical perspective and more.



Towards Anti-Racist Politics and Practice: a racial autobiography

As I walked that picket line, in front of the administration

office, I could feel the anxiety and tension growing. I knew that it would be unpopular to protest for Chicano Studies at Fullerton College in Orange County, California. But I wasn't prepared. I didn't know what to expect. I had been to countless protests and actions over the years. Politicized at 15, I went to protests against McDonald's and factory farming, Shell Oil and apartheid, the Gulf War and militarism. But this was different and I wasn't entirely sure why.

Let me give you some background. The protest for Chicano Studies was the latest action of a student coalition that had formed a semester earlier, in 1993. When the student coalition first formed, the main priority was fighting back against student fee increases. The State of California was cutting the budget for higher education, as the prison budget swelled, and the

cut was being transferred to students as fee increases. The coalition was largely made up of Chicano/a nationalists from MECHA and white anarchists from the United Anarchist Front. We linked the fee hikes and the cuts in education to the growing prison population. We put out flyers, put together a couple of actions and we held a mass rally that was overwhelmingly successful. In fact the rally was so successful that it prompted some retaliation from the administration. During the rally, the majority of speakers were people of color, which reflected who was in the coalition. I was one of two white people who spoke at the rally and actively participated in the coalition. A week or so after the rally, both of us white students were called into the Dean of Students office.

I walked into the office, completely unaware of the reason why I was summoned. When I sat down, there were two security guards sitting on both sides of me. A secretary took notes of the meeting verbatim on a type writer. The Dean of Students informed me that I had been spotted vandalizing the school late at night with this other white student from the coalition, who I honestly didn't really know. A custodian identified us from pictures taken during the rally. We had supposedly been seen wheatpasting huge posters of Governor Pete Wilson wearing Mickey Mouse ears.

I liked the poster, but had truthfully never put one up. The Dean told me that as a result of this vandalism, I would be fined and expelled. My class units made non-transferable, and I would be arrested at some point during the week while I was in class. I couldn't believe it. I left that meeting full of fear. When word spread in the coalition about what had happened, David Rojas—one of the most amazing organizers I've even met - told me that we were going to fight this. "They are trying to divide us," he said. The administration targeted us for two reasons, I believe. They assumed that it was the two white people who were leading the coalition and they were afraid of multiracial organizing.

We put flyers out everywhere. We started up an underground newspaper called the Molotov Cocktail—"serving one up for authority everywhere." The school newspaper, the Hornet, loved us and every week printed articles about us along with guest editorials and letters to the editor that we wrote. Our demand to stop all fee hikes was widely supported by the students. The Dean of Students eventually apologized for his accusations and nothing happened to us. The semester was coming to an end. We had done some great work.

Towards the end of the semester, more and more ads began appearing in the school newspapers about how fee hikes were the result of illegal immigration. There were also student actions on other campuses calling for more Ethnic Studies programs. At UCLA students had occupied an administration building and then launched a successful hunger strike.

Over the summer a group of about 15 of us started a study group reading Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States*. Although the study group itself didn't last very long, reading Zinn was a powerful experience that opened my eyes to histories of race, class and gender oppression and resistance. Over the summer, the coalition decided that our focus for the next term

was going to be Ethnic Studies and Women Studies generally and Chicano Studies in particular. I had already taken the only Black Studies class and Women Studies class at that point and was currently enrolled in Chicano Studies. Eventually I majored in Race, Class, Gender and Power Studies at San Francisco State University (a hybrid of Ethnic Studies, Women Studies and Political Science), so Ethnic Studies was both personally and politically significant for me. When thinking about this change in priorities, it didn't occur to me that the response on campus would be different. We were going from one important demand to another and I thought people would continue supporting us. I was really naive about how big of a decision it was to go from student fee hikes to Ethnic Studies, but I would learn.

On September 16th of 1993, a rally had been called for Chicano Studies. Busloads of high school students and college students from other campuses were going to come to Fullerton College for a march. David Rojas and I created a special issue of the Molotov Cocktail together (an 11x14 double sider with 3 articles and graphics). We wrote, "Last semester, much of our focus was directed on the rights of education for all. While we will continue with this struggle, it is also equally important that we fight for a quality education. We, as students, must remember that this is OUR education and that we must have a role in shaping the education process." We continued, "Fullerton College does not meet up to the state and federal affirmative action guidelines and this effects us and our education. If there are classes that are not available to us, then we must demand them. We must reclaim our history! We must reclaim our education!" Of the last 56 people hired, only 6 were people of color. The college population was 57% Anglo, 22% Chicano/a, 12% Asian Pacific Islander, 3% African American and 1% American Indian. There was not one full time African American professor on the entire campus.

The rally happened, hundreds of students showed up and the energy was high. There were Mexican flags and speeches in Spanish. The students began to march into the streets of Orange County. It was energetic and peaceful. Police in full riot gear were everywhere. The police surrounded the students and ordered them to end the march. Shortly thereafter, the police went wild with pepper spray and batons. High schoolers and college students, almost entirely Latina/o, were hit and sprayed as they ran back to the campus.

I missed the march. I had left the rally to go to work. It was a critical mistake on my part to have left—regardless of work. I should have been there. I was naive, and thought of this march as just one of many marches. But the reality is this: when Latino/a students take to the streets of Orange County, or anywhere in this country, it is different than when mostly white activists do it. The threat of communities of color mobilized is enormous and it scares the police to their bones. I had read about white supremacy and called myself an anti-racist, but there was so much that I just didn't understand.

The reaction on campus to the student march for Chicano Studies was overwhelming negative. The school paper attacked the rally and

march as being "anti-white," "angry," "provoking violence" and "counter-productive." The administration, the school paper and the overwhelming majority of white students blamed our student coalition for the violence. Some called for MECHA's funding to be cut, others blamed the Molotov Cocktail for urging young students to use violence.

For weeks there was constant debate about Ethnic Studies. "We're not protesting to have white studies," we were told over and over again. "Chicano Studies is exclusive and narrow," we were informed. I was a white student taking Chicano Studies and I tried to talk with other white students about that. To discuss with them that Chicano Studies, like Western Civilization class, was something for all of us to take. To talk about how the history of Chicana/os was systematically eliminated from most classes—not from conscious decision making necessarily, but because the ideology of white supremacy says that there is nothing of Chicano history worthy of study. This is why many of the white students would say things like, "the books I read are written by white people, because that's who writes and that's not my fault." This is how white supremacy operates—whiteness is universalized as the norm of what is. It does not require a conscious decision to have thoughts that are racist, as it is racism that shapes the structure of our thought. "It is not my fault that Black people do not write books." "It is not my fault that most of what is important was done by Europeans and European Americans." "I believe that all people are created equal, but it is not my fault that white people just do more." "We are not studying white people, we are studying the presidents of the United States and it is not my fault that they all happen to be white." White supremacy is the tide that directs the flow of our thoughts. It does not require us to go out of our way to be racist. It just requires that we go with the flow of the status quo.

My job in the coalition was to try and talk with white people about this stuff. I would write articles and identify myself as white, because white students wanted to say that this was just a bunch of "crazy Mexicans." I was white, and I was crazy, too.

This brings us back to the picket line in front of the administration building. I could feel the anxiety and the tension growing. I was the only white person in the picket line. A white friend of mine was coming with me, but when he saw the picket line and all of the angry white students, he left because he was afraid. I was scared too. By this point, our student coalition, which had once enjoyed popular support, was being attacked from all sides. The school paper slammed us for having abandoned "student demands" (fee hikes) and taking on "exclusive and divisive self-interest demands" (Chicano Studies). We had little support for our protest. Our picket line was about 30 people, aside from myself, all Latina/o. We were quickly surrounded by what seemed like hundreds of white students. They were yelling at us—"Go home" and "We're not fighting for white studies." I remember my sense of time changing—like slow motion—and hearing students screaming at me, "what are you doing with them?" "don't you know what color you are?" "you fucking traitor." It was surreal. I was really scared, but I knew so strongly that I was on

the right side of this picket line.

The picket line has weighed heavy on my mind over the years. It made me realize that I was white and it made me question what being white meant. Why were those students yelling "don't you know what color you are?" I began to realize that white supremacy is all about creating and maintaining relationships of power based on skin color. White privilege is granted to white people on the basis that they maintain loyalty to this system. It doesn't require being an active racist *per se*, but just going with the flow.

For standing in solidarity with Latina/o students, I was being called out as a traitor—I felt myself fearing physical attack from those white students. Now I wonder about the other people who were in that picket line.

I was being denounced for organizing with Latina/o students, but I still have no way of understanding what it was like for them. For me it was experiencing the reality of racism in my face. David Rojas, my Chicano nationalist mentor, broke the situation down and said, "this is what happens to us all of the time." That picket line, that experience of struggling for Ethnic Studies, of struggling for racial justice in a white supremacist society was a catalyst that changed my life.

So why do I do anti-racist work and why is it such a priority? Well, let me tell you one more story. When I was in high school, I worked with a group called the United Anarchist Front. We put out flyers, an underground newspaper and organized actions. We did really cool work and it was fun. But we would always talk about how apathetic the school was and how great it would be to work with other people. Years later, I was looking at a copy of our high school newspaper. I wrote a regular column called Love and Rage (named after the anarchist paper out of New York City) about activism and politics. Right next to my column was a guest editorial written by three Latina women protesting that lack of coverage of the Latino student population. They also called attention to the lack of coverage in the yearbooks, the school videos and the overall disinterest shown by white students in activities organized by the Spanish language club, Expanded Horizons. Here were students that were angry and ready to take action about issues impacting them on the campus.

I don't even remember reading that column in high school, let alone thinking that our group should hook up with them. Their issues of language and culture and representation didn't register for me. Their issues weren't "radical" as I would have defined them in high school. This is an example of how white privilege blinds white people and hurts the ability of white radicals to act. I remember once we thought about translating one of our flyers into Spanish, but we certainly didn't think that we might have something to learn from those students, about conditions in the school, about racism on campus and about what issues to organize around. How radical would that have been if a group of white high schoolers worked in solidarity with a group of Latina/o high schoolers to demand an end to racism on campus! In a state like California, where a majority of voters have passed anti-immigrant rights and anti-bilingual education measures, such solidarity and anti-racist activism is critical.

Doing anti-racist work doesn't mean that we no longer make mistakes, but rather that we are committed to doing this work, even though we will make mistakes. I'm doing anti-racist organizing because I have hope for our abilities to make history and transform this society. I have hope because there is a radical vision of love at the heart of our movement and it is growing. There is a long history of white supremacy undermining movements, but together we can make anti-racism a catalyst for building ours. Our movement is built day by day, with visions of the world we want seven generations down the line.

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For more information and anti-racism resources check out the following websites www.prisonactivist.org/cws which has writings from the Challenging White Supremacy Workshop and www.tao.ca/~colours which is the website of Colours of Resistance (website built by *HeartattaCk* columnist and all around superstar, Helen Luu).

Another great source of anti-racist news, politics and analysis is the newspaper *Turning The Tide* edited by Michael Novick. TTT has been putting out anti-racist activism, research and education for the last 13 years. For a one year subscription send 15\$ to PO Box 1055/ Culver City, CA 90232 or e-mail part2001@usa.net for more information. TTT and Michael Novick have contributed enormously to the struggle for social change.

Recommending reading (or books that I recently read that rock!): "Why are all of the Black kids sitting together in the cafeteria?" and other conversations about race by Beverly Daniel Tatum; *Che Guevara*, Paulo Freire, and the *Pedagogy of Revolution* by Peter McLaren; and *Revolutionary Voices* a multicultural queer youth anthology edited by Amy Sonnie (with artwork by *HeartattaCk* columnist Daryl Vocat, whose last column about love was so good).

Okay so some Jehovah witnesses were walking around the neighborhood and they gave me this book called Mankind's Search for God: Comparing Christianity to the World's Major Religions. I ended up reading it and actually was really impressed because it also documented how the Roman Church altered certain aspects of the Christianity! So I'll get to the point, it's getting tiresome listening to people talk about how evil Christianity is. I want to clarify something: Christianity is an Eastern religion and in its present form is nowhere close to what it originally espoused. It's really difficult to tell what is historically accurate, what is myth, and what is truth, simply because this religion has been distorted by people and institutions from the past. Let me also put in my disclaimer: I'm not Christian, this isn't a pro or anti-Christianity discussion, and this is not an East vs. West argument. I just think that people who want to argue for or against Christianity (or religion in

general) should know what they're talking about first. That means researching history before forming an opinion. In my opinion, Westernization is what has chipped away much of Judeo-Christianity. And I want to point out when I say "Western" I mean values imposed by Romans and Greeks. Courtesy of the Roman empire, values such as cultural superiority and dominance were over-emphasized and later on made the norm by countries such as Britain and Germany (where Christianity was also distorted again). When religions or philosophies cross over to other cultures, drastic changes happen. This happened with Buddhism. In its original form from Nepal, Buddha emphasized practicing non-violence, vegetarianism, and living a life free from desire. When Buddhism spread to China, Southeast Asia, and Japan, local cultures mixed and suddenly people were worshipping Buddha (who was an atheist!), some monks continued eating meat, and some fused it with their local religions. Likewise, when spread throughout Europe, Christianity went through various extreme changes and became vastly distorted in ideology throughout a course of several hundred years. There's actually so much distortion that it would be impossible to list it all, but I'm just going point out what I remember from reading.

Christianity has over the course of history become largely Eurocentric, and much of the beliefs people practice today are based on former belief systems practiced in Europe. Followers of Judaism were largely impacted when Alexander the Great conquered Middle Eastern nations 300 years before Christ. Here philosophies were exchanged and Western Greek thought was introduced to Judaism. For example, according to the Jewish faith, after a person died, he/she would be in a state of limbo; when the time came, God would resurrect the dead all at once. This argument is seen in the Bible when Jesus raises Lazarus from the dead. There is no mention of whether Lazarus went to heaven or hell, or any mention of his soul. Through Greek philosophy, and then later on Roman influence, a new Western

concept was introduced: an immortal soul that can be separated from a deceased body. In the Kaballa, a holy book accepted by Hassidic (orthodox) Jews, reincarnation is accepted as to what happens when one dies, not an eternal Hell like today's Christians talk about.

And what happened to Christianity? The Romans, after killing Christ, then popularized the religion. To make a comparison, imagine Adolf Hitler killing 6 million Jews and then his grandson mass distributing the Torah and the Talmud to all Europeans. Several hundred years after the Romans

crucified Jesus, a government council voted that Christianity would be the official religion of the Roman empire, and that this religion would be spread throughout Europe. Since Christ's murderers (the Romans) were the ones spreading what Jesus preached, there were bound to be some inaccuracies in the information that was given to the masses. So, when Christianity was brought to the West that's when things fucked up (to put it simply). The Holy Trinity is never mentioned by

Christ, this concept was voted on by the Roman Council of Nicaea, a council of several hundred Roman bishops; according to Judaism the Trinity is a direct attack on monotheism. The Biblical concept of eternal Hell originates from the Roman emperor Constantine, who rejected the idea of reincarnation, that of being able to make up for your sins. Among people that follow Eastern thought/religion, it's commonly pointed out that the East tries to live in harmony with the world while "Western" religions only seem to care about salvation and the afterlife. The truth is Judeo-Christianity did originally follow some forms of Eastern thought. Jesus Christ was part of a Jewish sect known as the Essene Nazarene brotherhood, a group that believed in reincarnation and promoted respect for all life. Essene Jews do believe in Hell, but not like today's Christianity teaches. Hell was merely a temporary place for the afterlife, then all souls were given another chance to redeem his/her sins through reincarnation. This same idea is accepted in Hinduism, Buddhism, Sikhism, and some forms of Judaism. The Romans seem to have forgotten to mention that... and a lot of other things.

Also in the Bible, there is a huge gap in Christ's life that seems to be missing. There is a lot of evidence showing that in those missing Gospels, in one period of his life, Jesus traveled to parts of South Asia to study (maybe to study Eastern philosophy?). Unmentioned in the New Testament is that Christ knew 7 languages, so it seems unlikely that he learned all these languages by simply being a carpenter in Israel. The name Jesus is also the Latin equivalent given by the Romans, not the original Eastern Hebrew name. The most obvious influence by both the Roman Catholic and European Protestant churches is the fact that even though Christ was a practicing Jew, Christians do not practice any Jewish holidays or rituals at all. This is again courtesy of the West who encouraged Christians to make their beliefs as dissimilar to the original religion as possible.

How characters in the Bible looked were also distorted. All stories in the Bible took place in Egypt, Persia (now Iran & Iraq), Ethiopia, and Israel. The images presented today in the Bible are really amusing, considering that all characters in the Bible are of Arab and African descent but yet they are somehow white skinned with brown or red hair and more closely resembling someone from the streets of Moody, Alabama rather than Saddam Hussein or those starving African children we see in TV commercials. The many images of Jesus presented through paintings, etc., are loosely based on the Shroud of Turin, the infamous piece of cloth with an imprint of Christ's face. Scholars point out that facial features shown on the Shroud are West Asian (Middle Eastern). Painters in Southern Europe did a great job in fooling everyone, considering that Ethiopians are all dark skinned, yet the world believes King Solomon from Ethiopia is white. Here's something to think about. If Jesus, King Solomon, Moses and numerous other Biblical characters were alive today and tried to get into a WASP-run Country Club here in the USA, they'd be denied entry due to their ethnicity and religion!

Anyway, back to the point. Basically the Christianity that people around the world follow today is Christianity that has been



perverted over the course of several hundred years in various countries. Catholicism originated from the Romans, the people who murdered Jesus. The various Protestant denominations started with Martin Luther, a German who lived several thousand miles away from the Middle East and fifteen hundred years after the death of Christ. He also said Jewish villages should be burned to the ground, their children killed, etc., etc. (Doesn't sound like something Jesus would preach considering that he was Jewish). Luther also had a strong hatred for women, but many of today's Protestants view him as someone to idolize. The King James version of the Bible which is popularly read today around the globe was produced by a ruthless, immoral medieval king who ruled England. This religion was not spread by Middle Easterners or the original Hebrews. So if you want to be accurate and technical next time refer to Christianity as an Eastern religion disfigured by the Romans and Martin Luther. Our modern day wacko right wing American Christians are probably the closest things to what the Romans and Martin Luther wanted Christianity to represent. In that aspect they have accomplished their goal of completely slaughtering the original religion where it now represents the opposite of compassion and preaches hatred.

Just say no:

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I did a little trip in Dec. 2000 and had a lot of fun visiting 8 cities. Thanks to the following for putting me up and helping me out: Raja Gupta, Glenn Davis, Jenny Leblanc, Mike McConnell, Ubagabli Coltrass, Bo Hughins, Will Fletcher, Tina Pilgrim, the Sathiakumar estate. Thanks for all the memories, jerks.

Sacrilegious

A guy named Michael Chisari recently wrote a brief essay titled "Building Community Spaces" which was promptly forwarded all over the Internet. If you haven't read it, I'll try to summarize it for you.

Chisari pointed out that there aren't too many havens for activists and radicals around the country (except for the ones in big cities and small liberal college towns). He proposes that we begin to focus on creating community spaces like coffeeshops, libraries, bookstores, and show venues. You know, the kind of places where different types of people can feel comfortable hanging out, where a variety of events occur, and where certain idealistic principles are put into action—principles like consensus-based decision making, youth autonomy, and nonhierarchical organizing.

In his essay, Chisari mentions a place called the BRYCC House in Louisville, Kentucky. "BRYCC" (pronounced "brick") is actually an acronym for Bardstown Road Youth Cultural Center. It's an independent non-profit organization that somehow got a hold of a huge building in a commercial/residential district last

July, and since then they've been filling it up with constant activity.

They have regular shows there, of course (otherwise why would I be writing about it in *HeartattaCk*, ha ha ha)—punk rock, hardcore, indie rock, hip-hop, acoustic, experimental, and more. They've held some cool fests/conferences (like the Southern Girls Convention, In.Fest.Ed, and an IWW conference) and they hold plenty of benefit shows.

I go there sometimes for shows. The vibe is always great. There are plenty of couches and easy chairs everywhere, tons of literature, and a place for me to check my e-mail (and write this column). There's a concession stand with reasonably priced drinks and snacks.

I haven't attended any huge shows in their large auditorium-sized room (capacity 400 with big stage) but their small room (capacity 100, stageless) is really good for small, intimate shows. I've seen Catharsis, Kill the Man who Questions, Asschapel, and Matmos in there. Poison the Well, Dillinger Escape Plan, Converge, Today is the Day, Candiria, Isis, Avail, and Leatherface have all played in the large room.

If you're interested in booking a show (or a conference, or a traveling film fest, or a DIY circus, or whatever you like) at the BRYCC House, please don't write to me, because I don't know anything about it. Write to bryccnoise@egroups.com instead*. They'll probably ask you to send a demo or CD with lyric sheet, because they are definitely not interested in booking racist/sexist/homophobic bands, or anyone who's going to be an aggressive asshole in general.

They also have a free computer lab, a 'zine/book library, an art gallery, and a theater group. They show free movies on a weekly basis

which range from political documentaries to independent art films to forgotten hits of Hollywood.

The BRYCC House also has an Internet radio station which was supposed to get a low-power FM license this year, but now that the U.S. Congress has killed LPFM legislation**, the BRYCC House has to aim for a regular FM license.

And best of all, kids run the entire thing.

Sure, there is a paid director (who spends 50-60 hours per week doing everything from janitorial work to grantwriting to website maintenance), and there is also an unpaid Board of Directors (required by law for nonprofit organizations), but in reality the kids organize everything I've mentioned so far. They put together the computer lab, they organized the 'zine/book library, they book the shows, they pick the movies, and they run the radio station.

It works, too. The kids (actually ages 14-24) who volunteer at the BRYCC House manage themselves very well without any sort of hierarchy, thank you very much. There are positions of responsibility (such as music director for the radio station, or volunteer coordinator) but these are not positions of authority. Like AK

Press, ABC No Rio, Food Not Bombs, and many other leaderless, DIY, non-hierarchical organizations, the BRYCC House has proved that you CAN achieve something without bosses or authorities.

The BRYCC House is located at 1055 Bardstown Road/Louisville, KY 40204/USA.

You can contact me at robinbanks@disinfo.net.

For those of y'all who don't know, I wrote a little book called *The Hardcore/Punk Guide to Christianity*. It's available in numerous formats: as a \$3 booklet from AK Press (674-A 23rd St./Oakland, CA 94612-1163; www.akpress.org); as part of a CD called *01101* put out by Bloodpact (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium; www.pyrrhus.be); or as a free text-only website (<http://plusminusrecords.com/hcpguide>). A new edition of the book will be coming out in 2001 with new chapters plus layout and design by Paul F. Maul.

* If and ONLY if you don't have e-mail, you can book shows at the BRYCC House by calling 502-456-1006. Be warned, the first thing they will ask is "Do you have e-mail? If so, send all your questions to bryccnoise@egroups.com." The next thing they will say is, "Please send us your demo or CD and lyric sheet."

** Congress killed low-power FM legislation at the behest of the National Association of Broadcasters (basically a massive lobbying firm for all the big TV and radio corporations in the U.S.) and National Public Radio, the United States' pathetic "public" news program. For more information, check out <http://prometheus.tao.ca/>

Guest columnist: Johan Vogels

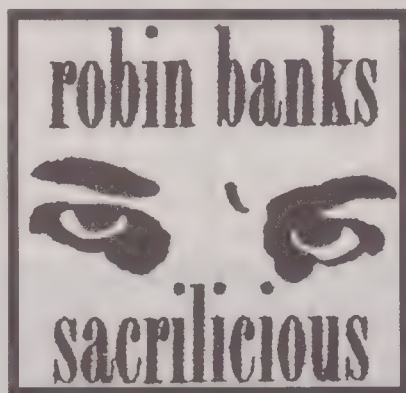
As many of you might know there is an integration process taking place in Europe to combine economic power as a sort of counterweight for that other economic superpower, the US. This process of integration originated during the aftermath of the second World War and came a long way to what it is now.

I have met many people and talked to them from regions such as America and Asia who have no clue what the European Union is and what it does, so I decided to spend some time on writing informative (and a bit opinionated) columns on this subject for *HeartattaCk*. I hope it is appreciated. Tell me if otherwise.

The European Union is a collaborative effort of European countries to collectively operate on the world-market. Economy is the highest priority as you will see when you read this. You can compare it to the USA a little bit, but without a central government like Washington, DC. Keep in mind that I'm human and can make mistakes and that my primary language is not English.

For this issue I will mainly talk about the last EU-top in Nice, December 2000. But I will not start with that before I give some history. *A simplification of a complex history of the European Union (EU).*

Two devastating wars in 30 years on



the European continent lead the leaders in Europe to explore possibilities to avoid such extreme events in the future. To unify European countries into one union, the European Union (EU) should make sure that we were 'partners' rather than opponents. The initial idea, the Monnet-plan, to unify different European countries regarding economics so we were allies sharing common ground and working together resulted in a first version of the EU: the European Community of Coal and Steel. The choice of Coal and Steel was rather symbolic (apart from some advantages for the French, which Monnet was) because these were tools for war. Therefore, according to Monnet, they were perfect symbols to unify over. The French minister Schumann took this political initiative to make Monnet's plan concrete. He proposed, during a press-conference on the 9th of May 1950, Germany to place their collective coal- and steel-industry under one 'Higher Authority' which was gifted with supranational powers which should create a collective market for coal and steel. Other European countries were allowed to participate in this collective joint under that 'Higher Authority.' So, for the first time in history six different countries in Western-Europe (France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg) gave in a bit of their sovereignty to reach a common goal: a joint economy. From this first, still very idealist initiative (they still wanted to unify in order to ban wars), the idea of an unified Europe evolved along a difficult and long way into the current European Union, with 15 different member-states (Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, Greece, Belgium, Portugal, Sweden, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Ireland and Luxembourg).

The EU-Top in Nice, December 2000.

During the 7th and the 8th of December 2000 the last European Top took place in Nice, France. France has been president of the EU the last 6 months, a task that changes every 6 months between different member-states. For the next 6 months (January/June) Sweden is the president of the EU. When the presidency ends, a meeting for the Council of Europe takes place in the host-land. The leaders of the different member-states gather and discuss 'bottle-necks.'

At this Top the 4 agenda-points were: 1—The division of commissioners over the different countries within the European Commission (EC). 2—The 'weighted voting' in the Council of ministers. 3—Increase of majority-decisions and decrease of unanimity-decisions. 4—Difference of integration concerning different member-states. This is called 'flexibility.'

About the European Commission, agenda-point 1: The EU is busy with a big extension of state-members (such as Malta, Slovakia, Romania). But a lot of these new countries that might join the EU between now and 10 years do not profit from the same economical profits as bigger countries do. The bigger countries (France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy and Spain) are afraid that smaller countries might vote against certain things that are very profitable for the bigger countries. Therefore they want more power in the European Commission, more seats. Or at least they want that small unimportant countries do not possess that much seats that they have much influence on the bigger countries. Before the bigger countries had 2 seats and the

smaller 1.

Of course this is big rubbish because, in my eyes, an EU should consider all its members, and not just the powerful ones. This shows that these days its main idea is a good economy, a wealthy economy and economical smaller fishes must not get in the way of the bigger fishes.

The result of the talks is, that until the extension has taken place (which they think will have in 2010), every country has 1 seat in the EC. In 2010 they will talk again. So in fact this discussion has been postponed to a date when the other countries have agreed to participate in the EU. I think this perfectly illustrates what way the EU is heading for: an economical superpower that places economy and wealth instead a fair (in my eyes) treatment of all its participants.

2: The 'weighed voting' remained, although it got adjusted. Countries got more votes but the differences are also bigger now between big and small countries. Big countries now have 29 votes (before they had 10). The Netherlands played a pain in the ass here concerning the talks. They wanted more votes than Belgium (before they had the same amount of 5, now the Netherlands has 12 and Belgium 11). The amount of votes in the Council of ministers depends on the inhabitants of your country.

3: They enlarged the number of cases where only majority-decisions concerning laws count. Unanimity-decisions have been decreased. This is to rule out power from smaller/individual countries that might vote against (and within an unanimity-decision this means the case can't go on) something that only serves several countries. Still on the subject such as taxes, laws need an unanimous decision.

4: The flexibility, which means that individual state-members can continue integration into each other without having to deal with the complete EU, is a tricky thing I think, though if countries want to they need the approval of all state-members. The tricky thing: As I already said the EU is dealing with plans of extension, already for quite a while. In the beginning the EU seemed to be really fond of expanding its state-members. But a couple of years ago, when the expansion got more concrete, they realised that many candidate-state-members are not that strong economically and politically and fear rose that this might slow down processes within the EU. Such as economical development between the bigger state-members. Therefore they constructed this 'flexibility'-thing. So that bigger countries can develop together without having to deal with weaker economical-and political-systems within the EU. Another proof of economy above equal and fair treatment?

This was what the Top in Nice was about and several outcomes. Actually the results were very weak and people talk about the Top being a failure. "The treaty of Nice doesn't mean much," according to a professor of mine, in college. "A modest agreement," says prime-minister Kok of the Netherlands. As you see no big or drastic changes and agreements have been made. There was some dissatisfaction among

several leaders of state-members and some of these agreements have been adjusted during informal meetings later this month. My best guess is that the leaders are kind of afraid to make drastic changes at the moment because the plans of extension are so big. I think they first want to incorporate the new state-members and then continue 'improving' the European Union.

I hope it doesn't dazzle for your eyes now. It's quite complex to explain everything and I don't really want to explain every little detail. I keep it very simple and basic, because if you really want to know about the European Union (on a academic level) there are millions of books in a million of languages written about this very subject. There is a very good web-page in different languages, look there as well; <http://www.europa.eu.int>

I will try to write something more next time to give you a better perspective of the complete picture.

On a different note: Cathode is a new young fresh band here in the Netherlands that plays ugly, passionate, twisted, heavy and chaotic hardcore which they use to forward their messages and ideas about freedom and living for your passions in this alienating world. They recently released a demo with four of their songs and it's available through their singers address. I think \$3 postpaid will do for this one. Shikari, from the North of the Netherlands, have released their first 10" which is filled with great, fast, raging and emotionally charged hardcore. I think that \$9/10 will do for this record. Cathode: edo_sch@hotmail.com (Sorry, I don't have a snailmail address of them here. You can write me if you want to write and don't have e-mail. Address below.) Shikari: Deadlock records/PO Box 324/7900 AH Hoogeveen/The Netherlands; www.resuscitate.nl

This leaves me to tell you goodbye for this time. Take care, Johan.

Johan Vogels/van Douverenstraat 56/5961 JJ Horst/The Netherlands; johavogels@yahoo.com (don't put me on information lists, only personal e-mail... and screw any other e-mail-addresses of mine, this is the real deal).

**Guest columnist:
Steve DeCaprio and
Charisse Connolly**

When I first met the October 22nd Coalition to Stop Police Brutality, Repression, and the Criminalization of a Generation I was helping my friend put

together a benefit show to raise money to fight police brutality. For me this was a new issue in many ways. Yes, I did believe that police were foot soldiers for the implementation of an oppressive system of laws. I also believed that "the War On Drugs" was actually a war against the people especially the poor and people of color.

But growing up in a small town and having a policeman for a father I learned to think of police mostly as dim-witted macho nerds or as disillusioned indifferent misanthropes. Yes, they were given the authority to arrest people, but seldom did I see them as anything more than puppets futilely trying to fulfill their duties as they inevitably paraded about their own ignorance.

The October 22nd Coalition opened my

eyes to what was going on in other parts of the country and the extent of the brutality nationwide as well as within the Bay Area. It was when I saw their book Stolen Lives that I realized there was an epidemic of police violence. In the first issue of Stolen Lives there were 500 listings of people killed by law enforcement officers nationwide. As I read the stories of those whose lives were stolen I was deeply moved and decided to organize my own benefit shows over the next few years.

When the 2nd edition of Stolen Lives came out I immediately purchased it and was overwhelmed with sadness and anger at what it contained. It contained listings for over 2000 people killed by police nationwide. The death toll at the hands of law enforcement had risen geometrically as people worked tirelessly with few resources and no assistance from government agencies to compile the names.

As time progressed I became more and more angry about oppression at the hands of Corporations, the US government, and their allies. I became increasingly concerned with a great number of other injustices. Here are some of these:

The Death Penalty:

The US is one of the few countries which continues the barbaric practice of execution of criminals. Although it seems fair to kill murderers we don't live in an ideal nation in which everyone receives a fair trial. There are many examples of people being executed or put on death row who were innocent of the crimes for which they were convicted. The case of Mumia Abu Jamal is a perfect example of this. The ACLU, Amnesty International, NAACP, and the National Lawyers Guild all agree that he deserves a new trial because his first one was so unfair. He is recognized around the world as a political prisoner.

US trained death squads:

For decades the US has been training Latin American soldiers at a school known as the School of the Americas. These soldiers work for nations allied with the US or puppet governments of the US. There is a high rate of human rights violations at the hands of these SOA graduates including torture, abductions, and mass murders. One extreme example of this was in the town of El Mozote in Nicaragua in which its entire population, over 900 people, were killed by a death squad comprised of many SOA graduates.

Another famous SOA graduate was Manuel Noriega who became dictator of Panama after a mysterious plane crash killed its former dictator. He is more well known as a drug smuggler, but of course it's less well known that he smuggled drugs for many years with the silent approval of the CIA for which he worked. This brings me to my next injustice.

Warfare waged in order to expand capitalism:

Since WW2 the US has taken an aggressive and violent role in world events. Korea, Vietnam, Somalia, Bosnia, Iraq, Panama, and Granada are some of the countries in which the US has invaded foreign soil without there being an immediate or reasonable threat to national security. Also, forces supported by the US have fought wars against sovereign governments, populist uprising, and/or ethnic minorities in Palestine, Turkey, Mexico,

Nicaragua, and many other nations.

In almost every case these US perpetrated or supported conflicts result in heavy civilian casualties. In Panama alone the invasion to apprehend a single man (Manuel Noriega) resulted in the deaths of between 2,500 people and 4,000 people, the majority of whom were civilians piled into numerous mass graves. This was all done in the name of my next injustice.

The War on Drugs:

To me the War on Drugs is so integrally idiotic that it's difficult to make an argument against it. I have yet to hear a rational argument for it. If we are so worried about the nation's health, why don't we treat drug addiction as a medical issue. We might even consider implementing socialized health care like Canada and most of Western Europe have and have done so successfully (at least compared with the US health care industry).

If we don't want to help drug addicts then why are we trying so hard to make their lives more miserable by branding them as criminals and incarcerating them. Couldn't we at least use these resources for something better such as education, social programs, tax cuts, environmental programs, science, art, or anything else for that matter.

The War on Drugs has resulted in geometric prison growth. It creates profit opportunities for drug dealers and smugglers. It has steadily increased police powers and undermined civil liberties. It is a direct attack on personal freedom. It has made access to medicines more difficult and at times impossible as in the cases of Marijuana, Cocaine, and Opiates all of whom have medicinal applications. It has also ended the production of hemp which can be used as a renewable and natural source for paper, fabrics, fuel, and many other products. Also, the War on Drugs perpetuates the idea that "War" is a preferable solution to world problems. The basic logic here seems to be, "If you don't like something then kill it," which of course brings me back to the issue of police brutality.

I could go on and on with these injustices but I'll just list the rest: Disparity between the rich and poor. Homelessness and the lack of Renters Rights or Squatters Rights. Global reliance on fossil fuels. Destruction of the environment. The lack of reasonable public transit. Global corporate domination. Wage Slavery. The meat and dairy industries. Hierarchy in all forms. Lack of health care. World Hunger. Pollution. Genetic Engineering. There are more issues many of which are related to these or are more difficult to explain in just a couple words.

At any rate, I found the October 22nd Coalition appealing to me because the Issue of police brutality represents, in many ways, the manifestation of many of these issues. Also, the issue of police brutality and repression have a sense of urgency because this violence is happening in communities everywhere across the nation, and it continues day after day without an end in sight. Also one of the focuses of the coalition is information. Information is the first step in making change, and the information provided by The Stolen Lives Project is irrefutable.

When the opportunity arose to go to the Democratic National Convention in LA, I jumped

at it. Not only would I be able to help the October 22nd Coalition raise awareness about the issue of Police Brutality, but I would also be able to join others in a collective expression of discontent against an unjust and oppressive system.

We spent many weeks assembling a team and preparing for our trip. During this time we were informed by a member of the Stolen Lives research group that the number of people killed in the past ten years had risen from 2000 to 5000. I was very saddened by this news. It seemed like the police were killing people faster than we could compile the names of their victims.

Our group was comprised of many people who supported the October 22nd Coalition Against Police Brutality and the Criminalization of a Generation and we met at the Metro station where busses full of activists were scheduled to depart. Our mission was to take a 100 foot long, 6 foot tall wall listing names of over 2000 people killed by police brutality. The wall was pitch black. It had long lists of names below the name of their respective state. It also had pictures of people killed as well as descriptions of some of the incidents leading to their deaths.

Some of us were new to the Oct. 22nd Coalition and some had been involved for many years, but many of us were meeting each other for the first time that night. The wall we were taking down was part of the Stolen Lives Project.

We drove down to LA through the night on Saturday and as we drove a certain sense of camaraderie began to build. The team was comprised of people from many walks of life and many different belief systems, but our solidarity over the issue was great enough for us to feel a certain sense of kinship as we embarked upon our mission to try and find justice for victims of brutality.

Now when I say brutality I mean brutality. The research from the Stolen Lives book proves that the majority of people killed aren't in situations that threaten police and the sheer magnitude of the death toll is greater than what can be attributed to a few "isolated incidences" or a few "bad apples" like the authorities and government officials contend. The vast majority of these murders are clear examples of excessive force or questionable circumstances in which the perpetrators are exonerated in an unsettlingly and predictable manner.

When we arrived in LA we proceeded to drive towards a place called Pershing Square, but the road was blocked off. One of us got out of the van to ask what was going on and as he did the Police Officer at the intersection proceeded to clear the road of the temporary barricades. We drove in, parked at a \$10 parking lot right next to the square and soon proceeded to unload and set up the wall.

It was Sunday which was the first day of protests and the day before the beginning of the Democratic National Convention of 2000. Sunday was the protest against the incarceration of Mumia Abu Jamal who was and has been an outspoken critic of police brutality.

There were many speakers talking in depth about the Mumia case, about Mumia, police brutality, government corruption, the prison industrial complex, the death penalty, and many other related topics of oppression. A great feeling of solidarity was felt from the Free Mumia

demonstrators towards what the Stolen Lives Project was doing. There was never a sense that the issue of Mumia and the issue of police brutality were ever separate issues, but in fact the very same issue.

The crowd had reached a frenzied angry energy and it was time to march. We had already begun to tear down the wall, and were able to load it and park the van in time for all of our group to join the march. In many ways the march was similar to other marches I had attended. There was a great deal of chanting, screaming, drumming and general noisemaking expressing our anger. The difference at this march was the intensity at which these things took place. Almost everyone was participating in all the chants and noisemaking and the number of people there were vastly greater than other marches. We seemed to fill the streets in an unstoppable wave of humanity and when we said "Power to the People" we truly felt that we were the "People" and that we were "Powerful"; a force to be reckoned with.

Eventually we made our way to the Staples Center where we collected around the stage to listen to more speakers. We screamed for Mumia's release and for an integral change in our government in which it stops its tactics of oppression. We were all tired from the all night drive but the energy of the rally and march pulled us through. When we finally made our way to a friendly house many of us fell asleep. We discussed our feelings of the days events over a dinner of pasta and vegetable sauce. The consensus was that we were satisfied with and even surprised by how smoothly and efficiently we worked as a team to display the wall.

We then began discussing the next day's plan. The next day was the Anti-Corporate Dominance March. We had also confirmed that the popular rock band Rage Against the Machine was going to play. We felt that it was important for the wall to be a part of the next days protest, but concerns about the wall's safety were also discussed. We finally decided to go to the Staples center the next morning and survey the area and decide then what the best positioning would be.

The next day we arrived at the Staples Center and erected the wall along the side of the protest area that wasn't bordered by a fence like the other three sides. There was a discussion with the authorities about whether the wall was blocking people for exiting and thus a safety hazard. A representative of the fire marshall assured us that its positioning was fine. This was good because we soon found that delegates had to stand in a line to enter the check in area which was directly in front of the Stolen Lives wall.

After initially erecting the wall we noticed that the protest area was not very full. The majority of protestors were at the Anti-Corporate Dominance Rally and subsequent march which would inevitably lead to the Staples Center. For the moment though there were few people around and soon Pro-Life activists commandeered the PA system in order to attack the crowd for lacking Christian values without even mentioning any points regarding their cause. Some of the team members had burritos for lunch.

After quite some time everything changed. The delegates started arriving as well as the Anti-Corporate Dominance march which flooded the protest area with great enthusiasm as

charismatic speakers took the stage. It was well known that the popular rock band Rage Against the Machine was going to play and it was apparent that large numbers of people were filtering into the protest area in order to see the band.

As the crowds size continued to grow an official from the LAPD told us that we had to move the wall in the event that a sudden evacuation of the protest area occurred. He was very insistent about his request/order and we complied by moving the wall to the corner of the protest area adjacent to the main intersection at Figuerero street. Some of the Stolen Lives Wall team believed and stated at the time that this request/order by the LAPD was proof of a premeditated attack against the protestors later.

We moved the wall and propped it against a conveniently located fence which was about five feet tall. Some team members proceeded to pass out flyers in the thick crowd. Soon Rage Against the Machine played. Their lyrics were an attack against the government and reflected the general sentiment of the protest the day before and on that day. At one point the crowd which had reached over 5000 in size said in unison, "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me!" as they gestured with middle fingers towards the convention center.

Rage Against the Machine played a short set and didn't address the crowd, probably due to time constraints. After their set many of the people in the area started filtering out and many of the O22 team had mixed feelings. We appreciated the energy that Rage Against the Machine brought to the protests and felt their appearance was symbolic of their personal solidarity with the struggle of people to fight oppression, but as the concert goers started leaving a feeling of sadness came over us that the rock fans failed to maintain solidarity with the other protestors.

Many of the members of our group felt it would be a prime arena to pass out fliers and possibly catch a few people who had been stirred enough by the music to join our efforts. A couple of us grabbed handfuls of our two sided paper that outlined the issues addressed by the O22 coalition complete with volunteer info and other contact information and began to weave in and out up the stream of disheveled concert goers. We made our way to the opposite end of the large parking lot that had been designated by all city officials as the "protest area." Many of the fliers found tired hands along the way that were too discombobulated to recognize what they were folding and placing in their pockets but as we neared the rear fence many more of the fliers were being read.

The crowd that had gathered next to the fence directly facing the Democratic National Convention center was a group that seemed intensely more concerned with getting their message directly to whomever was meeting there. The sense that the enemy stood across from the crowd was a reality to many. The police and the government which serves the interests of the rich and powerful was on the other side of that fence.

People stood at the fence chanting and heckling the police but posed no threat to the police or the convention they were guarding. Unless you count a plastic water bottle thrown over the fence.

Someone in the crowd wasn't satisfied with this and felt the need to take more drastic action to have his voice heard. A person dressed in black climbed the fence and sat atop it and proceeded to wave a small black anarchist flag.

Soon this person was ordered down, but he wouldn't comply. It was then that the LAPD produced a hose which shot out a powerful stream of pepper spray. They poured gallons of pepper spray onto the anarchist as well as the crowd below, yet through an incredible act of determination he remained atop the fence and continued to wave the flag. The anarchist's act inspired the crowd and the pepper spray enraged them. Soon another anarchist climbed the fence to join the other. He brought an even bigger flag and began waving it.

The crowd was furious at this brutality upon themselves and especially upon the anarchists. Some particularly angry people in the crowd with a surge of adrenaline uprooted a sign out of the cement and volleyed it over the fence without injuring anyone.

Soon the LAPD took over the stage and said, "This has been declared an unlawful assembly and you have fifteen minutes to disperse..." Chaos broke out soon. Thousands of people started filtering out, but there was no way the people who had been at the fence could escape in less than fifteen minutes because of the size of the crowd.

As those of us near the fence were finally able to make our way out of the protest area we began to notice a line of police on horseback blocking our only exit. These horseback police began to advance towards us further impeding our chance of leaving the protest area as we had been instructed. It was not long before this line of horseback police became aggressive towards the crowd and began trampling people. They crowded us together and began driving us into another line of police with guns poised to fire upon us. They allowed a single file line of protestors to exit, but inexplicably decided to fire upon them with rubber bullets. They repeated this act of allowing a few people out and subsequently firing upon them two or three more times.

Soon those of us still trapped realized that the LAPD was apparently using us for target practice. The crowd pushed through the police line in an act of self defense. After walking a short way up Figuerero street we paused in order to regroup and assess the situation. Almost immediately after stopping the LAPD began firing upon us. They got into formation and began advancing. Soon after advancing the LAPD began firing again and started a process of firing and advancing that continued for about an hour.

It was when lights of the news crews arrived that we could see just how excessive the injuries upon us were. There were people who were bleeding from rubber bullet wounds to the face. There were people who were limping and needed assistance to walk. There many who were bruised, beaten, and scraped from any number of injuries. Also everyone's eyes were irritated by pepper spray.

After this continuous wave after wave of brutality the crowd had dwindled to about thirty protestors. At this point we heard a rain of clanking tear gas canisters. The few people left

were overwhelmed and were either dispersed or arrested. Exactly what transpired at that point is hard to say because it was dark and we were overwhelmed by a cloud of tear gas.

Of course the LAPD and the major media reported the events falsely. The protestors were portrayed as bored antagonistic youths. This classic "rebels without a clue" depiction by major media has apparently been made part of their policy when reporting on corporate detractors. All of us knew these for the lies they were because there is no way that a person sitting atop that fence waving an anarchist flag while being sprayed directly in the face with a powerful hose of pepper spray can be seen as anything less than a passionate act of defiance against oppression.

Those of our team trapped in the violence finally escaped and soon tried to reunite themselves with the rest of the team.

The members of our group who didn't stay in the crowd went to the O22 table to rendezvous with the other members. Soon the announcement by the LAPD that the crowd had 15 minutes to disperse was made. The rest of the O22 wall team made a hasty decision to get the Stolen Lives Wall safely out of the area as quickly as possible. A line of us as well as a few on the spot volunteers headed up Figuerera street. Each of us carried one folded section of the wall. As this evacuation party turned right on 8th it was decided to take a pause. Unfortunately, because of this we lost some of our assistance and some of our team returned to the Staples Center to find out what was happening with the rest of the team who stayed behind with the remaining walls. Four people stayed behind on Figuerera and 8th to guard the walls. As we did this we stopped a small group of people walking with wall panels who seemed to not know their destination.

As we stood on the corner we noticed an ever increasing sense of panic in the crowd walking away from the Staples Center. We heard police activity down the street and heard screaming and general chaos. It sounded as if the police were getting closer to our location and that they were driving the crowd up Figuerera. As this observation was made the remainder of our team quickly rounded the corner and we immediately mobilized the entire wall with the help of anyone we could recruit on the spot.

We made our way to the van and quickly loaded all the panels into the van. We did an inventory and found that we were missing one and a half panels and two members of our team. There was a great deal of tension in the air and a feeling of accomplishment within the team. There was also a great deal of concern regarding our missing team members, but we were confident that they would contact us although there was a slight concern that they might have been caught in some kind of mass arrest or something of that nature. We took precautions and took off any political clothing or accessories. We left the area so as to meet at a predetermined meeting spot.

At the restaurant we ordered food and after a bit of time eventually heard from our missing team members who eventually found their way to the meeting spot. We shared and compared our distinct experiences from the time of our separation.

The next day some of us decided to work out the logistics of securing the wall to a

flatbed truck for the Anti-Police Brutality march on Wednesday. The rest of us decided to take part in the youth march, the bus riders union march, and the queer march.

At the youth march lack of education funding, ethnic bias in standardized testing, and criminalization of youth were issues brought up. Speakers stated that since funding to schools was based on how well schools did on standardized tests that schools in poor and ethnic neighborhoods were trapped in a self-perpetuating cycle of falling test scores and falling funding. They also stated that these tests were designed with an ethnic bias towards white, English speaking Americans.

They also stated that youth have been unfairly targeted by police and scapegoated by the media and the government for social ills. Because of this, education has fallen behind while prison and law enforcement spending has increased.

El Teatro performed after the speakers and reaffirmed what had been said. They also made the assertion that California's governor Gray Davis was motivated to criminalize youth in order to funnel money into prisons so that major corporations could then profit from them.

After the performance most of the people at the youth march decided to join with the Bus Riders Union march. To do this without getting into a confrontation with the police it was necessary for the protestors to break up into smaller groups in order to walk along the sidewalks and obey pedestrian laws. Accomplishing this might seem like a simple task but due to the size of the youth march and the Orwellian police presence accomplishing this was tense. A confrontation seemed possible at any time.

Eventually the participants in the youth march joined the Bus Riders Union march. As one would expect from the name, the Bus Riders Union march was a call for better public transportation. Although this might seem like a different issue from the youth march some similar themes were brought up which seemed to be common to all the protests throughout the entire DNC in LA. These unifying issues were that the government spends more money serving big business than the public and that police and prison spending has exceeded what is healthy for the nation. One of the chants for the Bus Riders Union march was, "One thousand more busses a thousand less police."

After the march and rally some of us walked around the surrounding area without any political agenda. It wasn't long before we came upon a situation. Apparently some protestors had been arrested for some undetermined reason by the LAPD. They were being loaded onto a bus and people were beginning to gather behind the police line in order to observe and show support for the activists who were being arrested. The crowd began chanting, "Ask to see your lawyer."

Although the crowd was small, peaceful, and law abiding the LAPD ordered it to disperse with the same decree as on the day before, "This has been declared an unlawful assembly you have fifteen minutes to disperse or you will be arrested." More police arrived on the scene and it wasn't long before they charged at the crowd in formation with outstretched batons. These

aggressive tactics were successful in creating a state of confusion and hysteria within the crowd. The police fanned out and occupied the entire intersection forcing the crowd in various directions.

The bus filled with arrested protestors drove by. We cheered them on. We didn't know exactly what they had done but the fact that they had made such a sacrifice for their beliefs deserved support. The actions of the police further ingrained in us a sense of injustice and oppression.

There was talk that an action to show solidarity with those who had been arrested was being planned. The march against the embargo against Iraq had taken place and there were still people at the Staples center holding up caskets and pictures of children who had been denied medical treatment in Iraq. Those of us who had been involved in the days protests decided to go to the Queer rally and march. We made our way to Pershing square where further discussion involving a prison solidarity type of protest were being discussed. It was decided that those interested in doing an impromptu action to show solidarity with arrested protestors would meet back at Pershing Square after the Queer march.

Our group spent so much time trying to decide on a plan of action that we missed the beginning of the Queer march. We decided to walk to the Staples Center in order to meet them there for the end of the march rally. They never arrived at the Staples Center.

When we returned to the Pershing Square we found out that the Queer march had been turned back by the police somehow. Over a hundred people returned to Pershing Square and a discussion ensued over the best course of action to express solidarity with prisoners and to express outrage with the tactics of the LAPD. As the discussion took place a very large police presence became apparent. The police had surrounded the square and began to rearrange their forces in a military type manner which seemed to be more of an intimidation tactic. This coupled with all the events which had led up to it and the incessant noise of police helicopters gave the impression that downtown LA had been turned into a police state.

It was decided collectively that the best course of action was for everyone to be involved with the Anti-Police Brutality protest the following day. It was also decided that we should leave the park as a group so we wouldn't be singled out by the police. The gathering formed a line consisting of two rows. We walked along sidewalks and obeyed traffic rules. We had runners help coordinate the group as well as using crude hand signals for "Stop" and "Go" at crosswalks. This process was very time consuming and the police flanked us the entire time. Throughout this entire process many of the group feared an unprovoked police attack or arrests. After the attacks on Monday and the news of arrests of animal rights activists and bicyclists in Critical Mass that afternoon we expected anything from the LAPD.

After quite some time of this the police became frustrated and gave us authorization to jay walk. This was sensible since the police were blocking traffic even if we weren't. The situation was tense and went on for quite some time. After many miles we made our way to the "Shadow

Convention" which was a convention spotlighting issues not being discussed by the two major parties or in the mainstream media. We celebrated our accomplishment of walking. The LAPD's effort to catch us in a criminal act had failed. It only proved their foolishness in turning people's constitutional right to free speech and assembly into a threat to the state. Their implementation of martial law was thus illegitimate.

Our team rejoined at our temporary housing facility. The other team had found a big truck to secure the Stolen Lives Wall to.

The next day we drove with the van and the truck to Pershing Square. We parked a few blocks from the rally and began attaching the walls to the circumference of the flatbed truck. Well over a thousand people showed up for the rally. Much of the anger and frustration with the LAPD throughout the protests had contributed to a large turnout. The crowd was very diverse. There were people of all colors and persuasions. There were family members of people killed by police. There were also people with many different political philosophies including the Black Block Anarchists, Revolutionary Communists, Environmentalists, and so forth. It seemed that people from every other march and protest had come together in solidarity against Police Brutality.

The march was very high energy and became really intense once we reached the police station/jail. We stopped in front of this building where the LAPD stood many rows deep in a sign of power and anticipation of a flood of emotion resulting in an irrational attack by the crowd. This, of course, never happened because we were intent on taking our message to the DNC as well.

The chants were loud, angry, and intense in a unified outpouring of discontent. After some time the march resumed. Our team split up again. Part of our team left the march and took the Stolen Lives Wall with them. This was done out of concern for the safety of the wall in the event that another LAPD attack might occur at the Staples Center.

The rest of our team continued with the march. The march went well and was very high energy. When we reached the intersection in front of the Staples Center there was some kind of interaction with the police which stalled the march. The LAPD ordered the marchers into the "protest area" and some stood in the intersection with their fists raised in defiance. This activity slowed down the march as other marchers filtered forward.

Soon the LAPD shot through the intersection hitting anyone in their way with their batons. They quickly shot out in another line and charged the crowd from both directions and hence seized the intersection. They ordered the march to disband but everyone stood defiantly. They made many threats and proposed many ways for us to comply, but the marchers stood defiantly against the police line and continued to chant. A few people filtered forward and tried to break the moral of the crowd from within and get us to comply with the police, but the solidarity of the crowd was so strong to be tricked or distracted by such subterfuge.

It became apparent after a long stand-off that we would never comply and the police had to retreat and let the crowd be reunited. Soon

a consensus was made to not proceed into the protest area. In reference to that one activist said, "We ain't going back into that cage." Part of the decision to not go into the protest area was due to fear that the police would then have a strategic advantage using it to attack us and then make mass arrests. We decided to make an improv march back to Pershing Square.

We felt victorious and the police didn't engage us until we got about halfway to Pershing square. The march turned left and the police charged and beat people onto a different street. The streets were deserted except for the protestors and the police, but inexplicably on the street the march had been forced onto a white male in a business suit appeared and began to heckle the crowd. For some time most of the protestors ignored his jeers because they were unwilling to be distracted by him or let him detract from the importance of the march.

Unfortunately with such a large crowd there were a few people angered by his jeers. A couple of people threw plastic water bottles. Fortunately some protestors realized that this was yet another attempt of subterfuge. They deflected the water bottles and urged everyone to continue marching and be peaceful. Soon a group known as "the homeless delegation" who had tried earlier to disrupt solidarity at the stand-off ran towards the man in the business suit. "The homeless delegation" was escorted everywhere they went by a camera man using a large television network style camera.

It seemed that the "businessman" was there to instigate the crowd into violence which would then be conveniently filmed by the homeless delegation who had already been featured on CBS and apparently had some kind of rapport with the corporate media. They had provided footage for CBS from Monday and provided statements which portrayed the protestors as "bored white suburban kids" who had violently attacked the police which were lies intended to neutralize the impact of the protests in public opinion.

Despite all this the march stayed focused and our solidarity was not broken by the police or agents working to undermine our efforts. We made our way back to Pershing Square and had our rally there. An intricate system of blowhorns and other devices were put together to amplify everyone that spoke. It soon became an open forum and people came up and expressed all kinds of view and debates ensued.

In the end we stood in defiance of police brutality and never backed down even at the threat of police violence upon ourselves. We had seen just a glimpse of our potential and felt a renewed sense of purpose. It was at that point that People Power seemed like a storm on the horizon threatening to destroy oppression and brutality.

Join or start an O22 chapter in your town: October 22nd Coalition to Stop Police Brutality, Repression, and the Criminalization of a Generation/Postal Box 2627/New York, New York 10009/United States of America; www.unstoppable.com/22; 1-888-NO BRUTALITY

Guest columnist: Justin Kern

I don't see many women at the local hardcore shows. There are definitely women who come to the shows, though, and a couple who are even involved... but the Eugene scene tends to have an anti-feminist edge to it, from my experience—or at least mistakenly thinks it has its sexist tendencies taken care of—so I'm not sure what to make of the fact that I feel almost every fucking show seems to be unsafe as hell for those of the female gender—in both physical terms and in terms of speaking up about oppressive behavior. Among other things, I'm sure, there's the general issue of obliviousness to the fact that perhaps some women would like to stand up front to watch the band. I find it hard to believe that they really enjoy craning their necks just to get a peek at the boys playing the loud, angry music.

How often have I seen some drunken idiot swaying a little too close for comfort for nearby women? Plenty. How often have I heard sexist comments—no matter how seemingly petty or straight-up fucked-up—go unchallenged? I've lost count. How often has the "dancing" gotten a little too testosterone-laden, quickly turning into a complete validation for disrespecting everyone's space, especially the space belonging to women? Almost every show. How often have I heard anything positive about the empowerment of women mentioned at a show? Aside from the one time I saw Anti-Product play, it's never happened.

So, what's the big deal? After all, it's up to the women to speak up, right? If they're so pissed, they should take it upon themselves to get everyone's attention, right? Oh, wait. I forgot. They just end up bitching. Why don't they just shut the fuck up and either shows us their tits or leave? They're just being selfish, anyway—as if their issues are more important than anything! Besides, I didn't come here for preaching—I came to rock out!

Ha, ha, ha. Pretty funny, but I've heard it and felt the hostile energy so often that I don't really go to shows anymore. Yet, I still feel the potential for getting through people's defenses and deconstructing their privileges—as complex as both tasks are, for sure—in the energy of a hardcore show. However, I'm continually puzzled as to why so many individuals in this scene with seemingly radical politics are so hostile to something that is a pretty clear case of bullshit oppression—i.e. the fact that women are almost universally regarded as weak and dependent on men for just about everything and therefore apparently have no right to get upset about being violated in any way at a hardcore show.

Then I realize—duh! —it's something so fucking personal that **of course** it's going to not seem like a "men's issue" and will tend to only arouse insecurity and defensiveness when brought up! But, come on, guys—sabotaging women's safe spaces? Casting women who speak up out of the scene? Retaliatory assault and rape? It may not happen all the time, and not everywhere, but it still does in some (most?)

To be honest, I haven't spoken to many women in the local hardcore scene about an observation I've made while at shows. Perhaps that's because

scenes, to some degree. With that said, all the above is not an indictment of Eugene, because most of this shit can likely ring true for every scene.

So, fuck. Is the issue about empowering women? Is it about validating the experience of women and then having men tell them how to go about making shows a safe space? Yes and no, I'd venture to say. Yes—in the opinion of this male, the issue is about the empowerment of women and it is about men validating the experiences of women. No—it is **not** about men telling women what to do! Nor is it about men feeling ashamed or guilty or worthless (unless, of course, they're a threat to the safety of women). What the fuck good does that do?

It is about men speaking up in support of women, an action that empowers both genders. It's a pretty tough thing to do, after all, and it's one of those instances where you either make the choice to step out of your comfort zone and actually experience life for what it probably is—a raw, confusing, exhilarating, and powerful experience—or you just kind of perpetuate the everyday threat to women's safety. You either make that strong statement, or you fall back into a role that you had no part in creating. Face it, it's going to have more of an impact on men if it's men who tell them what's up, instead of women. Why is that? It's unfair as hell. I can only speculate that it's because we were trained to listen to men and not women.

Only with a lot of patience from female friends, in addition to their determined anti-sexism and critique of my privilege as a male, I eventually began to understand that it's nothing personal—but I don't have any right to be oppressive. It's an illusion, it's something that's backed up with a lot of guns and a lot of deep-rooted, confusing emotions. But it's a privilege, and it's not right, for sure. It's taken a while, it's a process, but it's all slowly sinking in. Why do I give a fuck? We've got all our reasons. I guess I just became sick of thinking of women as objects, sick of hearing them and seeing them treated like objects, and I didn't want to end up like my dad. So, with all that said, I've got a lot of work to do.

I'm thinking about taking that scary-as-fucking-hell plunge and making the attempt to bring up these issues at the next show I go to. It might just be easier to start singing in a hardcore band, an opportunity I may have within the next month. Whatever the step I take is—even if it's just writing something like this and having other hardcore kids get something from it—it's something. At the very least, I can be a supportive listener and do my best to not get defensive when a woman speaks up about something sexist I have done, inadvertently or not.

At the very least,

guys (and I don't mean to insult anyone's intelligence or make excessive assumptions): Keep an open mind. Listen. Examine. Observe. Don't get defensive. Don't take it personally. If whomever it is that's speaking up starts getting personal, and you don't think it's appropriate, put it into perspective and try to not only explain where you're coming from, but try to understand that the two perspectives—male and female, man and woman—tend to be completely different on issues such as these.

I, for one, am excited about the upcoming anti-Patriarchy conference/punkfest that is being planned for this upcoming January in Eugene, Oregon. I imagine it will provide many opportunities for men (particularly, white men) to realize what their power as a benefactor of Patriarchy means, how it adversely affects them and the women in their lives, and what they can do to challenge it—provided they're willing to take the first step, and take responsibility for their privilege.

Also, I anticipate that it will be an opportunity to not only hold each other and themselves accountable, but to support each other. I only hope that it will be an opportunity for men to build trust among women, and to have their backs in every situation (especially at high-energy shows). It's an ambitious task, for sure. As a flier for the

conference states: "There are no illusions that, by the end of this conference, Patriarchy will be smashed. Instant equality isn't the goal, because that's not realistic at this stage. At the very least, it'll be a step for men toward understanding their male privilege, why it should be rejected, and how to do so—because there's a vast difference between a privilege and a right."

Sure, I wanna to rock out just as much as the next guy. I just want to make sure that doing so isn't going to threaten anyone's safety and I'd appreciate it if everyone else felt the same way. Ya know?

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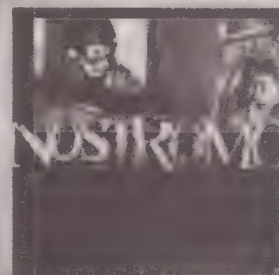
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Far too few European bands get the opportunity to visit the US in relation to the vice versa situation, and that's too bad, more for us than for them, since touring in the US can be a shock for those used to the better organized, cushier and more humane conditions of western Europe. In any case, one of my recent life-enhancing experiences was that I got to spend a couple of weeks on a tour of the East Coast with the band Kurt from southern Germany. Their music is intense, droning, heavy and rhythmic, with screamed vocals—Dave Laney describes them as somewhere between Unwound and Shotmaker, which I'd say is not inaccurate. Somehow I never got it together to interview them on tour, but later I did get some questions to guitarist/singer Frank Otto, via the Great Satan of e-mail. — Al Burian.

HeartattaCk: Kurt has been together for a while, right? Can you briefly summarize the band's story for the unfamiliar reader?

Frank: It all started about ten years ago when Armin (drums) shelved his career as the village ninja and decided to pursue a career as rock musician, contacting me via telephone. Aside from my wrestling interests I had no pressing plans, so we formed Point of View. Denis (bass) played in a band called Bumping Bishops at the time, a grindcore band where he played drums on cardboard boxes and overturned buckets. Pure chaos. Basically, we wanted to become rich and famous and so we started Kurt. We put out a demo tape (1993), a self-produced single on our friend Martin's label (-273 °C), who also put out the great Bohrholm/Corrosive split 7" (with Armin on drums), then two LP's on X-Mist Records (1996/1998). Also various tracks on comps and a split 7" with Blendwerk on Toys Move.

HaC: Village Ninja?

Frank: It's true, Armin was the village ninja. He used to have a ninja outfit and he and his gang would build forts in the woods, terrorize the other kids, and stuff like that. You know, the kind of things kids will do.

HaC: And you really are a wrestler, right? Weren't you the #1 wrestler in Germany? The Bavarian Hulk Hogan?

Frank: The wrestling thing is true, too. In 1989 I was the German national champion. So yes, the German Hulk Hogan, ha ha ha.

HaC: I've never seen you play in Germany, only in the US. I thought that, as a band, you presented yourselves as extremely hard and abrasive, because your music and stage presence is pretty aggressive. And as people you're all totally different, totally laid back and nice. Are you aware of coming across like this, is it intentional, do you care?

Frank: Actually we've never put much thought into our stage presence. We are not entertainers. We're not a band that offers

audiences a big show; we want to reach people with the power of our music. If people want to see some cool stylish guys jumping around like a bunch of idiots on stage they should turn on the TV or pay 50 bucks to go to an arena concert.

HaC: When you guys toured the US you brought two friends along who played Moog and other electronic devices, bringing a noise/electronic element to your band. I thought it was really cool, but it was uncharacteristic for your band (at least on record). Do you think you'll continue with this or experiment more with electronic elements, or was that just for the tour?

Frank: We had actually planned that differently initially. We wanted to play a 30 minute set with elektro elements in between songs so that the individual songs wouldn't be isolated. But half the machines didn't work in the US so we ended up spontaneously coming up with something. Jumping on stage, turning on the electronics and then going off. Some people liked it, others thought it sucked.

HaC: What differences did you notice in US audiences in comparison to Germany or Europe?

Frank: I wouldn't point to differences based on the two countries so much as say that you notice regional differences in both places. Every tour has its highlights and low points. One noticeable difference between Europe and the USA is the venues where shows happen. Most shows in Europe happen in a neutral location, as opposed to private living rooms or basements. Also, it doesn't happen so often that 5-6 bands will play per night. There's probably just too many bands and too many shows in America. In general people in the US seemed less forced and more open than in Europe. But, overall, I think punk rock shows in general are getting more boring and predictable. Too many sleeping pills, too much fashion, too much posing. Nothing's going on anymore. For many it's all becoming too uninteresting and only for people who are living in the past.

HaC: I personally think of hardcore as a fairly conservative and often boring musical form. In America I find most bands pretty uninteresting, and many Americans think of the European scene as primarily composed of bands that are aping the style of whatever US band is currently popular. Is this a typical egocentric Americanism? Or is there an element of truth, and if so, why? And how does Kurt fit in?

Frank: I think you are right on about that. For one thing, most American bands are absolutely uninteresting, and on the other hand it's true that the European band then just steal their styles from these same bands. Obviously nothing can come of that. Thankfully there always are, in Europe as

well as the US, those bands that create something of their own. Very few people listen to music that is really created from the gut and the heart. What most people are exposed to are the bands that are pushed by the media, who have easily available material. For most people this is fine, as music plays a relatively small part in their life. In my life it plays a pretty important part, though, and although I think in Kurt you can hear a number of influences (which is hardly to be avoided in this day and age) we manage to be innovative enough to still rock.

HaC: Armin (not the drummer of Kurt), who runs X-Mist Records, was on tour with you guys in the US. The relationship between Armin and Kurt seems much more friendship-based than a typical label-band situation. As a band, is it important to you to keep this level of friendship/personal understanding between band and label, or between band and show organizer, record distributor, etc? Do you operate in the DIY hardcore scene which X-Mist is located in out of ideology or practicality?

Frank: I personally believe in this whole DIY/punk rock thing. I just like music that's noisy and raw, also it's nice to play a show or spend a weekend with people who are involved with putting on shows because of their convictions rather than being motivated

easier to not think about it and just keep at it as long as it seems to be working out. At times we've lived about 800 km. from one another, and months can go by with no rock'n'roll. That seems like bullshit, but then again, to end the band because of that seems equally lame. If we've made it this far, we can do it for another ten years. I wouldn't have anything against that at all. Musical development goes hand in hand with personal development, I think. Naturally we've all grown and diverged but these developments influence our music positively in the end.

HaC: You seem to all be pretty busy, with school, work, etc.

Frank: As far as work, at the moment Armin is a bus driver, Denis, after a long tenure at the post office, has begun studying printing, and I, after screwing up my exams, will have to wait yet another year to become a high school teacher.

HaC: You sing in English. Wouldn't it be easier to sing in the language you speak in? Many bands argue that by singing in English (the de facto "universal language") they manage to get their message out to more people, for instance to people in other European countries or to people in the USA. Kurt doesn't seem like a particularly ideological band, though—the lyrics seem very personal and abstract. Is it even

aren't being taught a lesson, just telling a story is better for me. With my lyrics I just try to have it mean something for me when I read it. I've also tried singing in German but English is somehow more melodious, and most importantly more fun for me. I started out that way and have just kept going with it. Maybe sometime I'll sing German songs, but so far I haven't felt the need to.

HaC: Interesting that you put it terms of "not wanting to teach a lesson," since you're intending to become a teacher. Why pursue teaching, if not to impart ideas to your students or pass on knowledge? Is that aspect of your life totally unrelated to playing in a band?

Frank: I think it's something pretty different. I hope that people coming to our shows are better informed than my future students. In any case I don't intend to teach down to my students. They should learn to be self-sufficient and responsible. After all, they have to be encouraged to continue learning for themselves if they're going make it in the society they'll grow up into. Students shouldn't have information spoon-fed to them, but instead develop a certain critical ability in order formulate their own opinions and actively participate in a pluralistic world.

HaC: "Shesaplana" (the title of the second Kurt album) is a mountain in your area, right? Do you all take a lot of walks in the woods,

Sometimes I get stuck in my own world and there is no way out than to lean back and wait for the moment to learn - "The Wait" by Kurt

by profit. Also I hate the music business bullshit and all the people wrapped up in it trying to kiss your ass and telling you you'll be a star. The whole thing seems like a big joke to me and a totally different world from mine. X-Mist and Armin are a perfect situation for us. Armin and Ute have been doing it forever and will hopefully always keep at it.

HaC: The band members all live in different towns—that must cause some problems in terms of finding time to practice, play shows, record... Is it hard to keep the momentum going in a long distance situation, to where the band is still fun and seems to be developing musically? Also, seeing as you've been together a while, have you accomplished certain goals in your band, not accomplished others? Is there anything specific you still want to accomplish with Kurt?

Frank: We ask ourselves questions like that all the time. At the moment our situation is kind of complicated and we often find it

important to you to get any particular meaning across? I notice that rather than include a lyric sheet, your records include the somewhat unconventional device of printing the lyrics on sets of postcards, with a separate card and illustration for each song. This attention to packaging leads me to believe that the lyrics do have some importance to you, otherwise why bother with this layout or even include a lyric sheet at all?

Frank: I don't think much of disseminating an ideology. Most people with an agenda to push just get on my nerves. I don't want to preach anything to anyone, particularly not some set of ideological stuff which I then probably won't be able to live up to myself. Some of the younger bands give me a weird feeling in the pit of my stomach, when I see some hipster type up on stage delivering his message. Sometimes I just have to laugh. People often take themselves too seriously. I like it best when I read lyrics where you

go hiking a lot, that sort of thing?

Frank: Yeah, hiking is cool! We live in the black forest and all enjoy a good day out in nature. Playing soccer or just riding a bike through the great outdoors is a pretty awesome thing.

HaC: Future plans? New records, tours, enrolling Armin in the Betty Ford clinic?

Frank: I think Armin's got his drinking situation under control, thanks. But he should take care of himself—those youthful good looks won't last forever after all. We don't have any specific plans at the moment but I imagine sooner or later we'll get around to touring, recording a new record, and so on. It would be nice to tour the west coast of the USA, and see if there's more going on there. Armin is going on tour with his other band Blumen Am Arsch Der Hölle (flowers from the ass of hell), and may start a new project with members of Dackelblut. I have a side project called Henry Cooper which will probably record sometime this year.

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an interview with: Marc Bayard

I met Marc a few years ago, when I heard that he was teaching a class on punk rock at a local college. I tracked him down to talk to him about the class, and a few months later I spoke on a panel in his class with two other women, about our experiences as women in the punk scene. It was a great experience and one that made it clear that Marc was a dedicated educator both in the classroom and outside of it in his 'day job.' About a year later I saw Marc when we were both working at AFL-CIO headquarters in DC. He was decked out in a dress shirt, tie and an AK Press hooded sweatshirt. That's Marc: articulate, passionate, committed and always punk as hell. Recently he switched jobs at the AFL-CIO and because he is now working as an educator on International labor issues, I knew that he'd be perfect for this interview series. If you want to get in touch with Marc, send me an email and I will pass it on to him. Also feel free to contact me (arooks@hotmail.com) if you have any suggestions about this series, or if you can recommend any other punk organizers for me to interview. Thanks and read on! -Daisy Rooks; arooks@hotmail.com

HaC: Can you describe the work that you're doing now?

Marc: I work for the AFL-CIO (American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations). It's the federation that the majority of trade unions in the U.S. belong to. Basically I work for the International Affairs department, or a subset of it called the Solidarity Center. I'm a trade union educator focusing on issues of globalization, particularly the International Financial Institutions such as the World Bank, World Trade Organization (WTO), and the International Monetary Fund. I work with trade union federations in other countries developing educational curriculum for their workers, so that they can better understand what is happening in globalization and what they can do about it.

HaC: What are the countries that you work with?

Marc: Brazil, Indonesia and South Africa.

HaC: What do you do in an average visit to these trade union federations?

Marc: Well, we have a cooperative partnership, so what I bring in is some level of technical knowledge about how to do popular economics education in a Paulo Freire style, which is partially mass-based

education for both literate and non-literate audiences. It's non-traditional education. I bring in a lot of resource information, and we also provide some funding to allow the trainings/programs to happen. In the initial meetings with the unions, I ask them what they want to teach their members. We always try to keep in mind their ideology, methodology and what they want, so it's not just Americans coming in and telling them what to do. They have the final decision on what gets taught, how it's taught, and to whom.

HaC: What is the goal of this project?

Marc: It's been a year since Seattle where all the protesters and political activists were saying "down with this." But we wanted to figure out what would be the next step. We wanted to understand how to help build a base of workers who understand the issues within globalization—to build a base beyond the activists, college professors and students who were at the rallies. People in other countries, basically, are way ahead of us about globalization. In fact, when the protests happened in Seattle, many people abroad were saying "Wow, the U.S. finally

economist to understand how globalization impacts you. We are looking at economics in political and ideological terms.

I try to make trainings fun and action-oriented. I try to make it relate to people's lives and their experiences. We start off by asking people what they know about globalization and by telling people that most of what we are going to talk about, they already have the basic tools to comprehend. We have to work together to find ways to put the pieces together. I ask them how they see the world, how they see the changes that have taken place in the past 5 years. It's all experiential learning and that's why it works. It's not starting off by saying 'You're an empty glass, let me fill your head with information.'

HaC: How did this partnership develop with the AFL-CIO and the unions that you work with?

Marc: We have been doing a number of programs with them for years—we have standing field offices in all of these countries—but this particular project was started by myself and a couple of others in my department. We knew that there are a

lot of policy wonks and activists that understand these things on one level, but we still wanted to know 'how do you reach the rank and file?' We had to sit down with our partners and see if they thought that these

trainings would be useful to them, and if they would integrate them into their existing education programs.

HaC: What prepared you for this work? What had you been doing in the few years before you started working at the Solidarity Center?

Marc: For 3 years I worked for a Fair Economy (UFE) in Boston, which is a non-profit that does educational and political work around economic justice issues in the U.S. They focus on the vast disparities of wage, income and wealth in the U.S. They do some ground-breaking educational work with civic organizations, religious groups and trade unions. They educate regular people about the current picture of the U.S. economy, why it exists the way it does, and what people can do about it. I have also taught college courses at several different schools and universities—courses trying to humanize economics. Mostly these classes

Activism

people in motion

woke up." They were saying "Americans finally get it." To many of them it seems like it took us forever to realize that globalization begins and ends with the U.S. Folks in other countries—they get it! They have the analysis, but not the mechanism to deliver it on a mass basis. We've been able to help them build that mechanism and they have been able to help us build critical North to South links.

In Brazil the unions do tons of education, more than we do in the U.S., even with all of the AFL-CIO's programs like the Organizing Institute, Union Summer, Right to Work and in our education department. Over there we are trying to find a way to integrate stuff about the International Financial Institutions into all of their standard education programs whether it be agricultural education or collective bargaining training. We are trying to make linkages to workers in ways that you don't have to be an

have been for adults, and have focused on how economics actually matter to their life.

I taught at Tufts University and Springfield College in Boston and Wilmington, Delaware. I taught for 5 semesters, so for almost 3 years total. I mostly taught community organizers and human service providers about the politics of economics, race and gender in the U.S. economy and how that impacts their lives and what they could do about it.

HaC: Did you teach these classes through UFE?

Marc: No, that work was separate. It was simultaneous in many cases though.

I would apply for jobs at these schools. I had a Masters degree from Georgetown University in Political Science and I had some time and a great interest, so I contacted them. I had a background doing some adult education. In every case except for Tufts, my students were a minimum of 10 years older than me. But I had enough academic credentials, luck and drive to convince the administrators to let me teach these courses.

HaC: What exactly was your job at UFE?

Marc: I was the Campaign Coordinator, so I did work on federal and state legislation for such things as raising the minimum wage. I also worked on international issues such as Fast Track in 1997. I did some studies on executive compensation and how absurdly high it was compared to workers' salaries, and I did studies on lay-offs.

HaC: What kind of work did you do before working at UFE?

Marc: I had been working for ACORN and the New Party. I was doing progressive third party work in Washington, DC, working on campaign finance reform and motor voter laws. One of my main tasks was to increase third party access to ballots in DC and in other states.

HaC: Was this while you were getting your Masters?

Marc: Yeah, it was while I was in grad school during 1993 and 1994.

HaC: What's the connection for you between punk and all the political work that you've done?

Marc: I was political at a very early age, before I was into punk rock. I got into punk in 1985, and at that time it was still very social and political.

Punk at that time played a role in helping me realize that there's a great importance in community and in figuring out who you are as an individual. In some segments of punk rock there's an emphasis on responsibility and self-respect, even if it's not overtly political. Look at the Clash versus Dag Nasty, for example. In high school I was into DC-style punk, quite a bit. I was into Soul Side, Ignition and Verbal

Assault. Soul Side had a lot of punk activism in their songs, a lot about individual responsibility, but they also dealt with issues of race and Apartheid. It was about making a difference in a community setting—getting up and making a difference. Obviously British bands led the way when it came to putting politics into punk. I guess a good example of a punk rock band with a similar message today is Propagandhi. They have about 1000 organizations that people can join listed in the inside jacket of their records. That has an impact for some people, because if someone's looking for something to get involved with, they can look at those listings. There's value in that. It's a first step.

Overall, a lot of what's political in punk are the communitarian, anarchist or collective work ideas and the idea that you can take responsibility for some things that happen. I think that the whole DIY ethic is useful in political work and for activists. There's a lot that can be accomplished outside of what people think (can be done).

We need to raise the bar, though. What's faulty (about punk) is that some people spend their whole time only accomplishing things within a punk rock arena. They think "Ok, I can create my own label or my own distribution." They are like hippies in that they see their only options as being to 'tune out or drop out.' I think that there needs to be (a better understanding) of where punk rockers can take their idealism into—non-profits, labor unions, and other activist organizations—(and that they can) push within those organizations.

The value of punk, I think, is that you learn a whole set of skills and get to test them in your community. But like anyone who learns (skills in their own community), it's also useful to take those skills outside of your community and test them. See if they still apply, see what value they have in the real world. What I don't (think is very useful) is to be spouting out ideology amongst your 10 friends in your commune when the whole world is going to hell. Lots of punk rockers think that 'I am so much smarter than everyone else out there' and so if they won't educate them, at least they can shock them.

Punk when I was younger had more of a musical connection for me. Now it's much more philosophical. There are many pieces of the philosophy that I still use, like the spirit of punk or the basic beliefs and ideas. I still carry them with me and am constantly trying to find ways to apply them.

HaC: You said earlier that before you got into punk rock that you were political. Why is that? How did you get political at such a young age?

Marc: I think that it had to do with my parents, who aren't from the U.S. They are from Haiti and in many ways they weren't

into the standard American dream. Also, I am not from the suburbs, but from the inner city, so I think that gives you a different perspective on the U.S. I saw a lot of the contradictions at an early age. I started asking a lot of question at an early age, and what got me into radical politics and punk was that neither were interested in standard answers or standard ways of doing things. The two reinforced each other. If punk didn't have social elements and political elements, if it was simply about loud music or green haired kids, my time in punk scene would have been really short.

HaC: Who were some of your role models—political or punk rock?

Marc: Early on in high school (because of dealing with) all the standard high school politics that you have to deal with, I was into the sXe scene. But when I was young, the scene was post-Minor Threat. It was Uniform Choice and Slapshot. It was pre-NYC youth crew. The whole sXe scene was very important (for me) in being against drinking and smoking. Later on there was political punk, which also had a great influence on me. It was exciting to know that there were others out there with similar ideas and ideology, and that they had put (these ideals) in a recorded format that you could share with your friends. It wasn't so much hero worship, but more like a message in a bottle. It was as much fun as educational.

I'm not really into heroes at all. But there were a lot of great people that I got to know, a lot of great activists that I have met who I would consider role models. None of them are in any way, shape or form famous.

When I was 19, I knew that I wanted to do progressive work or revolutionary work, but I had no idea what that was and how to do it. I had worked at soup kitchens but never in an organization pushing for change. In 1991 I worked at the Community for Creative Non-Violence (CCNV) in Washington, DC, which was my first opportunity to be with activists on a full-time basis. I got to interact with adults doing activist work, and I realized that I could make a career doing it. I didn't know where I was going to work or exactly what job opportunities there were, but I knew that I didn't want to stay doing solely punk stuff all my life. I knew that I wanted to do community and political work.

HaC: Did you work for CCNV while in college?

Marc: Yeah, it was an internship during college, at the beginning of my junior year. Then I moved on and spent two years working for the Pine Street Inn which is the largest homeless shelter in Boston. Then I moved on to community organizing and then to economic justice organizing and then to trade unions and now I am working with the

International trade union movement. The way I explain this trajectory is that I am moving closer and closer to fighting the actual seat of capitalism, to the root cause. That's the progression in my head.

HaC: What do you think is the difference between being an activist and an organizer?

Marc: A lot of people make a stark difference between the two, but I don't agree with that fully. There are differences, but for me that doesn't mean that I don't cross the line all the time. It just depends on the project. For me, I am an activist, an educator and an organizer. In general I think that punk rockers are more familiar with activism—with being globalization activists, animal rights or environmental activists. Activists are the people who are constantly protesting and in the limelight.

Organizers are different in the sense that they do a lot of the set-up work. They do a lot of the work that goes into structure and building of a presentation or event. It's not glamorous work; it's much more behind-the-scenes. Someone once said that 'the best organizers are the ones that you don't see.' They are the ones that do the backbone of the work. In the punk rock scene, I always considered myself to be an organizer. I organized shows for years, I was part of a collective, I helped bands tour. It's a lot of the behind-the-scenes work that people did to make things happen.

I always say that I liked the fact that there was a world and role for a lot of the skills that I had learned (in punk). Putting together a show and getting people to a show are some of the same skills that you need to get people to a rally. It's the same issues, just on a different scale. The basic building blocks that you learn in a punk rock setting, are the same elements that you get in standard trainings. Some of the skills learned through punk are also intangibles that you can't get from standard organizer trainings or in role-plays. A lot of the things in punk rock are organic things that you can't label. It's always easy to spot punk rockers who have become organizers. You can just smell it on them. They do the organizing but they do it in unique ways.

HaC: What do you see yourself doing in the next 5 or 10 years?

Marc: I see myself staying in the trade union movement. I think that there's a lot of work to be done here. There are changes that are occurring that I want to be a part of. I also see myself expanding upon the kind of educational work that I am doing now. The main thing that punk was about for me was people reaching people. The educational aspect of punk was what I liked most. Punk is a great... even today when it's really different, the basic beliefs and ideas are still applicable and universal, whether you are 40

or 17.

HaC: What are the organizations that you think are doing really great work, ones that you would want new organizers to know about and be able to contact?

Marc: Well, it all depends on what type of work people want to do. The first thing to know is that there is probably some sort of organization already tackling the issues that you care about.

I'd encourage people to check out the labor movement—I think that the labor movement is an interesting place for punks to think about entering. It's also one of the most difficult spaces, but things are changing quite a bit and there's a lot of work that people can do to help make those changes. It also has a structure that allows people to learn basic building blocks to organize, to take on power and to make change. So I would look into that. There are a lot of venues within the movement such as Union Summer and Jobs with Justice that allow activists to get into the labor movement.

There are also general organizations for people who want to learn more about organizing. The National Organizers Alliance (NOA) is a great clearing house for what's happening in organizing—about putting leftist or anarchist beliefs into pragmatic practice.

In terms of environmental organizations—I would say Friends of the Earth and PETA. For economic justice—UFE, Jobs with Justice, and the Center for Popular Economics in Amherst, Mass. Also Global Exchange is very good, and there's a great group in Chicago called the Mexico Solidarity Network which works on Chiapas. For popular educational work there's the Highlander Center in Tennessee, which does a lot on popular education, and Project South in Atlanta.

HaC: What are your further educational plans? I know that the last time we talked, you had said that you were going to go back and get your Ph.D. eventually.

Marc: I will probably go back to grad school in the next few years, but only on a part-time basis, because I am enjoying what I am doing right now. I've always hated school, but I really liked learning—that has always been

a constant contradiction. The way that I teach is to figure out all the ways that I didn't enjoy being taught and then try to do the opposite. So I don't mind getting standard academic training as much now, because I know that I won't apply the knowledge in a standard way. I will use different approaches to share information.

HaC: You spoke earlier about how you first worked in a soup kitchen and then went on to do community organizing. For you, what is the difference between social service work and community organizing?

Marc: If you are going to do anything remotely socially responsible, you will usually initially gravitate towards charity. It makes people feel good—they feel like they have done something for themselves and others. I think that charity work is fine, and that there is a need for it. But when you start wanting to deal with the real causes of poverty, with racism and sexism and class injustice, you quickly realize that you have to move beyond charitable contributions and start thinking about why these things are happening. Charity looks at the symptoms of the problem, but you have to move to the actual cause of the problem... You have to acknowledge that the problem is much larger than you are and that you have to get organized and act collectively. That's easier for some and more difficult for others. Some people get lost in that process.

Once you make that break, though, it's hard to go back, because you realize that there is a lot of injustice and you have to spend time combating it. Once you get that, it makes a lot of the drama that is punk rock, the internal machinations, seem kind of silly. The music and the pageantry of punk rock drops away pretty quickly. What's left is the essence of punk—that change is important, that you matter, and that you probably matter more if you are making change.

HaC: Anything else that you want to add?

Marc: I have to admit that I've always been a bit disappointed by the lack of punks that move into activist and organizing circles. There's a great need for more of that. There's more need now than in the past for that kinds of stuff. So I want to encourage people, punks to move into those arenas. We need support networks more so than the punks who stay in standard punk rock circles. We need to start to see punk as a sort of evolutionary process rather than staying as punks forever. We need to be doing more aggressive, creative exciting work that impacts other people.

Organizations to check out:

Jobs with Justice: www.jwj.org

Friends of the Earth: www.foe.org

United for a Fair Economy: www.ufenet.org

Center for Popular Economics: www.ctrpopec.org

National Organizers Alliance: www.noacentral.org

Mexico Solidarity Network: www.mexicosolidarity.org

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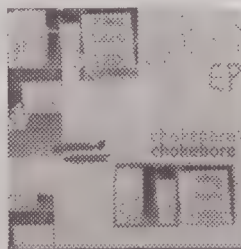
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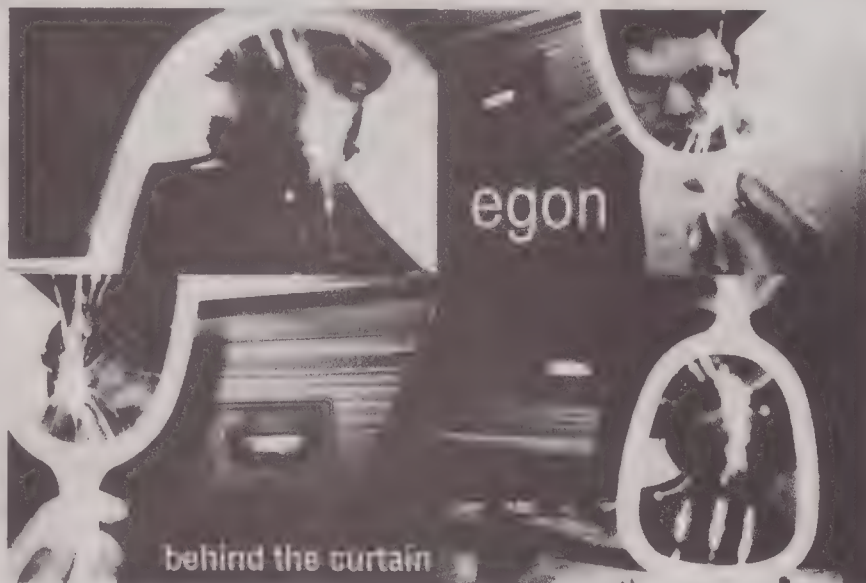
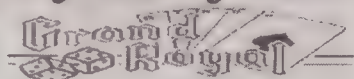
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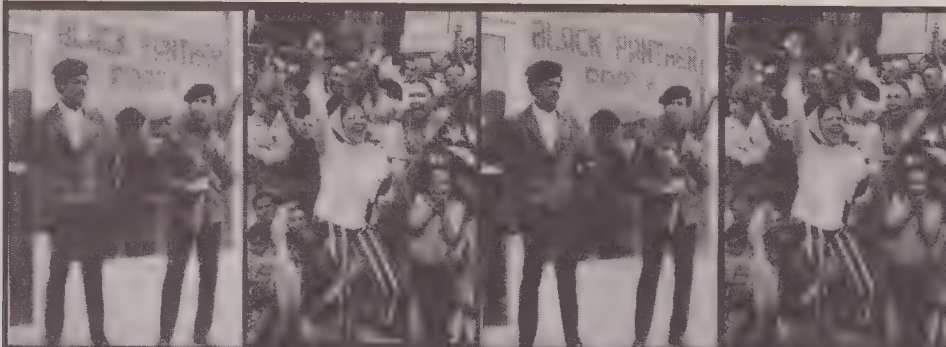
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Record Reviews

Rules of Engagement

We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
We will NOT review special "promo only" pressings.
We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.

COUNTER THEORY #3 with V/A • CD

Counter Theory is a "zine" that comes out of Florida as do all the bands on the accompanying CD. The columns in this issue were (at least in my opinion) very much on the childish side. The mag looks very professional so I was a bit surprised to hear all these kids vent in such an uncontrolled manner. There are exceptions of course. Still I was taken aback. There are also reviews and interviews with The Promise Ring, Elliott, Alkaline Trio, Small Brown Bike, Planes Mistaken For Stars and miscellaneous others. The CD contains 26 songs and was fun to listen to. I have no idea if these songs have been released before. At any rate 35ppd. seems like a really good deal. So who's on here? Anchorman, Versailles, True North, Ashhole Parader, Falter (had never heard of them but they're great!), Jiyuana, Forever And A Day, Fay Wray, System2600 (who rock AND are very nice guys), Combat Wound Veteran and Twelve Hour Turn. MH (Counter Theory/8608 NW 59 Court/Tamarac, FL 33321)

ON FIRE FOR CHRIST #2 with V/A • tape

On Fire For Christ is a bitter pill to swallow. Written by a man who likes no one, unless he can laugh at their misery. For many, it is hard to like someone like that; and for others it is hard to really want to read his "zine." I'm sure he doesn't actually care though. He includes interviews with Colostomy Bag and Crippled Mungoloid, and a rant about how he really only cares about being entertained. The tape comes or, as he called it, the bootleg mix tape has a selection of noisy punk bands including The Dixiecrats, Colostomy Bag, The 12's, Crippled Mungoloids, Disreantiyouthhellchrist, Involuntary Vasectomy Campaign, Zero Tolerance, and Cattle Decapitation. The last track was recorded after Total Fury gave their mic over to the singer of The Oath, so it is called Total Oath. Of course, the quality isn't all that good, but what can you really expect from a tape comp. This project is sold by barter only, so send something good and hope he send you something back. LO (PO Box 278/Carlsbad, CA 92018)

SUBURBAN VOICE #44 with V/A • CD

Another great issue of Suburban Voice along with a great compilation CD. This time around the CD includes Last in Line, Kill The Man Who Questions, Capitalist Casualties, Countdown To Oblivion, Ripcord, The Dread, DS13, Aus Rotten, Cops and Robbers, Executioner, Sanity Assassins, and a whole host more. The interviews in this issue are with DS13, Varukers, Kill The Man Who Questions, Dillinger Four, Good Clean Fun, Hot Water Music, and more. All the writing is quite good, even down to the reviews which are very thoughtful and informative. Really, this is a great "zine," once you pick it up you will quickly find something to occupy your time. KM (\$5 to Suburban Voice/PO Box 2746/Lynn, MA 01905)

324 • Boutokounoaiyo CD

This CD contains 14 tracks at 23:50 minutes. 324 play heavy metallic hardcore. The bass and guitar create a dull thudding rumble and the drumming snaps along shifting from straight ahead to brief mosh bits and back. The vocals are very loud and harshly shouted. Not much to set these folks apart from the grind/sludge metal bunch. The songs are short which is kind of nice. SJS (H/G Fact/105 Nakano Shinbashi-M/2-7-15 Yayoi-cho/Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

ABSTAIN • World Full of Zombies CD

Fast, ugly, brutal shit from the bowels of Southern California. Not sure how this grinding assault got on a label from Italy, but they fit perfectly on the SOA roster. The lyrics are a depressing attack on life in the modern world. Fast, fast, and faster. Fucking brutal. KM (SOA Records/Paolo Petralia/Via Odesisi/Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Rome/Italy)

AGATHOCLES • Mince Core CD

OK. If you've ever heard Agathocles, then you know what this is, crazed grindcore from Belgium!! This is a re-release from 1989 that sounds a shit load like Napalm Death's early stuff. Short, fast, political. Unfortunately this doesn't have any lyrics, so that sucks. But if you ever wanted to hear early Agathocles, then here you go! Too bad there's no address! DD (no address)

AGE OF RUIN • Black Sands of the Hourglass CD

Age Of Ruin don't bother with gimmicks or desperately strive to be the next inventive, overly technical metalcore band. Instead they just use sheer brute force built on the strong foundations of song writing. Most of the songs are on the slower sludge side, but they do change the tempo around just enough to keep your attention while locking you into sedation. They can also get really melodic without doing the wuss-out thing. Lyrics are filled with abstract haunting images of despair and gloom. This reminds me of Iron Meets Aftershock with the dark slow eeriness of Iron and the heavy break-downs and solid heavy rhythms of Aftershock. Age of Ruin slowly pounds me into submission. I'll confidently slide this into my CD shelf. 9 song (one is a short spoken word intro so really 8 songs) at 32:17. ADI (AgeOfRuin@DarkMoodEmpire.com)

ALUMINUM NOISE • All This World Has to Offer 7"

A few long scary noisy intros is all this record is. No lyrics. I have yet to be stimulated. CD (Renaissance Recordings/PO Box 66146/Greensboro, NC 27403)

ALISON RANGER • CD

From the moment I put this disk in I was intrigued. Great build-ups and breakdowns, and nice use of piano. Yes, a piano. Not a Casio. I'm talking Ben Folds Five piano work. Don't get me wrong, they don't sound like Ben Folds Five. Fantastic harmonies ranging from upbeat to downright morbid. Oh, and they have a member who screams like the guy from Coalesce. Their music, like their cover, was tastefully done. This CD is strong and consistent until the end. You should definitely check this CD out! KW (1110 Cotswold Lane/West Chester, PA 19380)

AS THE SUN SETS • Each Individual Voice Is Dead... CD

Metal. Straight up hardcore influenced metal. The vocals are harsh and screaming and the music is influenced by grind and thrash and power violence, but the end result is a vicious metal attack. The songs are complicated "little" ditties with lots of stops and starts and part after part. Fans of Converge will eat this up. Far too metal for me. KM (Thrash Art Records/PO Box 725/Providence, RI 02901)

ALL NATURAL LEMON & LIME FLAVORS • Straight Blue Line CD

Receiving this CD with a crack caused problems with my CD player so I'll do my best to give a decent review. This CD is a compilation of their 3 7"s and a few extra tracks. The partial amounts of music I heard from the Flavours gave me a feeling that they love building ambience and noise while having a singer carry the mood in a more melodic direction. I'd say bands like Spiritualized and My Bloody Valentine gave 'em some motivation. SA (Gem Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

AN ALBATROSS • 1 Sex 2 Bird 3 Cake 2xcassette

This is sludgy, screaming thrashcore with a nice selection of found sounds connecting the nine brief songs. The tracks are recorded onto two hot pink cassettes liberated from some Barbie doll ephemera entitled "think pink." There is a booklet with lyrics, song explanations, and a statement of purpose from the musicians responsible. They are working in the realm of music as social critique. SJS (An Albatross/123 Rice Street/Trucksville, PA 18708)

AMBROSE • The Grace of Breaking Moments CD

14 songs. Another impressive Defiance Records release. Ambrose is a German band that plays incredibly professional and radio-friendly music that might one day make it to VIVA (if it hasn't already). Oh, and VIVA, by the way, is German music TV. Personal lyrics that remain irrelevant to me—but that's always the case with this kind of sound. As with the Pale-CD, the extremely professional look and sound of this record leave me wondering where these people came from and where they are headed. MH (Defiance Records/Ritterstrasse 52/50668 Köln/Germany)

AMP 176 • Repo'd CD

Amp 176 has potential to be a decent band, considering that the band is composed of a whole host of well liked Minneapolis punk bands, but their vocals just don't do it for me. They lack energy and just seem sort of flat and uninspiring to me. Even Amp 176's cover of Dag Nasty's "Never Go Back" seems to lack a certain enthusiasm. The Amp 176 music is melodic with plenty of energy and strong points, but the vocals just don't get me. Maybe it is the production and maybe it is just the singer's voice, but Amp 176 would be a way better with a bit more vocal enthusiasm. Next. KM (Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

ANANDA • Profane CD

Jesus fuck it is hard to believe that this is the same fucking Ananda that released the full length LP on Hand Held Hearts. They have gone from playing emotive French hardcore, to being a violent and aggressive assault of double bass drum and metal mosh hardcore. The sound is oppressive and heavy with a lot of metal influences. The vocals are a screamed droning howl, and their lyrics are in French. Powerful and anything but melodic and pleasant. Harsh and howling. KM (Overcome Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

AZRAEL • Hardcore Quintet CD

And I thought French emo was over... No, no, no, Azrael is here to prove me wrong. This has all the ingredients you came to love in bands like Fingerprint, Ivich, Jasmine, Weep and all the other awesome froggie bands; tortured vocals in French, emotive music that is on the heavy side, nice packaging and smart personal lyrics. This CD comes with a neat booklet that has English translations of the songs. It's a DIY release which means that if you live in the US you can get this for 55ppd. Pretty good deal if you ask me. MH (Cyril Caille/13, Rue de Lorient/17000 La Rochelle/France)

ANTON BORDMAN • 7"

There are eleven songs at 45RPM on this record, so yes, they are short and fast. And they fit this style in a very herky-jerky, non-Big Boys kind of a way. But the most valuable thing that makes the record is the booklet. On top of a lyric sheet, the booklet elaborates extensively on the songs and the band's feelings on the socially motivated issues that surround them. After reading the booklet, I felt like I knew where they were coming from. DF (\$3 to Moganono Records/8 Candlewood Dr./Andover, MA 01810)

THE ANCHORMEN • Punk Rock Is Awesome CD

How bizarre, how bizarre.... The Anchormen are grown ups who play melodic punk rock that sounds like some of the early not so great Lookout bands. The bizarre part is that every song comes with footnotes that suggest further reading material or photo ops for songs that are about such strange things as the zoning laws in Houston, a guy at a gas station, a Chinese restaurant or meter maids. MH (Unstoppable Records/Box 441915/Somerville, MA 02144-0006)

ANTHEM EIGHTY EIGHT • Q: And Progress? A: CD

I didn't get very excited about the 8 songs (16 minutes) on this disc. They're pretty basic old school hardcore. But then I read the lyrics and they struck something in me. Yes, they are positive but not in that cliché finger-pointing kind of way. Then I listened to this again—yeah, I could get into it. Good record. MH (Schematics Records/distro-cd by No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

AWAKE • Kingdom of Madness CD

Polish youth crew metal that isn't too bad. Socio-political lyrics with some personal songs about feelings caused by socio-political situations. All the songs sound very similar, and they don't really do anything new. I think it would be better if there were more fast parts to counter all the heavy breakdowns. Not too shabby at all. CD (Shing c/o Romasz Goral/Konopnickie) 13/36/38-300 Gorlice/Poland)

ARCARO • 7"

The song on the A side rocks along in an enjoyable way, while the song on the flip side is quiet and sedate. From side to side the vocals are quite different, but on both they are put significantly in the background of the mix, which I like. And the sleeve is attractive, but has little in the way of information so it was hard for me to get a real feel for the song content. DF (Arcaro/88 Edgewood Ave. Apt. E3/New Haven, CT 06511)

ASSEL • 7"

Crazy Swedish thrash speeding by at 1000mph! This 7" has 9 songs about the cops, nazis, the state, and child abuse. The recording is a tiny bit muddy, but it only adds to the chaos! This is a kick ass 7" to say the least! The lyrics are all in Swedish with English explanations. Hard-fucking-core! DD (Busted Heads/Box 274/901 06 Umeå/Sweden)

ATESTABASA • 7"

What we have here is a twangy bass line, standard chord progressions and shouted Italian vocals way up front in the mix. It was tuff for me to identify with anything on the record, which is a shame, because I do get the feeling that it was a serious effort. The booklet appears to contain a variety of information in Italian and the socially oriented lyrics are written in English and Italian. DF (Matteo Bellantuono/via DiVagno/70042 Mola di Bari (BA)/Italy)

ATROX • For the Way it Doth Not Exist! CD

Metal you very much. Six songs that might knock you down if you not careful. Choppy driven guitar and intense vocals are certain to get your attention as will the layout. Really nice silver printing and artwork which compliments the sound. Lyrics which explore life after the loss of innocence and the struggle against capitalism. NH (Rockstar Records/Verbindungsstr. 9/52080 Aachen/Germany)

AVSKUM • In The Spirit of Mass Destruction CD

The legend returns! For those who don't know, this is a legendary band that started in the 80's. The music is raging English influenced Swedish punk. If you like the new Varukers album, you'll like this! Political lyrics about aids, nuclear weapons (and you thought they disappeared!) and tons of other things! One hell of a CD! DD (Prank Records)

THE BAD FORM • 7"

A sloppy mix of chaos core and snotty punk. It's hard to tell if this is the kind of punk band that plays bars, or if they just want to sound like that. Either way it is rock and roll with a slight edge. LO (Mad At The World/PO Box 5216/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

BAD INFLUENCE • Last Cries CD

This is a really hard CD to review. The cover art is really odd, and while I think it is clear that Bad Influence is a political band, and I have this feeling that they are trying to use the cover art to make some statement, I just don't know what that statement is. The art in question is a photo of a woman inserting the blade of a knife into the outer folds of her vagina. It could mean a LOT of different things. I wish it were better explained. Putting that aside Bad Influence play hard driving hardcore with some rock influences. Their sound is harsh and heavy with strong screaming and plenty of angry energy. At their best they pull off this dark and depressing sounding hardcore that burns with twisted force. Bad Influence is from Belgium and some of the lyrics suffer from translation problems, which may explain why it is unclear what their intent was regarding the cover. The title song, "Last Cries" makes references to issues regarding the cover, but sometimes it just seems like the lyrics are cool sounding words that don't have any meaning to me. Weir. KM (Rock And Roll Radio/Diesterestraat 6/3290 Molendestede-Diest/Belgium)

THE BAND CONVINCED • The Carnival CD

10 songs. Convinced are a metal band from Sweden. However their music isn't the usual Converge-scream kind of stuff. These folks pay tribute to the great gods of spandex metal such as Dokken, Saxon and Judas Priest. Pretty awesome, if you ask me. I really did enjoy listening to this. It is well recorded and shows a lot of musical talent. They have a woman on vocals who does a really fine job. Most lyrics are kind of mystical but there's one great feminist tune: "I've raised my voice higher. I have taken my place. It's not in the kitchen, it's here on this stage." You go, girl!!!! MH (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

BATS AND MICE • CD

Bats and Mice Features 3 members of Sleepytime Trio but do not expect anything that sounds like that at all. This 3 song ep is more like Three Mile Pilot with a lot of instruments and well crafted transitions and harmonies. It seems like they spent weeks crafting these songs together. But it is as short as it sounds, just three songs. Hopefully, this will be a debut for some new material because these guys sure know how to play this music well. SA (Lovitt Records)

BASTARD NOISE • The Analysis of Self-Destruction CD
Not sure what to make of this. Noise records in general often leave me wondering, "Why?" Some of the earlier Man Is The Bastard noise would have crazy screaming and spoken bits and pieces, but this is devoid of anything like that. Instead it sounds like my modem is hooking up with the internet or like listening to a fax machine send a fax across a telephone wire, or maybe it sounds like having a thirty minute secession with the dentist's drill or like what a dead floating hunk of space ship might sound like as it drifted through deep space. If machines replace humans as the dominant life form on planet Earth then I suppose Bastard Noise will be celebrated as one of the of the few times humans spoke the language of machines. KM (Alien 8 Recordings/PO Box 666/Station R/Montreal, Quebec/H2S 3L1/Canada)

BATTLE GROUND • CD
Straight edge metal. Three guitars pounding heavy ass riffage over mid tempo drums. These dudes have a song called American SxE, here are some of the lyrics: "We are American straightedge and proud to be patriots-loyal to the grave to the u.s. of a..." it goes on but you get the idea. Other lyrics seem more righteous and holy using words like "thy" and "crimson tides". Another song is called Straightedge Soldier. I wonder if this is a joke. ADI (Confined Records/807 N Maple St/Eaton, OH 45320)

BLACK QUEEN • The Anthropocalypse CD
Please stick with me, this is my first set of reviews; remember, these are just my opinions. Four songs of well played, but pretty average black metal. Not many blast beat parts, but a lot of intricate chugging and a lot of harmonics. Songs are poetic, like most black metal I've heard, "As the sun dies, and sinks into the ocean, the water sighs..." you get the point. DI (The Initiated/2018 Shattuck Ave./PMB #103/Berkeley, CA 94704)

THE BLAMED • Germany CD
Maybe instead of subjecting us to pictures of themselves these 4 guys ought to have put some lyrics or some band info on the cover. And why call your record "Germany" and then chicken out and not make fun of Germans at all. Seriously, it's not that hard. There is no easier target. Musically these 7 songs don't amount to much, either; it's just basic mid-tempo hardcore/punk without hooks, melodies; anger or any other discernable emotion. Sogar Deutsche haetten das besser gemacht. MH (2000Grrr Records/920 W. Wilson Ave./Chicago, IL 60640)

THE BLANK FIGHT • House Band Feud 7"
The Cometbus inspired artwork gets me thinking of Crimpshrine right off. Actually, it is not a large leap. I do hear a certain amount of East Bay early '90s pop punk in here. Nice songs about bike riding, friendships, and freedom. The Blank Fight come from Florida, the same state as Astrid Oto and something (perhaps just the cover) has me thinking of them as well. LO (Skott/243 14th St./San Francisco, CA 94103)

BRAID • Killing a Camera video
Here is another video from Bifocal Media, this time around they documented Braid's last five days as a band. It includes lots of live footage, interviews and the like. The sound quality is definitely a step up from past bifocal releases and they use multi camera angles, 8.16mm, and digital film that give it somewhat of a pro feel. They also stepped up their editing game and did a few montage sequences that worked really well. Braid are with out a doubt talented folk. And being the admittedly huge Braid fan that I am I was pretty excited when I first got this video, and still am. My only real complaint with it is that I wish there was more to it, more in depth interviews, a closer look at the band itself. I wish it was more like a Behind the Music (I know I know, bad formulated show but I can't help but be sucked in) episode on Braid. That being said what is there is awesome. I was singing along in my living room just as I would have if I was at the shows and it is a fitting finale to the great band that was Braid. Bottom line Bifocal did a good job on this (hopefully they will continue to put out more videos), and if you dig Braid get this. AM (Bifocal Media/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650-0106)

BLOODPACT • 01101 CD
Fast and furious politicized hardcore that speaks on many different levels. It's quite a surprise that Genet released something as politically motivated as this. Songs about sex positive hardcore, gay-positive lyrics (although walking a fine line of sarcasm that is disclaimed), among other issues that are articulated well and with emotion. Musically, I do hear a strong early 90's influence from bands like Against the Wall but also forged with bands like Negative Approach creating a fucking intense band. Although the recording sounds polished, it still hits me the way it intends to. SA (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

BLOWBACK • I Like Time CD
Proof that raw and hard rock 'n roll hardcore is alive and well in Japan. I didn't like the first song but some of the others had me toes tappin'. Good emo parts, good circle pit thrash number, but the lyrics are lost in translation. CD (H/G Fact/401Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013 Japan)

BOY SETS FIRE • Sucker Punch Training CD
To me Boy Sets Fire have always been the most overrated mediocre hardcore band. Hearing the one original song that they have on this CD lead me to believe that now they're just another shitty corporate-metal Deftones spin off band. I must admit though I was impressed by the cover of Elton John's "Rocket Man," and I was even more impressed by the third track which is a political rant about how America isn't as free as it's supposed to be. Done well and coherent enough so even the stupid of us can understand, including the meatheads in the pit at Warp Tour. Also I must commend the band for not listing the "rant" as a track so to make it appear that there's more songs than there actually are; which is a scam that too many bands are trying to pull off these days. 2 songs 1 rant @ 11:39. ADI (www.JoinTheTeamPlayer.com)

BRASS TACKS • The Good Life 7"
This is the first time I broke a record into pieces after I reviewed it just to make sure nobody else ever had to listen to it. "Everybody's telling me that the end is near. Well, why fear Mummy, when we can drink beer beer?" Or "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were oppressed. Does that mean I have to take my hands off your breasts?" Essential to anybody who likes to hit him/herself over the head with a frying pan. MH (Headache Records/PO Box 204/Midland Park, NJ 07432)

BREED/EXTINCTION • 7"
Well played metallic hardcore with good emo intros and breakdowns. The vocals are angrily rasped out. Lyrics range from the farce of religion and prayer to love. I like this. DJ (breedextinction@hotmail.com)

BRIDGEBURNE • What do You Know About Bridgeburne? CD
This CD is really cool. Bridgeburne was around 1986 to 1992. In that time they did split 7's with the likes of Born Against and Nausea. This CD is their singles collection. There are eight songs of good Reagan-era punk. The lyrics are generally very positive and all good, ranging from feminism to happiness to seriousness. Kick ass. DJ (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

BIGBOOTE' • Live at CBGB's CD
Bigboote' presents 8 songs of bad live rock. From the stupid intro to the really bad last song, Bigboote' just suck their way through their set. People listen to this? DJ (Roger Records)

THE BRISTLES • Tattooed & Rotten CD
11 songs. This is the sort of band that amazes you if simply for the fact that they can actually spell. Dirty, dirty, dirty, dirty punk rock. There's nothing more I could say about this without getting mean and offensive. MH (Beer City/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

BUG CENTRAL • Money and Riots 7"
You know in bad 80s movies where they have the ill-defined rebel who is a cross between a metal head and a new waver so the producers think that that cross-breed equals punk? Well, this sounds like the music that they're listening in their room before their friend climbs through the window and makes him sneak out for the night. Very obviously British stripped down post Sex Pistols punk rock. They hate the police and the rich, get drunk and fuck shit up. ADI (Arson Records/112 Montreal St./Kingston, ON/K7K H7E7/Canada)

BURN IT DOWN • Lei The Dead Bury The Dead CD
Not sure what relation the cover art has to this band (photos of sexy women sell CDs?) and why they decided to portray themselves as such pretentious rock stars (my opinion of course) in the booklet. But whatever, if that floats your boat then so be it. Musically, Burn It Down play heavy and powerful hardcore and metal influenced punk with good singing, solid song writing, and catchy memorable tunes. The music is very today, as is almost all of the releases on Escape Artist. I would call this "indie power rock hardcore." Not sweet and sappy like The Promise Ring, but just as determined to be taken seriously by the mainstream. They do it very well and the production is also very good. KM (Escape Artist Records/PO Box 472/Downtowning, VA 19355)

BURNMAN • Notes For A Catalogue For An Exhibition LP
Burnman could not have existed any earlier than now. They come, as the new wave, along with bands like True North, The Red Scare, and many others. They are the rebirth of style influenced, early '90s emotional hardcore... well before indie rock threw its hand into the mix, and before the aforementioned style core got a little too quiet. They take the catchy parts of all that, mix it with some of today's chaos, and come up with a delightful hiss of sound and vibe. This LP has twelve unwavering tracks that wail and crash. They have twisted melodies that grab you and shake you, and even more twisted lyrics to inspire and confuse. Burnman find melody and sticks to it without being sickeningly sweet. Rather, they are completely modern and powerfully pointed. Cool.. LO (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

CATTLE DECAPITATION • Decapitation! 7"
One sided 7". Three songs. Brutal. Short. Spanish. Cannibalistic lyrics. Good. Brutal. Short. DJ (Pronto de Accidente/PO Box 46068/Escondido, CA 92046)

CEASEFIRE • The Cycle of Unbelief CD
The Cycle of Unbelief is filled with hard hitting hardcore from Australia. The style is basketball jerseys and positive hardcore energy with lyrics that are more thoughtful than cliché. Moshing it up and keeping it real. The sound is straight forward with some chuga chuga guitars and break downs and some sing-a-long chants. It is all done well and Ceasefire will certainly appeal to those that dig this sound. The CD booklet is nice looking and slick, as would be expected from this sort of band. KM (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown 2042/Australia)

CHICKENCHEST AND THE BIRDBOYS • 12"
Interesting very unique sounding punk with members of Disrupt, Grief and State of Fear. It is kind of different sounding, but there's nothing wrong with that. Lyrics are very good. Overall I liked this record. The vocals kind of reminded me of the Subhumans and the music is strange in a sort of Rudimentary Peni sort of way. If you get it, be ready for something different. DJ (Toe Knee/PO Box 358/Danvers, MA 01923)

CHILDREN OF FALL • Riding a Broken Vehicle CD
Smart hardcore form this Swedish outfit. Melodic guitars with strong vocals, and intelligent lyrics to boot. All in all a very pleasing listening experience. The first track is especially good. The samples in the middle that talk about cursing God's name may be a little too hardcore for certain folks. However, the cover design is quite nice. I will recommend this disk to many friends, probably not my religious ones though. KW (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

CIRCLE OF DEAD CHILDREN • Starving The... LP
This is the LP version of the CD on Willow Tip. Circle of Dead Children are from Hell, I mean Pennsylvania. They grind and sludge with low howling demonic growls. Ugly and sick death metal influenced hardcore. Die scream, die. KM (SOA Records/Paolo Petralia/Via Odesi/Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Rome/Italy)

CRUA CUERVOS • Soap Opera CD
Thoughtful and intense punk hardcore offered up by these three women. Nine tracks with politically and socially charged lyrics that are sung in French, English and Spanish! Nice layout and artwork with liner notes that tackle such issues as rape, discrimination, home violence, and prostitution. Refreshing fast paced sound that I enjoyed. NH (c/o T. Moya/3 Allee des Cytises/91100 Corbeil-Essonnes/France)

CRESS • From Violence to Consumerism 7"
Crass influenced peace punk from the U.K. Well played and tight with their own style as well. Good lyrics addressing consumerism, mankind's obsession with power and control, and the way governments violate people everyday. CD (Tribal War/1951 West Burnside #1945/Portland, OR 97209)

DESTROY MIRANDA • Burned Down CD
4 songs. In the first song Destroy Miranda uses dual vocals which reminds me of Assfactor 4 and Tonka. After that it's sort of downhill. Musically this is somewhat emotive melodic mid-tempo hardcore, but it's really just the first song that saves this release from being merely mediocre. MH (www.lolacords.com)

DMS • AV015 CD
This CD contains six tracks at 29:07 minutes. This is a solo project from a drummer who seems to have discovered Miles Davis' early 70s electric recordings. He begins this CD by interpreting "In A Silent Way" with computers, percussion, and trumpet. Joe Zawinul may be interested and the trumpet sounds OK but ultimately the piece sounds like a rather boring Residents recording. The rest of the tracks fair better as DMS create nice layers of electronic sounds and rhythms. The tracks with acoustic drumming sound better to me than the cliché electronic rhythm programs though. The engineering and mixing are flawless throughout resulting in a nice bit of electro-acoustic music. SJS (Arborvitae Records/205 E. Meadows Lane/Altamont, IL 62411/US)

DISRUPT YOUTH • Lookin' for Answers CD
Beer City. Generic hardcore. Chuck Franco says "Drunken skate rock." That's right. Kind of obscure lyrics. I couldn't tell what they were about. I didn't really like this. DJ (Beer City Skateboards & Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

DARKER DAY TOMORROW • No Sleep In Forty... CD
9 songs. Oh goody! This band features ex-members of Another Victim and Hermon DeKalb (?). Upon hearing the vocals on this I wanted to change the speed to 45rpm, but then I remembered that this is a CD. Very deep-throated metal mosh stuff. Oh life's so dark and I'm in so much pain... I can't hear this stuff anymore. Anyway, if you like this sort of sound, you'd probably be better off buying the Dark Day Dungeon-CD. Same style, more class. MH (Redstar Records/762 Upper James St./Suite 335/Hamilton, Ontario/L9C 3A2/Canada)

DEAD FOR A MINUTE • Haha-Bi CD
Dear god this CD starts off with the most wretched "song" consisting of a shit acoustic guitar and a dude screaming over them. Then they bust into a metal hardcore song for about two and a half minutes followed by about 5 minutes of whispering that I actually fast-forwarded through. Then there's more metalcore, which isn't bad actually, really chaotic, wild and angry, also I believe this band only has one member and the drums are done by a machine. The drum machine programming is done really well and sounds a shitload better than that Agoraphobic Nosebleed stuff. Fourth song starts out kind of cool with ambient keyboards, but then a distorted drum machine playing dance beats gets added and ruins it. Now on to more of that randomcore metal. They use a wahwah pedal once in awhile and it sounds cool and they do some hammer-ons, the ending of this song is crap; just a bunch of chaotic rubbish that they fade out then fade back in. Then silence for about a minute then a few minutes of people talking that I again fast-forwarded through. After the talking is over another song starts, this song is a bit more straight-forward in the beginning but then starts going this way and that way and ends with a bunch of guitars playing harmonics, off key melodies and feedback for another minute or two. So lets recap a bit: the CD is 32:54, and if you want to buy this and sift through all the shitty filler stuff you'll get about 14 minutes of hardcore random metal. ADI (Antithesis Records/38 Rue Des Cottages/54600 Villers Les Nancy/France)

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR • She Don't Like It 7"
Poppy garage punk complete with wailing guitars and a song about the "First Time". In place of an inlet and lyrics they grace us with a wonderful photograph of themselves. Oh, guys, you shouldn't have! I guess, they had me in mind when they came up with the title for the record. MH (Know Records/PO Box 90579/Long Beach, CA 90809)

DEBT • The Pain of Constant Living CD
Listening to this and reading the lyrics feels like entering a dark room, a tomb, like I was re-visiting places that I never wanted to see again. It's pretty easy to shrug off depression as self-pity and I don't know these guys—so who am I to judge them? Debt plays dirty, full on distorted, sludgy, metallic hardcore that reminds me of Demise and Neurosis. And they're not happy. MH (Control/PO Box 6591/Dun Loughaire/Co.Dublin/Ireland)

THE DEGENERICS • Generica LP
Whoa, this LP is filled with both hardcore rage and a few part of reggae and surf goodness! This ranks in the top five things I got to review! Very political, very angry, yet not afraid to experiment with different sounds and styles! Mine came on black and red vinyl! Quite kick ass, very punk rock! This is anything but generic! Everyone needs this LP! DD (Dead Alive/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

DEMOLITION • Road Is Free CD
Straight up metal from Japan. Head banging madness complete with solos and screaming vocal work. Influenced by Motorhead and maybe a bit of old Metallica, and probably a whole lot of metal bands that I have never heard of. It is well done with plenty of driving energy. Not sure if it belongs in the pages of HaC, but there you have it. Metal. KM (Answer Records/Hase Bld. No 2 B1/5-49 Osu 3 Naka-Ku/Nagoya-City/Aichi 460/ Japan)

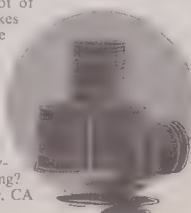
DEMOLITION HIGH-STYLE • Ruin CD
Damn, this Australian band sounds exactly like Scissorfight from Massachusetts. Hard driving rock and hardcore with a Southern Rock feel. Very hard rock. They do it well, as does Scissorfight, and if you like this brand of hard rock influenced hardcore then Demolition High-Style will rock your world. KM (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown 2042/ Australia)

THE DEVIL IS ELECTRIC 7"
I swear the Disarm-7" I reviewed last year sounded exactly like this and it had the same kind of handwriting. Could this be the same people? Again, this is hippy punk with pacifist lyrics that are kind of out there. (I'm pretty sure they don't do drugs—but they sure sound like they do.) Anyway, this 7" has 6 songs that feature male/female vocals. Like a not-so-good Pollution Circus. It came with a cool sticker, though. MH (Plan-u-X/5810 W. Willis Rd./Georgetown, IN 47122)

DROWNING MAN • Rock and Roll Killing Machine 12"
These dudes obviously put a lot of time and effort into this record. It seems that they went a little too far out of their way to make each riff more technical than it needs to be and to cram too many ideas into a single song. Sometimes the technical riffing can be quite interesting and I find myself impressed by many of the warped melodies and rhythms these crazy fuckers come up with. Other times my mind just wants a rest and wants Drowning Man to play those simpler break downs just a few more times so I can catch my breath. This record reminds me of a roller coaster in the dark. Similar to Dillinger Escape Plan but the arrangements are smoother and the notes don't always fly by at an incomprehensible rate. If you into random core ID get this because it really doesn't get much slicker than this and at least you won't feel ripped off even if you happen not to like it. ADI (Revelation Records)

DROWN IN FRUSTRATION • The Noise Reveals... CD
5 songs. Ooohhh, this band plays some heavy shit in the vein of Disembodied and 108. There's a lot of screaming going on – they kind that makes my lungs hurt just from listening to it. The lyrics remind me of No Escape, which is a good thing. If you're into this kind of style you should definitely check this out. MH (Defiance Records/Ritterstrasse 52/50668 Köln/Germany)

EVERY IDLE WORD • CD
Ambient punk? Trip hop goth? Low-fi low-fi? Something like that. Headache-inducing? You bet. MH (PO Box 4414/Berkeley, CA 947040)



EAST WEST BLAST TEST • CD

Apparently Spazz's Chris Dodge (living on the West Coast) and Discordance Axis' Dave Witte (living on the East Coast) wanted to do a project together. So they started sending each other music and eventually they collaborated on this project. They have also enlisted the help of a sax player and some additional vocalists. The end result is very fast, very quirky, noisy, somewhat experimental sounding, and devoid of conventional melody. The songs are filled with odd noises and twisted sounding vocal effects. Extreme music for the children of the 21st Century. KM (Slap-A-Ham Records/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

ENCORE FOU • Il Numero Undici CD

These 8 songs have a very oppressive doomy quality that reminds me of the French school of hardcore. They sound like they're stuck in the basement screaming to be released. The muddled recording doesn't help. It literally sounds as if they were playing behind closed doors. MH (Shove/Via Don Minzoni 3/15100 Alessandria/Italy)

ENTREAT • 7"

In some ways this is a very dark and gloomy record. The sleeve is comprised of shadowy, sepia photographs, and the sound is very morose and emo. Not the poppy stuff that is referred to as emo. Entreat is solidly in the Still Life camp, and like Still Life, they have a lyrical mix. Some are very dark, while some are very hopeful and positive. This is a rare chance to get a record from Slovenia. DF (Choose Life Records/Miran Rusjan/Pot Na Breg 8/5250 Solkan/Slovenija)

EXIGENCIA • Usando La Conciencia CD

11 songs. This Colombian band plays New York hardcore like it never went out of style. There's singalongs and breakdowns, mosh parts and choruses. Except that the lyrics are in Spanish. Actually the entire booklet is in Spanish. I think the only word in English on here is "website". I liked that. Lyrics deal with racism, straight edge, unity and friendship. MH (Direccion Positiva/www.direccionpositiva.com)

THE EXPLOSION • Steal This 7"

Upbeat and melodic punk rock stuff from The Explosion that is very well done. They have a total late '70s early '80s Huntington Beach punk rock sound. Comparable to The Crowd or a lot of bands that would have been on one of the Rodney On The ROQ compilations. "E.X.P.L.O.S.I.O.N." is a great punk song with one catchy chorus section. Their previous releases are on Jade Tree Records, and I am not sure if these songs are previously unreleased but it seems that they are new songs. I would recommend that everyone just go to Revelation HQ and steal this 7", or if you see the band play just steal yourself one and while you're at it get yourself a shirt. Hey, it is punk rock, dude. KM (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

FAT DAY • Cats of the Wild LP

These guys are wacky. They define the word bizarre in the punk dictionary. DIY as hell, these Harvard graduates play some fucked up hardcore on the same level as bands like Melt Banana, Men's Recovery Project, Ruins even, and others that try and defy all musical boundaries. Here they laid down 22 songs of chaos and clutter that are all worth the listen. A great band that I would love to see live. SA (100% Breakfast Records/PO Box 381804/Cambridge, MA 02238)

FETUS EATERS • CD

This is kind of on the strange end of things. No, this is the strange end of things. Cheese metal guitar and drums. All vocals are processed. In the background you might find such various instruments as a harmonica, a whistle, and other strange things. There is even a lounge-jazz song. Is this a joke? Could be. Is it funny? A little bit. Will I ever listen to it again? Maybe once or twice. DJ (Vomitcore Musik)

FED UP • Sick Fucks CD

I refuse to review this piece of garbage. MH (Orgasm Records)

FALLBACK • Omed CD

6 songs. Yeah well, they certainly have their heart in the right place, otherwise they wouldn't write lyrics about how corporate America is flushing our beautiful world down the toilet and for that I respect them. Musically however this is just mediocre and uninteresting punk that I could have done without. MH (www.geocities.com/fallback1)

THE FALSIES • Theory ± Motion CD

Melodic new skool punk with some catchy hooks, a bit of angst and DIY positivity. The lyrics are mix between to-the-point rants on the scene and life, to more personal stuff. I like the 2nd song best: catchy yet still has an edge and has a build up to a feel-good anthem part at the end that you can help but pat your chest to, and sing along. ADI (9335 Gentle Way/Columbia, MD 21045)

THE FUTURES • Broken Roll For Junk Boys... 7"

Ten super fast ripping and tearing thrash attacks from Japan's The Futures. The sound is definitely influenced by the blitzkrieg of Void or the Neo, for example. Fast and frantic. The lyrics and vocals are all in Japanese. Definitely something for the Japanese thrash lovers to check out! Crazy art too, but, as to be expected of course. KM (Jerk Off Records/Tetsuya Ikeda/205 Mezon-Noc/2-10-8NOE/Jyoto-Ku/Osaka 536-0006/Japan)

FORCE OF CHANGE • The Challenge CD

Fast paced energetic posicore youth crew hardcore complete with breakdowns and gang vocals. Lyrics about friendship, family, and other positive things. Punch the floor all you fans of 5x style hardcore. DJ (Bushido Records/Scoester Str. 66/Munster/Germany)

FIRESTONE • Aim for a New Tomorrow CD

Mixing classic metal with hardcore and a girl singer singing lyrics that are cryptic and straight edge. It sounds like an fine idea but this CD just lags. The riffs and leads are ok but energy is missing which I'm going to blame on the singing. I don't mind melodic but this seems to lack any sort of rage or passion. And the singers voice doesn't seem to fill up the sound or change much, on the soft parts it sounds really cool and compliments the guitars until the music starts getting chunky or hard rock (or glam) and the vocals are still stuck on soft acoustic guitar singing mood. There's some yelling on a few songs and that sounds a lot cooler. Mix it up have some fun with your voice. Tapping is cool. ADI (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

FRANCISCO LOPEZ • Untitled #104 CD

A one track CD that starts off with a long period of silence that is interrupted by very short intervals of noise before it finally goes into some sort of industrial metal type instrumental. It goes on for at least half an hour. I stopped caring long before that. MH (Alien8 Recordings/PO Box 666/Station R/Montreal/Quebec/H2S 3L1/Canada)



FROWN • Wallghost CD

Minimalism. White cover, no insert, no words, barely a name, and one song. Nineteen minutes of assault. All the distortion, bass drum, and effects your little ears could ever want. I enjoyed it. NH (Stateless Records/PO Box 40734/Providence, RI 02940)

FIRE IN THE STATE • A Title Never Fits CD

10 songs. This is refreshingly angry and raw hardcore/punk. It's like the nineties never happened. The music is fast and melodic but it has a pleasingly rough edge. The lyrics are smart and non-cryptic, laid out so that you can actually read them. I miss the days when all records were like that and you didn't have to consult the hardcore fashion handbook before you went to a show. When record layouts weren't done on a comp and they didn't look like they were designed by fucking Warner Brothers. Anyway, I loved this little CD. If you send them \$5 they will send you one, too. MH (Next Stop Records/PO Box 711/Medina, NY 14103)

THE FUCK YOU UPS • Chicken Chow Fuck 7"

Beautiful was the sound when I snapped this fucker in two. MH (Formula 13 Records/PO Box 7385/Tempe, AZ 85281-0013)

THE FUCK YOU UPS • ...Fuck City Baby 7"

More songs for the fuck-challenged. MH (Formula 13 Records/PO Box 7385/Tempe, AZ 85281-0013)

FILTH OF MANKIND • Czas Konca Wieku 7"

With a name like theirs, you know this ain't no melodic pop. A promo insert says: "4 songs of brutal, heavy sounding crusty thrash with some Misery, Amebix influences." They pretty much live up to their name and that description. You'd more expect a growl like theirs to be made by grizzly bears than a band of five humans. The record art features many human bones and the sleeve is equally dreary. The insert contains intelligent, piercing lyrics in English and (I assume) Polish. DF (Pawel Rzoska/PO Box 118/80470 Gdansk/Poland)

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS • The New Imperialism CD

Hmmm... this is really different. I didn't really like the last Four Hundred Years LP all that much because it seemed a bit watered down, *The New Imperialism*, however, is definitely not watered down or over produced. The vocals are much harder than on their previous release due to the addition of Bull (ex-Policy of 3) on vocals and bass. The lyrics are also more direct and seem a bit more caustic. I definitely like this more than the last record, but it so different that it almost seems as if this is an entirely different band. I can't promise that anyone that liked Four Hundred Years in the past will like this, but I do think a lot of people that didn't like them in the past will like them now. Four Hundred Years ends their career with some solid political hardcore with an emotive edge, which is exactly where Four Hundred Years started out in the beginning. KM (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22204-9998)

FINAL MASSAKRE • The Bells of... 7"

Thrashy crust. WAR WAR WAR. And a song about apathy. Vocals similar to State of Fear, though not as intense. Pretty good stuff. CD (Tribal War/1951 West Burnside #1945/Portland, OR 97209)

FRODUS • And We Washed Our Weapons... LP

Frodus have returned with a melancholy and rockin' record filled with atmospheric emotion. Their songs are infectious and will grow more and more appealing with time. The songs are shrouded in a mist of moody sadness, and the lighter parts can be almost depressing sounding, but they can shed this for a more rockin' up beat and energetic beat. Good at what they are doing, though like all bands, they won't appeal to everyone. KM (Day After Records/PO Box 153/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

FROM ASHES RISE • CD

This untitled CD from Ashes Rise includes all of their tracks from the *Concrete And Steel* LP, their 2nd 7", a Discharge cover track, as well as eleven tracks from their upcoming *Silence* LP. From Ashes Rise take a lot of influences from His Hero Is Gone, and they can mistakenly be written off as a His Hero Is Gone copycat band by some, but I think From Ashes Rise really adds a lot to the His Hero Is Gone sound just as Tragedy have built something new from the ashes of His Hero Is Gone. The relationship reminds me of Blast and Black Flag: surly Blast could not have existed without Black Flag, but they took the Black Flag sound in a direction that Black Flag did not go themselves. The sound is powerful and harsh, but with a very good sense of hidden melody and catchy riffs. The vocals are strained and desperate, with the overall feel being dark and depressing. Fantastic. KM (GASR)

GAMEFACE • LP

I don't know what's scarier; the fact that this sounds like the Gin Blossoms or the fact that I actually like the Gin Blossoms. Indie rock for those who like to indie rock. MH (Revelation Records/PO Box 5232/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

GOOD CLEAN FUN • Live in Springfield CD

This CD does a good job of capturing the energy of a Good Clean Fun live set. The sound is a little muddy, but not bad. It comes with 3-D glasses in a 12" sleeve that's printed in 3-D. If you like Good Clean Fun you will hear all your favorite songs as well as some funny happenings between songs. If you haven't heard them before I would recommend getting another Good Clean Fun record first, but this is very good. DJ (PO Box 90363/Washington, DC 20090)

GUINEA PIG • 7"

The connection is certainly not one to one, but for the sake of conveying something informative, I'll say that Guinea Pig evokes a style that I associate with Floodgate—which is a style that pulsates between low end plus vocals to high end crescendos, glued together with underlying rock rhythms. Except here, the vocals are female and the lyrics are in German. Of course there is some evolution in the sound as well, but there was something reminiscent in the feel, and I enjoyed the record. DF (Stefan Day/Leverkusenstr. 14/14 22761 Hamburg/Germany)

GET HIGH • CD

At first listen I thought that Get High was comparable to Serpico... and while there are still some similarities there, I think that the vocals are also similar to those of Garden Variety. Definitely an East Coast thing, however you slice it. After the first song, the next couple of songs start sounding like White Zombie trying to play poppy punk... maybe Get High is less a name and more of a command... Okay. Enough low blows. Check out "Everything Moving" (track 6) and that might be enough to sell you on the album. Nice mutes, nice breakdowns, nice sing-along parts, nice "yahs!" It could easily be from the early 90's... like one of those post-hardcore groups who threw in jazzy interludes a la Iceburn. Really kooky. Not something I would have pinpointed as a 2000 release. I forget whose vocals I once compared to Faster Pussycat's (glam rockers who did "House of Pain"), but these guys win the award, too. Congratulations. Eight songs, 23 minutes. DO (Aloes International/279 Pearl St. #3L/Cambridge, MA 02139)

THE GREAT CLEARING OFF • CD

This is one hell of a passionate release, to say the least! First off the music is straight ahead kick ass hardcore! Nothing new, but all awesome! Then there is the fact that the booklet is filled with excellent writings, lyrics and images that explain the bands views and ideas. But they also encourage you to contact them and discuss!! Awesome! There is also a recommended reading and listening list! All the things on the recommended records aren't punk, most of it is folk that is quite awesome! They even have a JUD JUD like part at the end, sweet! What a great record, and to think that they stole all the stuff to make it and burned it themselves! D.I.fucking Y! This will cost you about \$3-34 by mail, depending on where you are! DD (The Great Clearing Off/290 Chestnut St./Hammonton, NJ 08037)

GANGLIA • Panoptic demo

Well, where to begin? This tape, I can honestly say, was awful. I tried to be objective while listening to this, but the relentless noise that was this tape was both tedious and disturbing. I guess you could call these guys experimental, if they're attempting to experiment with being crappy. Hey guys, does Chuck D know you're using Public Enemy samples? Does the Cure know you bootlegged their show? I'm sure they would be thrilled that you're using their material in your pursuit to annoy the ears of unsuspecting listeners. I found your attempt to be clever in your tape inserts moronic. In short, if you enjoy the sweet sound of a tape being rewound, or the genius of white noise, give these guys a listen. It's an "experimental noise grind!" KW (Einsteinium Records/4133 Ocala Ave./Lakewood, CA 90713)

HIRAX • El Diablo Negro picture disc 7"

Yes, this is the same HIRAX that terrorized Southern California back in the day with their metal attack and high pitched ear piercing screams! They have changed very little over the years, and these three songs are captured on a picture disc with some cool looking demonic artwork; as metal as it comes. Guitar solos, chugga chugga guitars, and powerful metal style screaming will get the pit moving and the heads banging! Pure fucking metal. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

HANDS HELD THE DEAD • CDR demo

17/43, two epic songs. They shift from quiet guitars to weary doom that builds up to more energetic evil metal core parts that melt into sludge. Fairly reminiscent of Irc actually. I believe good deal of effort went into writing these epics which I commend. The playing is tight yet has a nice feel on the dragging slow stuff. I hope these guys keep up writing 10 minute songs. ADI (www.HandsHeldTheDead.cjb.net)

HARMONY AS ONE • Stranger in Your Own Land 7"

I was not familiar with this band but according to the sleeve, they were a "cult UK hatecore band," and this was recorded in 1991. They play thrashy stuff with gruff and tumble vocals and a very unpolished sound. It doesn't sound dated, primarily because of the (lack of) evolution in this realm. The title refers to the plight of the native peoples of North America. The sleeve has some photos, classy art, history, and commentary about the songs. DF (shortfuserecords@hotmail.com)

HATED YOUTH • Hardcore Rules 7"

In the early '80s hardcore was a lot different than it is today. The lines of communication were a lot less, the community was a lot less informed, and punks were hated by the general populace. I can remember being chased by jocks wielding baseball bats, getting beat up, and also being scared to go to certain parts of town. Hated Youth are from that same era, and these songs were recorded in 1983. The majority of these songs were never released. They play fast and scream their guts out. It is pure anger and angst and the feeling of alienation was very real. The songs are as good as anything on *Flex Your Head*, and Hated Youth could easily be compared to early D.R.I. or the Neos. I am not sure if kids today can understand the source of this style of music because I don't think that being punk today has any of the implications that it did back then. But I remember and I can sure identify with the need to explode. That is exactly what Hated Youth does. They explode. KM (Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

HEADGRENADE • CD

14 songs. Punk rock that is somewhere in between the Dead Kennedys and GBH with angry lyrics about the disappointments of everyday life in the US, I think, though, in general these lyrics don't make a lot of sense. The music on here is well-recorded and well played. I still don't like it. MH (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

HELEN ZACHARIAH • 7"

When I was in high school my friend Carol and I would sometimes cut class, go to the restroom and record songs on a portable cassette player. It would basically just be us singing, accompanied by flushing and banging on the doors and the occasional visit by a canteen lady asking us what was wrong with us. This record reminds me of those tapes. Except that Helen was probably aiming higher. Her ideas and production values weren't that much better than ours, though. Okay, I'm being too harsh, Jamie actually liked this a lot. And even I have to admit that during the best song this sort of reminds me of *Kissing The Pink*. I know you don't know what that means. Let me just say it's a compliment. I don't know about Carol, but over the years while writing songs I eventually realized that there is such a thing as breaks. Maybe some day Helen will, too. MH (NDN Records/PO Box 131471/The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

THE HEX • No Car CD

5 quick songs that sound like The Hex have been listenin' to a lot of James Chance and the No New York compilation. Very reminiscent to late 70's no wave punk but I'd still rather be listening to the *BUY LP* from The Contortions. It is nice to hear, however, that there are bands that are attentive to that area of the underground. I am very interested in hearing what they have in the future. SA (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

HIS HERO IS GONE • The Plot Sickens CD

The last few His Hero Is Gone releases finally make it on to CD. Tracks 1 to 11 are from *The Plot Sickens LP*, tracks 12 to 17 are from the *Pool's Gold 7"*, tracks 18 to 21 are previously unavailable, and the final thirteen tracks capture an amazingly high quality His Hero Is Gone live show from the Shelter Club in Tokyo, Japan. All the brutality, catchy fury, and power driven thunder of His Hero Is Gone captured on one final release from this amazing band. One of the better hardcore bands in the last few years. They consistently put out high quality, interesting, and intelligent releases with a dismal and depressing edge that clearly enshrouded their existence. Excellent. KM (GASR)

HITCH • 7"

When I first put this on I thought OK, another power trio playing rock. How interesting could this possibly be? And the first song was a bit standard, but it was very catch and zippy. Then I became completely absorbed in the second song. On the third song they did break away from the usual formulas and it was kind of intriguing. I could see something like this becoming really popular if they got a video on MTV. DF (Delboy Records/PO Box 75/9000 Gent 12/Belgium)

HELLNATION • Cheerleader for Imperialism CD

Fast, furious and fukked! That sums this one up. Fans of Thrash will love it, fans of Hellnation will love it! Not much more needs to be said. Full speed ahead! DD (Slap A Ham/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

I • One Word CD

This is a 6 song mini-CD by a young German hardcore band that likes Judge a lot (at least that's the kind of sound they're trying to emulate). This isn't as good as Judge, but I didn't expect that, really. Still, this is competently played. The booklet features all the lyrics and also has explanations for them. The writings in the booklet are done in the way that was so popular in the early/mid-nineties. They mean well but I think (maybe I've just grown old and jaded) that sometimes it helps not to take yourself so damn seriously. It's all part of growing up, though, I guess. I have no complaints. This is a good record. MH (Let It Burn records/Daniel Nagel/Krautgartenweg 3a/86663 Asbach Baumenheim/Germany)

INFEST • 1991 Live on KXLU 12"

Recorded in 1991 this live on the radio LP is really quite awesome. The sound quality is brilliant, and to be honest I don't think I ever saw an Infest live set that was actually this good. The Infest live set often lacked momentum due to long breaks between very short songs. A few times they were dead on and just peeling off one blistering song after another, but often they would spend too much time tuning and resting between songs. I took the live photo on the insert for this LP, and that photo was taken at the best show I ever saw them play because they were only allowed to play a few songs and they had no time to spare. Anyone that loves Infest will be blown away by this record. It includes tracks from all their releases, though I wish there were more tracks from the first 7", which still remains as one of my favorites. KM (Deep Six Records/Draw Blank Records)

INSULT • 7"

Kick ass hardcore! Now, Insult may not be the most innovative band, but this stuff still rocks none the less! This band sings in both English and Italian with translations in both languages. The lyrics cover topics from elected officials, to deserting the army and Atheism. If you like your hardcore in the vein of Dead Nation, and Arturo, then this is for you! DD (Andrea Corollo/45057 Tortona/AL/Italy)

THE INTELLIGIBLES • Why I Write Such Good Books CD

Out of all the records featuring a guy and his guitar in his bedroom, frankly, 90% is complete crap. Not so this one. While surely this won't be everybody's cup of tea this CD actually contains 17 well written sad songs that don't make you cringe. On the contrary. I really enjoyed this. The vocal style of Joe Cannon (who used to be in Emily) reminds me of Terry Lee Hale and Richard Buckner, two indie country singers who I think are fantastic. This is great quiet music for rainy days. MH (68ppd. To Rent-To-Own Records/2332 W. Grand Ave./Chicago, IL 60612)

THE INTIMA • No Lullaby For Sleep CD

Starts off with discordant violin, guitars, drums and tambourine...like some fucked-up Smart Went Crazy. The second track follows a similar vein...unwinding. Monotone vocals and a little too much sloppiness for my liking. According to the promo sheet, it's actually "nervous energy of the Ex, Gang of Four and early Mekons" and features the drummer of Nova Scotia... And here I thought it was sloppy...all sarcasm aside, it's not something I will write-off completely, however. It does have that Smart Went Crazy that I can't help but enjoy. The overly-noisy parts aren't my bag, but the milder moments are excellent at times. They know what they're doing, no doubt about that...it just tends to grate after a short while. No chance of falling to sleep listening to this, as the title warns... 7 songs, 25 minutes of mayhem. DO (Zum/Box 4449/Berkeley, CA 94704; www.zumonline.com)

XINVICTUSX • Never Forget Your Commitment LP

Straight edge hardcore through and through. XinvictusX are from Kentucky and they want to proclaim their straight edge pride with some heavy moshing hardcore. The songs topics cover commitment, staying true, scene violence. The music is well done and will certainly appeal to those that are deeply into straight edge hardcore. And as an added bonus XinvictusX do cover tracks of "You Lose" by 7 Seconds and "Steppin' Stone" by the Monkees (by Minor Threat). Mosh it up. KM (SOA Records/Paolo Petralia/Via Odesis/Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Rome/Italy)

JETT BRANDO • CD

Excellent! Jazzy, lounge-rock with soft, sultry sung male vocals. They complement the music most eloquently. Sounds great in any setting! From dinner time, to drinking time, to bedtime, this is a fine production. Good songwriting, musicianship, and recording...check this out if you're in the mood. ALP (Germ Blaudstein/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

JOAN OF ARC • The Gap CD

At first this album is exactly what I expected, an unpredictability that would throw me off kilter for a minute before I realized I was listening to the one band that has a knack for doing art in as many different ways as they could while keeping their artistic integrity, if you will, in check. Joan of Arc brings in acoustic elements to their already sweeping electronic minimal noise. Since I am a fan of electronic noise and looking for new ideas and creative ways to broaden sounds by using just a few instruments, this album was already a hit. For some, you can hear the dynamism that makes this album much different than their last albums, however, in many cases it doesn't stray away too much because the vocal work is always consistently the signature T. Kinsella patterns. The art on this album doesn't give too many hints if it is based on sarcasm, but if that is the intent, it is seems as neutral as Joan of Arc's music isn't. Go figure. SA (Jade Tree/2310 Kennwyn/Wilmington, DE 19810)

JOE NINETY • Lifetime of Empty Threats CD

Poppy punk that is harder than the GetUp Kids but prettier than Bad Religion. These guys sounded so Californian that I was quite surprised that they're from Leeds, England. Leeds, the place I called my home for over a year. I'm getting all nostalgic... These 10 songs are really worth checking out if you're into the melodic thing: They're well-produced and they're fun. MH (Bombed Out/PO Box 17/Leeds/LS8 1UP/UK)

JOHN BROWN BATTERY • Bury The Burden of Thought 7"

Three tracks of melodic hardcore from this Chicago, IL punk band. The vocals are passionate and the overall feel is a bit melancholy, but with plenty of energy and drive. Not cutting any new musical paths, but certainly creating some fine emotional sounding music with care and honesty. Nice. KM (The World Won't Listen/PO Box 1681/Auburn, AL 36831)

JOHN BROWN BATTERY • CD

What a fucking great name! When I picked this up for review, I didn't expect what I'd be hearing. This sounds like an earlier more genuine Hot Water Music that have the same intensity that this band from Ventura called Kenji have when they play live. Very melodic and catchy with personal lyrics. This CD is only three songs and goes by quickly but its worth the three dollars or so. SA (PO Box 1681/Auburn, AL 36831)

JUDGEMENT • Just Be... CD

Four more tracks from Japan's Judgement. If you've heard Judgement before then you already know that they play fast and powerful metallic metal influenced hardcore. The lyrics and vocals are all in Japanese. Their songs often have catchy sing-a-longs and some full on guitar solos, and they put it all together with lots of energy and enthusiasm. Powerful and catchy at the same time. KM (H/G Fact Records/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

JUST SHORT OF LIVING • Chasing the Blame CD

Just short of living was just short of good to me. Basic youth-crew hardcore, with personal lyrics that follow the SXE formula, with one political song. CD (One Shot Records/PO Box 51315/Denton, TX 76206)

KAKISTOCRACY • And So You Spill Your Children's Blood 7"

Six tracks of quick paced political punk with screamed vocals and catchy bass lines. Aggressive, expressive, and angry, though I am not sure if their songs are about drinking beer and eating burgers or about tearing down the state and building a better society since the 7" lacks a lyric sheet. But the music is fast and angry with just enough melodic elements to keep my attention, and I am reasonably sure that their songs are of the political nature based on what I can make out, the titles, and the sound bites. KM (Punk 111 Records/PO Box 4664/Walnut Creek, CA 94596)

KEPLER • Fuck Fight Fail CD

The culmination of three years of work. This Ontario group is nice and slow with brooding guitars and piano and always good. Long carefully pieced together songs might make you sleepy but are worth staying up for. Simple layout, dark lyrics, and complex songs are a treat. NH (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

KICKED IN THE HEAD • Thick as Thieves CD

This band has a lot of variety in their songs. When I heard the first song I thought they sounded like a h/c influenced Offspring. Then they moved on to poppy melodic punk with h/c, funk, and metal influences. Toward the end of the CD they have some ska songs. The lyrics are good. DJ (Kickedinthetheheadquarters/202 Whitwell Street/Quincy, MA 02169)

KIND OF LIKE SPITTING • One Hundred Dollar Room CD

Oh my, this is a beautiful album. I have always loved Kind of Like Spitting and have been honored to have them play at the Patch the few times that they did. If you are in the mood for groups like Ida, Karate, acoustic Braid, and others that keep minimal solemnity as their strong points, then this is for you. You can't go wrong with fourteen songs. This is a great record, if not better than their last. Keep it up Ben and company. SA (Ohev Records/PO Box 772121/Coral Springs, FL 33077)

KOBOVOSHI • 7"

WARNING! Skinny kids with white belts and dyed black hair will spontaneously spazz out upon hearing this. One side is a techno noise track, and the other side is extremely chaotic and occasionally fast thrashing hardcore. Very new school. Maybe Kobovoshi means locust or spider or insect or something like that in German. KM (Invertebrata Records/Brightplatz 22-2-10/1200 Wien/Austria)

KRIGSHOT • Och Hoter Kvarstär 7"

You all know, at least you should, what this is. Brutal, furious thrash from Sweden. The production isn't quite as good as the LP, but that's not important. Lyrics sung in Swedish with English translations. Krigshot belts out the blazing political thrash once again, world beware! DD (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

KOBRA KHAN • 10"

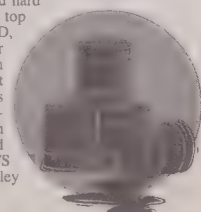
Yes, believe it or not, Orchid is back already... Oops, I mean Kobra Khan! This time with eleven songs of their unique blend of emotive chaos and combustible hardcore. Blending it all together to create emo violence (okay, maybe not that unique anymore). Kobra Khan is all about blending; taking the best of several genres and putting it all together to get the Orchid/Kobra Khan sound. Screaming vocals and harsh sounding music to keep the kids screaming and dancin' whether they are Romulan emo kids or crusty Klingons. Quite good, especially if you like Orchid, which Germany's Kobra Khan clearly does. KM (Monotonstudios/Armeekstr. 2/44139 Dortmund/Germany)

KNUCKLEDUST • Time Won't Heal This CD

Tough as fuck! This is great hardcore with Chugga pants thrown in. The music is in the vein of Earthmover, and maybe a bit of Sick of it All (but their good stuff). Although the sound might be cliché, the lyrics aren't. The lyrics are really political and awesome!! The lyrics are all about wanting freedom and not giving into hate. This is a really good CD all in all, I just hope this band doesn't go to some major label! DD (Blackfish Records/PO Box 15/Ledbury/HR81YG/UK)

KING LY CHEE • CD

Hailing from Hong Kong is King Ly Chee. A lychee is a small Asian fruit with a hard shell and sweet white pulp; King Ly Chee is a self-described emotional/punk-hardcore-metal band: There are three dynamic styles going on here. Any given song may go from heavy, slightly metallic hardcore, stop on a dime, everything drops out and becomes clean jangling open chords, may go back to the heavy, or transition into a sort of moshy mid-tempo paradigm. The vocalist follows suit at each hairpin turn. This fellow has some serious range. His vocals for the jangle-y parts are very well done and pleasing, though the mid-tempo parts' vocals really grate on me in a sort of nasally pop-punk sort of way. The best though, at least for me, is the amazing throaty howl of the heavy parts. It took me a while to think of a comparison these unique vocals, but they are very similar to those of the rockin' rager who fronted Canada's great Drift. The lyrics are well done: somewhat vague, personal-is-political style. There is definitely substance, though; explanations for select songs cover topics from racist indoctrination in the Hong Kong school system to gender roles in a continually modernizing Asian culture to more intimate thoughts, such as feeling passion for the music one is producing despite an unresponsive audience. The lyrics are sung mostly in English, though there is a smattering of other tongues here and there. Words are printed in both English and Chinese characters, and on one page there is a bit of Korean that I wish I knew the significance of. For the most part this is all very well done. The musicianship is very polished; one can see that all the members of this band are passionate and hard working. The recording is just under top notch, which I think is perfect for this CD, as too polished a recording wouldn't flatter their eclectic style. A little raw is better in this case, I think. Overall, while this isn't my cup o' soymilk music-wise, I think this is an important band representing an under-represented scene. Anyone interested in checking out and supporting a diverse and well-done release should check this out. TS (King Ly Chee/B3 15/FI Hankow Ct/Ashley Rd/Kowloon/Hong Kong; www.kinglychee.com)



KIND OF LIKE SPITTING • Old Moon in the Arms... LP
The first thing to catch my attention was the bright blue cover and even brighter, thick yellow vinyl... but after becoming immersed in these beautiful ballads, all that colorful packaging lost its initial significance. The music is gorgeous. This record, containing both folksy, solo guitar/voice numbers and full rock band orchestrations, hits on every single track. No misses, no exceptions. Soft, passionate vocals sing poetic love songs over magnificent composition s. Very well done, indeed. I'd love to hear more from this ensemble. ALP (Jealous Butcher Records/PO Box 14306/Portland, OR 97293)

KAAOS • Nukke 7"
Originally recorded in 1985, Havoc Records has decided to re-release some of the Kaaos stuff. These eight tracks are thrashing fast political Finnish hardcore at its best. Listening to this it is easy to see why all the amazing Finnish bands from the mid '80s are still influencing an entire genre of hardcore today. Fast, catchy, political, relentless, and pissed. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

KOLYA • The Story Becomes... 7"
Two more emotive Moss Icon-esqu tracks from Kolya. The Songs are quite good, and if you loved Moss Icon, which I did and still do, then Kolya will offer you a taste of that sort of musical emotion. Well done and possibly a bit better than their first 7". Totally recommended for those that like that style of hardcore. KM (Moganono Records/s Candlewood Drive/Andover, MA 08180)

LANA DAGALES • 7"
What's this style called again? The one where they play so fast you really can't hear anything anymore? Oh, I don't remember, some Bastard Noise thing, I guess. They have Artemus Pyle and Noothgrush on the thanks list. Maybe that gives you a better idea. Not bad for what it is. Especially considering the fact that this band is only made of drums, distorted vocals and a bass. MH (Boredom Noise Records/PO Box 11531/Oakland, CA 94611)

LANDMINE SPRING • You World 10"
Landmine Spring are from the Czech Republic and they play sad, melodic, and emotive sounding punk that could be compared to Still Life or Sunshine. They do it well with very sincere sounding singing and light melodies. A few of the tracks are played with a more driving energy, but a lot of times the songs have a very melancholy feel to them. Catchy and pleasant for those that like old school emo meets new school indie rock. Stylistically similar to many of the other Day After releases. KM (Day After Records/PO Box 153/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

LEECHMILK • Starvation of Locusts CD
Seven tracks that lean towards the metal side of hardcore, ala Dystopia. No lyric sheet included, so I have no idea what they are screaming about. But they do inform you that all songs were written and performed by Leechmilk, as if someone else would take credit for this masterpiece. MO (Spars Change Records; edmond@mindspring.com)

LESS THAN JAKE • Greased CD
Melodic, snotty ska punk with a 50's Grease theme and way too high cheese factor for my tastes. CD (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604/44636)

LITTLE BY LITTLE • 7"
4 songs. For the most part this would have been pretty decent emotive hardcore but it's the vocals that killed it. They're too far off. Get a singer or something, or take singing lessons. I'm not trying to be mean, but seriously... MH (Primary Thoughts/PO Box 4995/Portland, OR 97208-4995)

LOAD • Feel The Power CD
DOA/Black Flag inspired beer-fuelled punk rock. There are no lyrics provided but I think at one point they say "stick that bobcat up your ass" or maybe it was "beer can". At any rate—a very unpleasant thought. MH (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

LOVELIGHT SHINE • Makes Out CD
Pure rock! Jejeune, and the singer/guitarist I Wish I, have started a rock outfit that would make Queen and Bowie proud. All the solos you need, with vocal harmonies that came straight from the 70's. The cover even is reminiscent to MC5, using a Panther on their cover, not in the same political tone but very nostalgic indeed. They really bring the rock back in a polished and Bohemian Rhapsody fashion. A solid rock debut for the Lovelight Shine. SA (Big Wheel)

LOVE SONGS • CD
Twenty-five songs of quirky, wacky pop punk that falls somewhere in between old Easy Bay pop and infamous sacrament-core like The Bananas and The Four Eyes. Weird and funny, not to mention they cover one of my favorite Woolly Mammoth songs. MO (New Disorder/115 Bartlett St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

LUNGBUTTER • Bizwig CD
Due to the dual vocal style and the overall aggressiveness of the music this is somewhat similar to Assfactor 4 or Cornelius. Then again, it doesn't really come close to these bands. A better recording would have helped. I'm hoping that this is actually a demo. MH (Skunkative Records/212 E. Main St. Suite A/Alice, TX 78332)

LVMEN • Reason D'être LP
Moody and dark. Lvmen move through the five tracks on this 12" without losing my attention. Their sound is a fairly unique combination of emotive rock and more brutal druggery. The vocals are screamed and the end result is a sound that is desperate and compelling. I have no idea what they are screaming about, and no lyrics are provided. The LP comes in a gatefold. Fairly impressive. KM (Day After Records/PO Box 153/35201 As/Czech Republic)

MADE FOR TV MOVIE • The Story of My Heroics CD
Softly sung vocals with a few less softly sung parts over a kind of fuzzy guitar sound. Soft indie rock to fall asleep to. DJ (Jealous Butcher Records/PO Box 14306/Portland, OR 97293-0306)

MAHOGANY • The Dream of a Modern Day CD
Pretty, pretty pop. Dreamy and soothing like a lot of Brit pop artists. Mahogany utilizes all of the tricks: whispery singing (male and female duets), keyboards quietly adding atmosphere, cello accompaniment and subtle background noises for those of us listening through headphones... just brilliantly constructed dream music. The man sounds similar to the Belle and Sebastian guy (I suppose most blokes sound like that) and the gentle melodies of the woman ring through the listeners' ears. They've moved across the ocean to New York and, hopefully, will be playing in a U.S. town near you soon... I will be there with my blanket and pillow. And a damn beautiful grin on my face. Go and get this, you sentimental fools. 12 songs of loveliness, 51 minutes of joy. Love, Dylan. DO (Clairerecords/PO Box 61495/Jacksonville, FL 32236; fern@clairerecords.com)

MAINSTRIKE • Farewell 7"
During the last decade Mainstrike was one of Europe's most active straight edge bands. They released several 7"s, two 12"s, as well as a host of songs on compilations. These four tracks are the band's farewell to five years of playing songs, singing along, and touring the world. The sound is a powerful assault of guitar with lots of sing-a-longs and energy. The record is well done both musically and aesthetically, and Mainstrike fans will be happy to have one last recording from this powerful Dutch straight edge band. One of their guitarists runs Coalition Records and he now plays in The Oath. KM (Crucial Response Records/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

MAN AFRAID • Discography CD
45 minutes of really good HC. This band was around in the mid 90's. This CD has everything they ever recorded, with some unreleased tracks, 15 songs in all. The music is really good mid-paced hardcore with some faster sections, in a few little places, it reminds me of Born Against. This is one great CD. Hasn't left my CD player in a week! DD (Half-Mast Records/PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE MAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH • Dis-Yourself LP
Sugar sweet candy pop from The Man I Fell In Love With. Apparently this was recorded years ago, and is just now seeing the light of day. Featuring members of Harriet The Spy and Party of Helicopters, but being so delicate and pretty that any comparisons are simply not accurate. Soft and rhythmic, and gentle and frail compared to 90% of what is reviewed in HaC. One of those extremely emotive pop bands that seems to circulate in the DIY hardcore scene. Some people love this stuff and others loathe it, so there you go. KM (Donut Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

MANNER FARM • Ideas Result From... LP
Solid political punk from Canada's frozen wastes. The songs are filled with melody but are also harsh and angry with great in your face lyrics. The songs aren't pretentious, but rather human and personal. The record also comes with booklets and lots of text. The vocals are kind of snotty and they go well with the upbeat and angry melodic punk. Well done. KM (Black Stars Are For Anarchists/Box 1168/Elkford, BC/V0B 1H0/Canada)

MASS CONTROL • Guns, Drugs, Bashings... CD
3 songs, one of them a Turbonegro cover. Drunk metallic hardcore from Australia. No lyrics but something tells me that these guys aren't exactly brain surgeons anyway. There, 10 minutes of my life gone down the drain never to be retrieved again. MH (PO Box 798/Noble Park/Victoria 3174/Australia)

MICHAEL KNIGHT • Hardcore 7"
I think I already reviewed this band's first 7" (which I liked better). This is very dirty punk rock/hardcore somewhere in between Isocracy (you know that old Lookout punk sound), GSL and the sound your butt makes when no-one is around. I couldn't get too excited about this one. MH (Four Tee Gee Music Terrorism/36764 Harper Apt. 203/Clinton TWP, MI 48035)

MIKE TURPEN • 7"
This is apparently part of the Redwood Records Acoustic Singles Series, and if you like singer/songwriter stuff, then this may be the record you are looking for. Mike Turpen plays solo acoustic guitar and sings a couple of personal, sweet sounding songs. The sleeve has the big hole so that the record art doubles as the sleeve art and that's all there is to it. But what the presentation lacks in depth, it makes up for with a simple honest integrity. If this is your style, you'll probably like this record. DF (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

MINE • In Vacuo 7"
These are the last, previously unavailable songs that Mine ever recorded before disbanding three years ago. If I told you they were heavy and powerful, you would ask what else is new? To which I would reply that it is their depth that makes these songs stand out. The kind of depth you feel in your guts. I believe their last release before this was a 12" on the Great American Steak Religion, which may still be available. DF (Christian Unsinn/Sierenmoosstr. 10/D-78464 Konstanz/Germany)

MINOR DISTURBANCE • Bullet for You CD
Nothing new here. Snotty, annoying (not) punk, with whiny vocals. I didn't bother to read the lyrics. I think I'll throw this away now. DJ (Run & Hide Records/PO Box 35094/Philadelphia, PA 19128)

THE MIXELPRICKS • Bitter 2 CD
14 songs. Pretty average melodic poppy punk in the vein of Screaming Weasel and other bands that changed my life (not). Their song on the Geek Monger compilation was better, but hey, what can you do. Apparently this was recorded a couple of years ago. It's kind of sad that this is hardly noticeable. There's seems to be no progress with this kind of music, or if there is I don't hear it. MH (Murf Ta/PO Box 4663/Lafayette, IN 47903)

MONUMENTS TO RUIN • 7"
Very nicely packaged crust that features male/female vocals just like in the old days. It's kinda cool to see that there are still people out there who take pride in making a record rock really cool. There's also an awesome booklet accompanying this record that I enjoyed reading a lot. The (political) lyrics are in there, but also articles about wheat-pasting posters, brewing your own cider and wine and an essay about military recruitment. Somehow the music couldn't quite keep up with the high standard of the packaging, nevertheless, this is a good record. MH (Tribal War/1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

MORON ENVY • A Temporary Escape From Insanity CD
17 songs of basic punk'n'roll with some ska thrown in every now and then. I'm sure this kids have a good time playing to their friends and that's all well and good, I just wish I didn't have to listen to it. MH (www.angelfire.com/nj2/MoronEnvy)

THE MOVIE LIFE • This Time Next Year 12"
This is some catchy shit. This is a band I could see a lot of different punk sub-genres liking: I could imagine a bunch of indie dorks trying to be all emo getting crushed by a wave of youth crew stage divers who fall into the pit only to get destroyed by the jock punks in the circle pit with their shirts off. To me this sounds a bit like Life Time or maybe a punker more aggressive version of the Get Up Kids; especially the latter in the vocal melodies, and trite yet memorable lyrics. Speaking of lyrics what's up with the song Single White Female? "Leave you fucking friend at the Smithsonian mall where she belongs... I don't want to see her when I'm on that fucking stage". That's like Sebastian Bach saying that Poison fan aren't welcome at a Skid Row show (which he actually said). Also when you curse pointlessly in a poppy song it makes it seem like your trying to be hard (which you're not). I'm torn between just writing this off as a pile of rehearsed shit or something which has some worth. This is one of those records I'll bust out once in a while and dance around my room and sing along with but at the same time I'll make fun of what a loser I am for liking it. ADI (Revelation Records)

MT. ST. HELENS • On Time Always CD
This CD contains eight tracks at 31:16 minutes. Mt. St. Helens play mid tempo to speedy melodic punk rock with decent drumming and a good mix of dynamics and tempo changes. Vocals are loud and lyrics are personal. Mt. St. Helens play pristinely produced and inoffensive music. The packaging sports some noticeably boring graphic design. SJS (Arboretum Records/205 E. Meadows Lane/Altamont, IL 62411)

THE NATIONAL ACROBAT • Can't Stop Casper... CD
This CD came with a little bio-sheet that informed me that The National Acrobat's key selling points: apparently the have a "huge underground following" and Mark Brickey from The Enkindels is doing guest vocals on this one (if that isn't a surefire sign of excellence, then I don't know what is). I suppose this band wants to be the next At The Drive-In and they certainly have a similarly choppy sound (though infinitely less funky hair). So what do you think, dear reader? Will I give them a great and easily quotable review that they can add to their next little publicity flyer? Will I? I'd rather be plucking hair from Lou Perlman's crotch and knit a sweater from it. What's the word I'm looking for? Oh, here it is: BARF!!!!!! MH (Status Recordings/PO Box 1300/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

THE NATIONAL ACROBAT • It's Nothing Personal 7"
Four tracks of mid tempo aggressive rock with metallic riffing and a touch of butt shaking groove. The National Acrobat have a strong rhythm section that moves these tunes through some interesting changes. They put their dual guitars to good use creating thick noisy layers of sound. The vocals are shouted and the lyrics are opaque and angry. SJS (Hex Records/201 Maple Ln./N. Syracuse, NY 13212)

NEWTON • The City Laughs tape
Why does it seem like I always get the noise stuff? Isn't there any other reviewer who will take it without knowing better. Or, perhaps I should ask, isn't there anyone out there who likes this? The problem here is that I am not a noise aficionado. I don't fully understand it, and, while I often get it for review, I don't hear enough of it to adequately review it. So, what we have here is a strange noise project. (Is there any other kind?) You get a little box, with song titles a where is was recorded. There are also two peppermint candies and a vial of something that could just as easily be air or poison for you to enjoy while you listen. This noise is all electronic. For the most part, it sounds like someone is fucking around with a Moog. The band has 2 full length releases and a split single with Andy Au Go Go that you can get from the address below. LO (PO Box 54/Richboro, PA 18954)

NEXT LIFE • Red End 7"
I didn't like this. For the most part it's an aggravating mix of fast noisy, semi-metallic instrumentals and some of those electronic beeping sounds people pretend to like. I tried to think of it as film music but then decided that I didn't like the movie, either. MH (Lobster-Attack/Hai Nguyen Dinh/Tandstadveien 10/3140 Borgheim/Norway)

NOSTROMO • Eyesore CD
As an indication of the Nostromo sound they do a cover of "Twist The Knife" by Napalm Death. Hardcore influenced metal delivered with force and brutality. Nostromo will appeal to those that like the more technical sounding hardcore metal. The only other thing to note about this CD is that the last track is this interesting tribal sounding thing that was recorded live. There is just a hint of an industrial influence in their music, and this last track really makes that seem a bit more obvious. I get the feeling that this could go over as rave metal. Anyway, it is heavy, metal, and powerful sounding. KM (Overcome Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

OI POLLOI! • In Defense of Our Earth CD
I think it's safe to say that most of you know what this is. But for those that don't, here we go! This is rockin' Scottish anarcho-punk! Environmental as fuck, anti-fascist as fuck, anti-state as fuck! I love Oi Polloi!! This is good for those of you who have only heard the new LP (which is also awesome, and everyone should have it!) to hear some of their older stuff. In fact, this was their last LP before the new one, recorded in 1990! This includes the In Defense... LP and the Omnicide 7". There is even a recipe for a tasty vegan Anarcho Pie! Oi Polloi rocks. Vegan food rocks, and mother nature rocks!! DD (Words of Warning/PO Box 703/Bristol/BS99 5LS/UK)

OLO • Still Life With Peripheral Grey CD
This disc has been second only to the new Elliott CD on my playlist for the past month. Mellow, spacey grooves like their last album, Olorocolored, and again brings to mind Pink Floyd and Sea & Cake. Intricate guitar plucking, plenty of pleasant electronic noises. Especially notable: the final track "Press On" which sounds sort of like it should be the theme song for a 70's sitcom. This is going to be way too artsy for many people, but for me, it saves me from eight hours of a day of sitting on my computer at work... and proves to me that music is essential to keep a person sane in this work-a-day world in which we live. Very smooth. On the verge of easy listening... with soothing voices like a lot of those English blokes playing retro music. Jazz drumming (read: very light brushstrokes)... damn good. Some might call it art crap. I call it mature. 9 songs, 34 minutes. DO (No Karma/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee, WI 53211-7303; nokarma@nokarma.com)

ONE KING DOWN • Gravity Wins Again 7"
I was very fond of One King Down when I was a sophomore in high school. New school, vegan straightedge, mosh it up... you know. Since then, they went through a change in their line-up: Got a new vocalist for one album, I believe... and now they have their old vocalist back. I picked up this record for mostly nostalgic reasons, but damn. They rock harder than they used to. Louder and faster, but with the same "hard-as-fuck" break downs and "move-it" dance parts. Same yelled vocals as before and with more effort and energy. Fans of OKD will not be disappointed. ALP (Equal Vision/PO Box 14/Hudson, NY 12534)

OPRESSED LOGIC • It's Harassment 12"
Good hardcore punk. Well-played music. Good singing. The lyrics are really good too, covering things such as police harassment, abortion and other things as well as covers of Ill Repute and Bunchofuckings. I liked this. DJ (Beer City Skateboards & Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

ORCHID • Dance Tonight! Revolution Tomorrow! 10"
Very good emo-violence. This is the way all emo should be, chaotic and beautiful. Good for fans of In/Humanity and Orchid. Lyrics range from technology to Nietzsche. There are some on colored vinyl, so get them while you can. DJ (Ebullition Records/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

OSWEGO • Just Getting Warmcd Up CD
4 songs. Another great release on BCORE. Oswego play trance-like hardcore in the vein of Karate, Slint and June of 44. I found this really interesting and enjoyable despite their sparse use of vocals (I'm a sucker for vocals). Good stuff. MH (BCORE Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

THE PAC-MEN • Ready! 7"

MMMM... catchy, lo-fi, garage punk and tomato soup. A nutritious meal that is a perfect complement to video game themes and pissed off lyrics. Fun pop-punk parts make for a tasty treat perfect anytime. CD (Red Tape Records/PO Box 4468/Danbury, CT 06813-4468)

PAINTBOX • Earth Ball Sports Tournament CD

Paintbox plays fast melodic hardcore with some Glam metal influences. Their use of melody could be compared to Tragedy, but more metal sounding. The vocals are all in Japanese, as are the lyrics. Occasionally they just do something completely unexpected. For instance "Ring On" has what I guess would be called a mariachi influence. Creative and well done. KM (H/G Fact Records/401 Hongo-M-2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

PALE • Razzmatazz, the Arts at the Sands CD

Who is this band? Where did they come from? Why is their artwork so professional? Why isn't this on a major label? How could a German band be so good? (Okay, I threw that one in for my own personal amusement.) I don't know, I just can't get over the look and sound of this CD. It's so well-produced, it looks so good, the songs are so damn catchy... Think Get Up Kids, Promise Ring, stuff like that. They also throw in some sampling, that is very unobtrusive and actually enhances the listening experience. I don't want to stop listening to this and review the rest of the records in my box. Damn, I guess I'll have to... MH (Defiance Records/Ritterstrasse 52/50668 Köln/Germany)

PANKRATION • Of Monkey of Man of Wizard CD

Holy fucking shit on my face! This is some metal influenced hardcore that drives holes in your head. Unrelenting and full of raw energy these kato do it right and they do it fucking brutal. It's amazing how incredibly insane some people can sound when they mix fucked up growling vocals with some psychotic At the Gates driven guitar leads. A great band with a bunch of great people on a great label. How can you go wrong! SA (Donut Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

PARAGRAF 119 • LP

Into Operation and Protestera? Then Paragraf 119 is right up your alley! This is great punk from Denmark! This LP is a benefit for The Anarchist Black Cross in Denmark, and for those who don't know, the ABC helps support political prisoners. This LP is so political, song topics about everything. The pictures of the band are pictures of people that might be them dressed in all black, with their faces covered at protests. The black bloc in full effect! Punk fuckin rock to smash the state, \$10 Europe, \$12 world!! Hvis de slår dig ned, så slå igen!! DD (Kick n' Punch Records/PO Box 578/2200 Copenhagen N.V./Denmark)

PARTY OF HELICOPTERS • The First Two Years... LP

Don't let the title deceive you, this is all new material and not some older Party of Helicopters stuff. These songs are following suit with their latest releases with regards to the use of effects and trippy '70s influenced sounds. Best described as arty '70s rock. Very little vocal work, keyboards, and no aggression. When last I saw Party of Helicopters play their singer was having a very flamboyant and somewhat sensual presence as he rubbed himself and fluffed his hair. It all fits together. Limited to 1,200 copies. KM (Progeria Records/PO Box 2198/Church Street Station/New York, NY 10008-2198)

PEQUENA ORUGA MECANICA • Formas De... CD

9 songs. Not the most original brand of hardcore, but it is played with the kind of anger and conviction that reminds me of bands like Nations on Fire and Man Lifting Banner. POM also mix political/positive lyrics with an old school sound (I'm not talking about the youth crew style here). It looks to me as if Spain was a pretty happening place right now. Keep it up!!! MH (Nastasis Records/Apdo. 131/03500 Benidorm/Alacant/Spain)

THE PURPOSE • Art as a Weapon 7"

Four rock songs are offered on this record. In terms of sound, The Purpose seems to fall more in the finely crafted camp than the exploratory one. The lyrical content is very sensitive, compassionate and sincere. Where other bands try this and come across as sappy, The Purpose manages to pull it off with a bit of class. The first song is a cross between an anthem and a manifesto on the state of the world, and the other songs follow suit on other issues and relations. Decent record. DF (Underestimated Records/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

PETROGRAD • A.B.C. CD

This is a really eclectic release. They do some pop punk, some indie rock, some new wave sounding stuff, some rock, some harder stuff, and some eerie depressing sounding stuff; all with some beautiful male and female singing. The singers are pretty good, and at times they pull off a very sincere and emotional sounding atmosphere. The CD is a benefit for the Anarchist Black Cross, and the booklet is nice with lyrics and information about the band, songs, and organization. Very sincere sounding and pretty music, but not vacuous like some good awful indie rock bands. Petrograd is a DIY hardcore band even if their sound doesn't quite sound like what would be expected from a band of this sort. KM (Stonehenge/Christophe Mora/21 Rue Des Bosses/F-78200 Magnanville/France)

PHILLIPPE • The Essence Continues CD

This is one German band that doesn't seem to fit on Flower Violence Records. Rather than angry hardcore that tries to rip off your head at every available moment, Philippe play very melodic DC inspired hardcore that could be compared to a lot of late '80s Dischord bands. However, they also have some techno meets new wave stuff that is akin to some of the more experimental stuff on the newest Milemarker LP. Rockin' and melodic but still definitely in the realm of hardcore and plenty abrasive. KM (Flower Violence Records/Ralf Bock/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

PROGRAMM C • Karen LP

Fast and frantic, Programm C combine a bit of manic chaos with a bit of metal and a bit of grindcore. The vocals are harsh and distorted with some effects here and there, while the music is brutal and uncompromising, and never slick or gentle. Fast and furious, but also playing with some emotive chaos and even throwing in some super fast thrashing attacks, then break for some quirky guitar parts. All over the place and never sitting still. They do a cover of "Snaked" by Cavity. KM (Invertebrata Records)

THE PINE • 7"

These four songs sound amazingly similar to Evergreen, note that the Evergreen LP sometimes sells for as much as \$75 on web based auction sites a tribute to the popularity of this sound. The Pine does an extremely good job with this sound, and those that like Evergreen or early Still Life will really enjoy this emotionally charged and wondrously emotive and sad sounding music. Most bands that do this stuff this day are too produced and too polished to attain the energy and grit of those that pioneered this sound, but The Pine stay true to the origins with a sound that isn't over done. Lovely. KM (\$3 to The Pine/2624 Aberdeen Ct/Bakersfield, CA 93306)

PLATE SIX • 7"

This is quite well executed Hooverish emo-rock (not indie). The music retains a certain roughness that I enjoyed a lot. The vocals are passionate, but unfortunately there are no lyrics. Just one original song. On the flipside there is a cover of Joy Division's "Love will tear us apart". I'm not too familiar with the original so I can't comment on it, really, except to say that I liked it. Good record. MH (PO Box 36624/Birmingham, AL 35236)

PILOTS V. AEROPLANES • Our Desire is Wind... CD

The disc begins with a pleasant old time radio sample and smooth rock ballad sound with mild, if a little wavery and off-key, vocals. The moodiness of it is great - sort of similar to Codeine or Antartica's EP. They employ the overloaded speakers/drum effects that all the big indie bands (Jimmy Eat World, Elliott, Sense Field, Creeper Lagoon) have been big on... "Sitting Silent" (track 3) is decidedly Promise Ring-ish-meets-Braid, "Christmas Parade" (track 4) takes a slight Burning Airlines/Superdrag route and "As Calm as a City on Fire" (track 5) brings to mind Silver Scooter and Pavement. With all of these comparisons, I by no means am attempting to sell them short... it's simply a familiar sound that is only accomplished well by a select few bands... Pilots v. Aeroplanes is particularly intriguing to me. With a fuller-sounding recording, these fellows could soon be rocking with the elite. 10 songs, 43 minutes. DO (Goodbye Blue Skies/PO Box 1306/Tavernier, FL 33007; goodbyeblyue@aol.com)

POISON ARROWS • CD

Members of Thumbail and AtomBombPocketKnife have created this disjointed depressing musical entourage that reminds me nothing like Thumbail, since it's not loud and chaotic, and probably more on the lines of Atom Knife. This CD is long too. A little bit too long for my taste. Ten song at 45 minutes. Some kids might need this type of music when they get sedated on poppin' pills. SA (Sound on Sound/PO Box 687/Berkeley, CA 94701-0687)

PORTER HALL • Ten Month Soundtrack LP

This is very similar to the Quid LP I just reviewed before this; it's very energetic, highly melodic hardcore that succeeds at keeping things interesting. 8 songs, no lead-ins. Recommended to anyone who likes melodies but has grown tired of the college rock emo so popular these days. MH (24-7 Recordings/PO Box 35004/Edmonton, AB/T5K 2R8/Canada)

PRESCOTT C. • Everything Upside Down and Backwards demo 3 songs.

Prescott C. plays melodic hardcore that has a nice groove, but it could be tighter. Especially the vocals keep this from being a standout release. I wouldn't go as far as saying that they are off-key but they're definitely off somehow. So far they are only a two-piece. Maybe all they need is a singer to complete their set-up. MH (Prescott C./112 Geery Ave./Holbrook, NY 11741)

PRONE • 10"

Hailing from Germany, Prone offer up some disgustingly brutal hardcore with stop and go spasms and plenty of break neck speed. The sound is noisy and crazed and they show no sign of weakness in their aural beat down. They do it very well, and this should put a twisted smile on those that get their kicks from the extreme hardcore sound. Prone apparently consists of Stack members minus their singer, so anyone familiar with Stack's brutal assault will know what to expect. No mercy. KM (Flower Violence Records/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

PUNISHMENT PARK •

The Return Of The Shovel Police 10" & Sweetie 10"
Even though they change singers and add a keyboardist on these recordings, Punishment Park keeps a similar sound on each record. Musically, this band breaks out of the typical punk style to play a peppy version of what one might call 80's goth or new wave. The sound isn't dark, but it emits depth and mood while staying quite catchy... which makes me think of those other styles. It is simply melodic, classic, and well done. Their cover of "99 Luftballons" is great. One of their records seems to have a moodier feel, and the other more carefree... but still Punishment Park keeps the beat well. The female vocals are nice and the music is all enjoyable. LO (punishment_park@hotmail.com or october_party_records@hotmail.com)

PYLON • CD

This CD features 6 nice melodic somewhat emotive songs from these England based chaps. I find it pretty hard to say more about this. It's good and pleasant but not great. I guess if you like Reggie And The Full Effect you would probably like this, too. MH (Subjugation/PO Box 191/Darlington/DL3 8YN/UK)

QUYD • Jack in the Box LP

Quyd is a German band who I'd never heard of previously. At times their music reminds me of Jones Very, even though it is probably faster and rocks more than JV. Anyway, a much better comparison would be Hot Water Music, Jawbreaker or Avail. These guys write some pretty catchy tunes, let me tell you. Apparently this band finds it hard to get distribution in the US, which is a shame because this record is really, really good. If this review got you interested, get in touch with Gavin. PO Box 16283, Encino, CA 91419-6283 or phone: (818) 407-0768. MH (BFC/Kastanienallee 11/38102 Braunschweig/Germany)

RÀBIA POSITIVA • A Volar! CD

This sounds like the Penguins and, um. The Sunflower Seeds... who are two early nineties Spanish bands. Rabia Positiva uses a lot of melody and clean sounds in their songs, which makes for a nice, upbeat sound overall. LO/MH (Tralla Records/Ap. Co. 37.119/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

RACEBANNON • First There Was the Emptiness LP

It appears to me like this band really wants to sound like Merel but they can't quite pull it off. There are all sorts of in(s)ane things going on and the music has the required speed and anger, but it just doesn't amount to much in the end. Sorry. MH (Level Plane/PO Box 280/Cooper Station/New York, NY 10276)

RED MARTIAN • Deny Authority CD

14 tracks in 58:06 minutes. Red Martian play loud and fast three chord punk rock. Each tune has a melodic base and a sing-a-long chorus. They have some heady social criticism and political commentary in their lyrics addressing apathy, escapism, abuse, sexism, hypocrisy, and more. The music is energetic and tight and fun. Red Martian sounds a bit like the Dead Kennedys and early Hüsker Dü. There are 14 tracks on this CD. The energy level and intelligence are maintained throughout. Apparently this is the same band who sent in the 7" of electronic soundscapes reviewed last issue. SJS (Red Martian/102-2415 Western Ave./Seattle, WA 98121)

REMAINS OF THE DAY • 7"

This record starts with a good His Hero is Gone style intro and goes on to play some good dark DIY hardcore with harsh-screamed vocals and poetic political lyrics. I recommend this, it is good. DJ (Remains of the Day/815 NE Emerson St./Portland, OR 97211)

REPLY • Nine Batteries To Fuel our Dying Teenage Love Affair CD

Chugga metal, hardcore emo rock from Belgium poetic lyrics solid build ups and good use of the chugga guitar. Some singing and chanting but mostly Orchid style

REIZIGER • Grab And Nailed 7"

I used to really like Reiziger, but it seems that they have gone too far into the abyss of light nothingness. These two songs just don't have enough body or energy for me. The songs are still emotional and heart felt, but they are far too sedate and mellow. I prefer Reiziger's early material when they still had some energy and still used some stronger tempo. I am sure lots of people will still dig Reiziger because they do the sad mellow thing very well, but personally I just need a bit more. Two tracks of pure somber emotion. KM (Day After Records/PO Box 153/352 01 As/Czech Republic)

RESIST & EXIST • Kwangu LP

Twelve more political hardcore songs from Southern California's Resist & Exist. The music is powerful with male and female vocals, poetry, lots of sound bites, and an intense sense of urgency. Anarchist politics are on display for all to see. The music is well done, the politics are inspiring, and all in all Kwangu is exactly what a political hardcore band like Resist & Exist should be releasing. (Tribal War Records/1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

REVEAL • To Explore the Invention To Create CD

Where to start? I would say Reveal are a metallic yet emotive hardcore band who also reminds me of Refused. They put guitar effects to use on every song, from a soft flange or chorus to give the crunching guitars a little more depth to delays on the clean intros and bridges. Not that the songs center around effects but they definitely help define the many dynamics and moods this band explores. Reveal can go seamlessly from crushing metal to rock out to hardcore to melodic screamo while making it all sound like it was meant to be played together and giving it all a special shine of their own. I actually enjoyed reading the lyrics which for me usually feels more like a chore, maybe it's just I'm in the a good mood or something, anyway the lyrics are mainly political in nature to some degree or another and are both to-the-point and metaphorical. Production is top notch on this one. ADI (PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium; www.pyrrhus.be)

RAIN ON THE PARADE • Fired Up! 7"

Apparently Rain On The Parade broke up for a bit and some of the members formed a band called Fired Up, but they decided to put an end to Fired Up and put Rain On The Parade back together. These five tracks were written for Fired Up but have been kept as Rain On The Parade songs. The material is still explosive youth crew hardcore, though they have dropped the Gorilla Biscuits influence that was sometimes present in their older material. Instead they go for the harder and more vicious hardcore sound. The lyrics are just as good as always with songs about tobacco addiction, hardcore pride, and some personal stuff. One of the better bands of this genera. KM (Young Blood Records/217 W. Main St./Ephrata, PA 17522)

RIOT/CLONE • Do You Want Fries With That?

This is a great record, well as long as you are interested in animal rights. If you are resolved to eating animals and the joys of animal experimentation then Riot/Clone will probably not be for you. The entire record is about animal rights. The music, sound bites, lyrics, insert and cover are all about animal rights. Very serious, but with a sense of humor; "Tales From The Riverbank" for example includes this chorus. "Come on fish, shoal together. They have no respect for scales, fur or feather. Pull the bastards underwater. Hold the fuckers down." Great fun. There are a LOT of sound bites and at first I didn't think I would be able to listen to it more than a few times, but it is all put together very well and it is enjoyable time and time again. Great political punk rock from England. KM (Tribal War Records/1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER • State of... CD

A very catchy pop record that really brings in strong influences from some of my favorite groups. Led by a womyn vocalist, Jolie does bring in a good dose of The Sundays and even a little Cocteau Twins, while the music has some Beatles element. But for the most part, the music tends to swing into the more popular indie sound that I don't find as impressive here. However, I can see a lot of kids getting into this record. SA (Ohev Records/PO Box 772121/Coral Springs, FL 33077)

RESENT • 7"

Political punk from Lafayette, LA. The music isn't exactly thrashing mad but it is pretty quick and hard sounding. Basic Discharge influenced political hardcore. There are a ton of better bands doing this style right now. Not too exciting. KM (Autonomy Resistance Equality Records/PO Box 82462/Lafayette, LA 70598)

ROCKY VOTOLATO • A Brief History CD

This is a really great CD! The music is cool acoustic guitar with some drums here and there. It is all pretty mellow. I love stuff like this, relaxing, sweet music. If you like folk or acoustic guitar, then this is something you need! DD (Your Best Guess/PO Box 64/Denville, NJ 07834)

ROLLER STARTER • CD

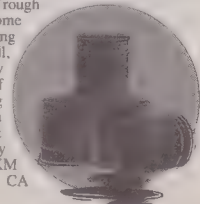
11 songs. This Montreal band plays fresh ska-punk that has a good groove. It is well recorded and fun to listen to. The lyrics are mostly personal and non-cryptic. I have no complaints. MH (Empty Pool Records/8723 Hochelaga/Montreal/Quebec, QC 61502/H1L 6R1/Canada)

ROTTEN SOUND • Drain LP

Finland's Rotten Sound are back with another unholly onslaught of death metal tinged grindcore guaranteed to annihilate and desecrate. The sound is built with a two guitar attack and the vocals are coarse bellows of anguish, but the songs are far more than mere noise since there is often a catchy underbelly to their structure. Raw and offensive, they have a song called "Super Satan" which equates Jesus Christ to being Satan himself, and yet they also have songs about the evils of racism, drunk driving, and sex tourism. Uncompromisingly dark and ugly. KM (SOA Records/Paolo Petralia/Via Oderisi/Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Rome/Italy)

THE SHIVERING • Behind Broken Eyes CD

The Shivering features former members of Amber Inn, Vulgar Pigeons, and Benumb. Their music has elements of rough Bay Area pop punk stuff as well as some "Revolution Summer" Dischord sounding influences. The sound works fairly well, and if you like emotive punk stuff then they should go over well for you. The sort of band that would comfortably fit playing live with Northern Californian bands such as Yaphet Kotto, Amber Inn, Dead & Circuits, or J Church. Booklet designed by John Yates, if that matters to anyone. KM (No Records/PO Box 14088/Berkeley, CA 94712)



SICK PUPPY • *Winners at the Game of Life* CD

Okay, we're scraping the bottom of the review box here. On one hand I'm happy that it will be done soon, on the other hand, well, I have to listen to stuff like Sick Puppy (and this does not make Marianne a happy girl). These English folks from around Birmingham play metallic punk (think GBH) marred by a very poor sound quality. This sounds more like a demo. I'm sorry but this is just bad. They have not yet come up with a word that describes it better, except maybe "worse." "Worse" is badder than bad, isn't it? Or maybe "worse." Yeah, it's definitely worse. MH (868 Pershore Road/Selly Park/Birmingham/West Midlands/B29 7LS/England)

THE SCARLET LETTER • *In A Minute* 7"

Ten blazing tracks from New Jersey's The Minute Letter. The music is powerful and recalls the fury of '80s hardcore, while having some definite newer influences as well. The lyrics are thought out with shit to say, and the inclosed booklet is simply great. Hey, and they have an angry song called "Fuck You and the Jackass You Rode in on" with "Stupid fucking tight black pants" as a chorus. Guaranteed to piss some people off. Hardfuckingcore. KM (Hater of God Records/PO Box 666/Troy, NY 12181-1371)

SCARED OF CHAKA • *Seven Stories Tall* CD

This is a collection of this band's singles from '94-'99, along with a live show from Casper, Wyoming in Oct. 97. This is a cool CD and comes with a little story in the booklet that documents the band's history and adds a nice touch. I think the one thing that separates Scared Of Chaka from the rest of the "rock'n'roll" bands today is that they are really sincere and were doing it way before a million murder city clones hopped on the band wagon. By the way, their roommate Matt makes amazing films. MO (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA • *The Birth of Tragedy* CD

After being introduced to the 10" they released on Blood of the Young, Song of Z became one of the few hardcore bands that were constantly being played in my room. This CD, although not as raw and definitely more polished than their 10", still fucking blows doors off of the current hardcore scene today. Mixing a drum machine with a live drummer and that gothic sounding keyboard, they fuck everything up just how I like it. Really dark and sadistic, but fast and angry, they do it better than most bands in their genre. I definitely have to say that VSS seem to play more of a role on this CD than their last recordings. This is some bombastic shit here. SA (Troubleman Unlimited)

SEAN NA NA • *Return of the Unicorn* CD

A disappointing record from a label that had some very trustworthy releases. Pop songs that are catchy but don't 'hook' me in as they may try. This is an ep of some sort and goes by at a monotonous rate. Nothing too interesting here. SA (Troubleman Unlimited)

SANCTUS IUDA • LP

Now this is what I love! This is great punk, some would say crust, from Poland. This is political as fuck. The lyrics are in Polish without English translations, but I know that its political as fuck! This is a vinyl release of their demo tape from '95, and it still kicks ass! There is a male and female singer, which seems to be part of the awesome Polish HC formula. Everyone needs this! DD (Scream Records c/o Pawel Rzoska/PO Box 118/80-470 Gdansk 45/Poland)

SANGRE AMADO • *Inane* CD

San Francisco is home to these intensely evil, crazed rockers. Heavy, black-metalish, grindy stuff. It sounds to me like At the Gates at times which doesn't fit my previous description at all but, hell... it's the most interesting influence I can hear in their music. All sounds pretty much like what you'd expect from a dark, death band. Eight songs (if you count the last track which consists of a hip-hop beat and "sex samples" from a porn). ALP (Catastrophic Sound/2018 Shattuck Ave. PMB #103/Berkeley, CA 94704)

SAWN OFF • CD

This 26 track Sawn Off CD features some unreleased tracks from 1998 as well as all of their previously released material. It is an onslaught of aggressive hardcore thrash. The lyrics are angry political ditties about 21st Century life, and the delivery is brutal, ugly, and uncompromising. They play some fast power thrash, some slower more brutal material, and some simply ugly sounding noise. Combine all of this together and you get some awesome hardcore. Vicious and mean. KM (Flat Earth Records/PO Box 169/Bradford/BD1 2UJ/United Kingdom)

SCARRED FOR LIFE • *Far From Home* 7"

So. Cal punk played in a midwest hardcore style close to the likes of Misery and Assrass. Songs about being a drunk, racism, depression, and child abuse. While I'm not a fan of songs about drinking and its scourge, it is definitely something people have to cope with. As said, if you are a fan of Misery or Assrass maybe you could seek this out. It's a tour release so I don't know about the availability. I do know that they have a full length LP out. CF (Know Records/PO Box 90579/Long Beach, CA 90809)

SEA OF DEPRAVATION • *Catharsis in Disharmony* LP

From the ashes of Misanthropic arises Sea of Depravation. Agonizing vocals, thick Guitars, Brutal drums and political lyrics. This is one kick ass LP! If you liked Misanthropic, and other bands like Dystopia, then this is right up your dark alley! Nine songs and a Disrupt cover. My friends and I agree, Sea of Depravation rocks!! DD (Catchphrase Records/PO Box 533/Waddell, AZ 85355)

THE SEARCH FOR SURNALIA • *Four Letters* CD

According to the bio sheet this band sounds like Rainer Maria, Sonic Youth and Fugazi. According to my ears they sound like pap. Poopy pap crap. Pretentious, artsy, bangy, poopy pap. If you bang your head against the wall and read out the last two lines really fast you'll get a feeling of what this sounds like. Do it again, but this time bang it harder and you'll be ready to buy this. MH (Has Anyone Ever Told You?/PO Box 161702/Austin, TX 78716-1702)

SEIZED • *Live at RFIC* CD

Five tracks of some very slow and painful "music" from Seized. I had a hard time getting through a second listen due to the extremely oppressive nature of Seized's sound, which consists of two bass players, a screamer, and a drummer; no guitar. As the titles indicated the songs were recorded live on the radio, and the sound quality is really good. Sloooooowwww aaannnnndd heeecccavvvvvv. Ugly. KM (Les Productions Gobelin/PO Box 893/Sherbrooke, QC/J1H 5L1/Canada)

SEMI-TRUTH • 7"

This sounds like a couple of art students who have been moonlighting as cowboys, got kicked in the head one too many times by their ponies and then had the bright idea of starting a punk band. It's probably all meant to be ironic in a very grown up artsy kind of way (the kind I love so much). Colored vinyl and numbered (in case you care). MH (NDN Records/PO Box 131471/The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

STRENGTH APPROACH • 7"

Two songs from Italy's Strength Approach. Their sound is a combination of youth crew hardcore and melodic influences. It comes together pretty well, with catchy melodic segments, fast and harder hitting parts, and loud shouting sing-a-longs. The lyrics are about learning and living. Nice and enjoyable. KM (SOA Records/Via Odesi di Gradubio 67-69/00146 Roma/Italy)

SHIKABANE • *Ego and Desire* 7"

Whoa! Could this be Suicide Nations Japanese counterpart? This is some awesome metal influenced hardcore with personal lyrics. The singer is growling like some crazed animal, while the guitars put up a wall of furious noise behind him. They sing in Japanese and have English translations. Four songs of great, emotion filled, metal/hardcore! Everyone should listen to this, and beware of Shikabane in the future! DD (AgiPunk c/o Giampiero Milani/C.P. 63 27100 Pavia/Italy)

SINERGIA • *Flashback* CD

21 cover songs of bands such as Anti-Cimex, Mob47, Extreme Noise Terror, and Discharge. The lyrics have been changed into Spanish. Some are straight translations, some are rough translations, and some have new lyrics all together. The songs are well played thrashy metal with coarse vocals. It's hard to listen to a whole CD of covers, but if you pick the ones you like and listen to them it's good. DJ (Building Records/Apdo. 6317/Sevilla/Spain)

SIXSOUTH • *Playing For Pennies...* CD

Upbeat melodic punk with vocals that alternate between desperate and passionate from this five piece from York, PA. They skirt the line between melodic pop punk and much more gritty street smart punk; never getting too melodic nor too crazed. Energetic and bombastic, yet melodic and catchy. I can't quite place who they remind me of, but with every new song I think, "Ah, that sounds like..." only to realize I am not exactly sure. KM (87 to Two AM Records/PO Box 3434/York, PA 17402)

SLIGHTSLAPPERS • *A Selfish World Called Freedom* CD

This CD contains 20 tracks at 21:09 minutes. The Slightslappers are a five piece from Japan. They play fast and loud screaming hardcore. Their songs are short and intense with tempo changes and stop start action packed in tight. Vocals range from growls to screaming shouts to talking. There is enough difference song to song that this recording will not fade away into the background. SJS (H:G Fact/105 Nakano Shinbashi-M/2-7-15 Yayoi-cho/Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

THE SAINT CATHERINES • *These Stars are for You* CD

Melodic hardcore in the vein of Lifetime and the such. I seemed to enjoy the faster paced tracks, which avoided the tendency for moaning vocals the most. Not my favorite style and I never quite got into it, but all in all not a bad effort. NH (Empty Pool Records/1614 St.-Christophe/Montreal, PQ/H2L 3W2/Canada)

THE SOUND OF FAILURE • CD

Nine songs of powerful sounding emotive hardcore. The sound is slightly melodic, but always harsh, with shouted vocals, and when they play fast they don't hold anything back. At times they remind me a lot of This Machine Kills. Especially during the fast parts. Solid hardcore with lots of tempo changes. KM (Breathmint Records/PO Box 54/Richboro, PA 18954-0054)

SPARE CHANGE • *Wake, Sleep* CD

What I like about this is that even though it often comes close to being merely pretty or even pretty mundane, it always retains a certain edge, a quirkiness that is refreshing and makes this a worthwhile listen. Musically I'd compare this to Shades Apart, Texas Is The Reason, Serpico and Boy Sets Fire. Potentially this could have been awful. Lucky for them they pulled it off and produced a pretty cool record. MH (Accident Prone/PO Box 460686/Escondido, CA 920460)

SPITFIREVOLVER • *Broken Heart Surgery* 7"

Spitfirevolver play a certain kind of melodic hardcore that reminds me of Jawbreaker, even though it doesn't really sound like them. They capture a mood that I always felt Jawbreaker gave off; a sort of melancholy, openness that floats along in each song. I like the fact that they talk about what inspired each song before they give you the lyrics. It makes it personal. There are 300 hand-numbered on green vinyl. LO (www.slowgunrecords.com)

SPRINZI • 7"

There are four sad emo rock tunes on this platter. The artwork is very nice and the music has a very melancholic quality that I find quite interesting. I wish the woman had chosen to sing in Italian, then this would have been even better. Apart from that, no complaints. MH (Alice Dischi/Jacopo Borazzo/Via Campana 7/10125 Torino/Italy)

STAIRCASE • 7"

Emo hardcore that actually is hard and emotive in that awesome old school way. Think Julia, Sinker, Embassy, Owlbian Mia, bands like that. I'm not sure I would want all new bands to sound like that, but it's certainly a nice break to take that trip back to the early nineties. Very nice indeed. MH (City Boot Records/575 O'Farrell St./San Francisco, CA 94102)

STANDING TALL • *Swallow The Gods* CD

One night a friend of mine and I had some time to kill and were at our practice studio and decided to write a joke song making fun of random-metal-core-bands. We'd use our phone numbers and other random numbers to write riffs that were really complex then string them together in a way that nothing flowed. Our friend walked in and listened to our horrible creation then said something to the effect of "dude...bands like Botch spend all this time trying to be fancy and you two clowns come along do it better as a joke". Our friend doesn't like Botch at all and we were far from being as tight as them but he totally got our point. That's what this CD reminds me of. Just when this band starts to bust out with some kick ass riffs they ruin it by throwing an unexpected stupid riff at you or start trying to be the Escape Plan... 68774619624750878629... I just wrote your next hit. ADI (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

STATIC 84 • *The Servants are Rising* CD

Poppy and melodic yet almost sad-sounding rock. It is played well and very tight. The lyrics are very well written with a personal/emotional and observational motif. This isn't really my thing, but I can see how some people might like it. DJ (Join the Team Player Records/Altöttinger Str. 6a/81673 Munchen/Germany)

THE STRYDER • *Masquerading in the Key of Crime* LP •

The front/back cover of this record, that looks like a cover of some teen flick, I'm sure does its job of 'selling' to their market of teenage boys and girls whose collection consists of The Get-Up Kids, Saves the Day, and any other hit boy band out now. The music, vocals, lyrics, and everything else are walking itself right in the pop limelight that it wants to be in. If you don't like the aforementioned bands, then this is not for you. SA (Equal Vision)

SONNY VINCENT • 7"

Not the usual thing to be sent in for review. Reminds me of a bit like Rocket From The Crypt. Trashy rock with a greasy almost rockabilly feel. Has kind of a Jon Spencer attitude. Three songs, not sure of the lyrics but I wouldn't be surprised if they were about drinking, racing and being sleazy. The guitar solos are cool and mix blues melody and noise. I think the labels for which side is which are mixed up. Cool in a bad ass kind of way. ADI (NDN Records/PO Box 131471/The Woodlands, TX 77373-1471)

STRACONY • *Uwajazice Bomby Wisza Nad...* LP

This was originally released in Poland by Malaric Records. Stracony are from Poland and they play catchy melodic political punk with great female vocals and their use of the trumpet adds a lot of texture to their sound. The lyrics are political of course. Their sound has a uniquely quirky feel that I can't really describe; melodic and yet course with a desperate feel in the vocal work. Their faster songs are quite quick and energetic, and overall I would give this two thumbs up. KM (Tribal War Records/1951 W. Burnside #1936/Portland, OR 97209)

STRANGERS AS HEROES • *This is Not a Result...* CD

5 songs. This is mid-tempo hardcore that features melodic guitar work and harmonious vocals, definitely the Texas/Sensefield school of songwriting. These songs are well recorded and pleasant to listen to. My dog was instantly able to hum along. MH (What Else?/PO Box 1211/Columbus, IN 47202)

STUPID BABIES GO MAD • *Super Bastards and Great...* 7"

This Japanese outfit offers 6 great punk rock tunes that are incredibly high on energy and attitude. The band pictures inside are worth your money alone. This record is dedicated to "the corpse of G.G. Allin," but I'm sure they write better songs than he ever did. MH (ACME Records/Yutaka Nagafusa/1112-1-101 Hara/Numazu/Shizuoka/Japan 410-0312; ponafusa@charis.dricas.com)

SUBTRACT TO ZERO • 7"

Dark, fucked up hardcore that sounds like a mix between Struggle and End Of The Line. Not pretty, but all the better because of that. I liked the way they used static/noise in the background. It adds depth and the gives the songs a gloomier feel. MH (Primary Thoughts/PO Box 4995/Portland, OR 97208-4995)

SULLE SPALLE DELLE PIETRE • *Edizioni...* 7"

Very Neanderthal/Bastard Noise-ish with a weird fucked up recording that sounds as if they had built the equipment themselves (there's a possibility that that's actually true). Not as bad as I thought it would be, mostly due to the vocals. I guess, which are in Italian and sound kind of cool. Recommended to all you noise freaks out there. MH (Empty Chairs/Via Vico 22/00196 Rome/Italy)

SWALLOWING SHIT • *Anthology* CD

How can you lose with song titles such as "Lyrics That May Offend The Honkys," "If Assholes Could Fly, This Place Would Be An Airport," "I May Be P.C. (Whatever The Fuck That Means), But You're A Goddamn Poser," "You're Not Old School, You're Just Old," and "More Lyrics That May Offend The Honkys"? Swallowing Shit is clever, intelligent, humorous, and they thrash and thrash and thrash. The music is a constant onslaught of power, speed, and anger. The CD has all their tracks (maybe more than you will want to hear in one sitting) and it comes with their lyrics and some photos. This was one Canadian band that understood what hardcore was meant to be played fast, smart, and with no mercy! KM (The G7 Welcoming Committee/PO Box 27006/360 Main Street Concourse/Winnipeg, MB/R3C 4T3/Canada)

SYSTEM 39 • *A Crying Shame* CD

Four songs that have nearly indecipherable vocals and sludgy, yet quick-tempo "gutter punk" style rock. I swear to God that it sounds like the singer is a drill sergeant from Norway who learned English by listening to Faith No More on an answering machine tape... I thought that I had figured out one phrase ("fuck you") from the first song, but even that wasn't right. Turns out they don't even cuss. Anyway, the musical style is not my personal preference by any stretch of the imagination, but the lyrics relate to working ourselves to death ("Dying Wage"), apathy of the general population ("Middle Class Priorities"), slaughterhouses or vivisection or carnivorous living ("Red Species") and some more about working ("9 to 5 Failure")... The interesting part is that none of the kids look old enough to work yet... whatever the case may be, I can honestly feel their pain. Four songs, 13 minutes. DO (Outlandish/519 W. 12 St./Tempe, AZ 85281)

TANTRUM • *Into Thin Air* CD

I was expecting to hear some poorly-done death metal or laughable black metal... metal being the operative word. I was pleased to find some pulsating, hard-rocking hardcore somewhat along the lines of Regulator Watts (ex-Hoover)... screams, but somehow melodic and controlled. Next to nothing, information-wise, other than the fact that they are a French three piece. Some sort of Helmet feel, as well. It's not terribly original and with no lyrics to deconstruct, it's hard to say more. I will say that you can do much worse than throwing a Tantrum CD into your sound system. There's not a whole lot of variation on the disc, so the fact that it's an e.p. is a plus. 5 songs of big basslines and 18 minutes of chug-chug guitars. DO (Supine/BP6/34600 Herpian/France)

TEN YARD FIGHT • *The Only Way, A Video Documentary*

61 minutes of live footage, interviews and guys in vans. The quality of the material is quite good and the editing is done professionally. This stuff is certainly a lot better than your average live tape. This video documentary also features performances by Bane, Reach The Sky and In My Eyes. Boys who like this kind of sound will most definitely enjoy this tape, for the rest of us this remains somewhat irrelevant. MH (Bridge Nine Records/PO Box 990052/Boston, MA 02199-0052)

TERRORAIN • *1988 Demo* 7"

This thrashing mad hardcore band came from the United Kingdom in the late '80s. They never managed to release anything on vinyl back then, but their 1988 demo has now finally made it onto vinyl twelve years later. The sound is a frantic thrashing assault that can easily be compared to Septic Death, Siege, or Heresy. Terrorain isn't as good as those aforementioned bands, but they will absolutely appeal to thrash noise fans the world over. Their lyrics were spastic political outbursts and they were growled with fury. KM (\$3 to Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

TRENCHCOAT ARMY • 7"

Very dated punk that reminds me of Negative Approach, especially the Gorilla style vocals. Unlike NA this is, of course, complete pap. Do not purchase under any circumstances! MH (Mad At The World Records/PO Box 5216/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

THE TROTS • 7"

Drunk Punk. It must be sad when you're bad. MH (Puke Records/PO Box 1835/Seattle, WA 98111)

TEAR IT UP • 7"

Eight tracks of fast, pissed off sounding thrash with a catchy underbelly. Tear It Up features ex-members of Dead Nation, and this new incarnation is off to a great thrashing assault of a start. The lyrics are angry ditties directed at such things as working 9 to 5 in a cubical, rapists, punk regressing back to new wave, and inner pain. Seven inches of angst and energy. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

TRUE NORTH • We Speak In Code CD or LP

I talk about this band in my review of the new Burman LP, but there is much more to say that just to compare this band with that. True North come out in a burst of light. They play modern hardcore in the vein of Mohinder. (Of course, not as fast as Mohinder; let's be serious now.) It is fast, barbed, and polished enough to sound really good the whole time. It has ex-members of Palatka, 12 Hour Turn, Asshole Parade, and Strikeforce Diablo... so it is not surprising that you can hear little bits of all those bands in this recording. This one has been in my player for weeks and it might just stay for good. All hail the toilet. LO (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

TURBO FUCK • CD

Well, with a name like Turbo Fuck I was expecting nothing less than genius, so I wasn't disappointed when I saw in their thank you list they thanked "all the other bands that aren't contributing to the pussification of rock." It's always impressive when meatheads decide to make music. Besides the brilliance of mentality, this is nothing more than a CD-R with more soundtrack tracks than actual music tracks (the soundbites being the best part.) Musically they're all over the place, from some songs reminding me a bit of old straight edge to others that sound like something from the Twin Peaks soundtrack, not half as good of course. MO (Lola Records)

UNTIL THE END • 7"

Got more than I expected out of this record. Metallish style hardcore that will move you. Dual vocals was a nice touch although both have the patented tuff hardcore voice. UTE come straight at you with a positive sXe influenced sound and a firm belief in the hardcore scene. I particularly enjoyed the first track "finger on the trigger" especially the break down near the end. Nice layout and tattoo style artwork. NH (Equal Vision/PO Box 14/Hudson, NY 12534)

THE URCHIN • Another Day, Another Sorry State CD

This CD contains 13 tracks at 32:58 minutes. The Urchin play short blasts of melodic hardcore punk with loud sing-along lead vocals and gang vocal backups. The songs are anthemic and energetic and well done but nothing special. The Urchin play their music according to the well established pop punk rule book. Lyrics touch on social and political issues. SJS (Snuffy Smile/4-1-16-201 Daita/Setagaya-ku/Tokyo 155-0033/Japan)

URKO • Fast3chordhardcoremotherfucking... 7"

...thrasherpunkshit. Notchristianstraightgeemoposthardcoremacho toughguyphatbeatdownmetallapholierthanhousefrighthouselitist! mcooler thanyoumustwearherightclothesetobeacceptedbyyourcuescene. Bullshit. A pretty accurate description really. The lyrics are angry bursts of hate that don't really have much direction. If you like fast 3 chord hardcore then Urko will get you off. Simple, straight forward, angry hardcore from England. KM (Disintegration Records/PMB 419/1442 A Walnut Street/Berkeley, CA 94709)

VOLCANIC • Fluffer CD

Indie rockabilly? That's right, a perfect blend of soft indie rock and rockabilly. Some of the lyrics are alright, but I wouldn't recommend this to anyone I know because they probably wouldn't like it. DJ (Rut Records/1991 Castle Dr./Watkinsville, GA 30677)

WAAWE • Timestorm Was the Signal CD

8 songs. This Czech band plays mid-tempo to slow post-hardcore in the vein of later Cerberus Shoal and maybe Fugazi (during their more spaced out moments). They use vocals very sparsely, but make up for that by using such "exotic" instruments as flutes and saxophones. I haven't been able to really get into this, but maybe you will. MH (Silver Rocket/Jivenska 1294/140 00 Prague 4/Czech Republic)

THE WALKEN • CDR

First thing that came to mind was Dillinger Escape Plan, the next thing that came was mind is Dillinger Escape, but heavier. I've gotten a lot of random core in for review lately and I find most of it annoying, because the songs just don't make that much sense and aren't "musical" enough. But this wrecking crew just kicked my ass without any regard to my musical well being. If this is just a demo of what's to come from these lads, then I better make sure I'm on the toilet when I listen to any of this bands future releases, because I'm liable to shit all over myself. Any fans of Dillinger Escape Plan and the likes must check this out. That's a direct order!!! 3 songs 9:35. Good job men. ADI (PO Box 1513/El Granada, CA 94018; BurntFilms@hotmail.com)

WE TALKED ABOUT MURDER • CD

6 songs. This band features members of The Search For Satumalia, a band that really rubbed me the wrong way. We Talked About Murder is much better, though. The song-writing is pretty diverse and the vocals go from screaming to pleasant singing and then back. Some of the tunes on here are very catchy and they've all got a good groove that you can bob your head to. MH (Has Anyone Ever Told You/PO BOX 161702/Austin, TX 78716-1702)

WEI JI • CD

4 songs. Wei Ji is a French bands that plays a brand of indie rock that is mostly rhythm based nipple pop. Maybe somewhat similar to bands like Circus Lupus, then again not really. It is catchy in a late Dischord kind of way, especially when they use a violin. I don't know if you've noticed but I'm scrambling for words at this point.... The lyrics are in something approaching English. French would probably have been a better choice. Not great, but not annoying, either. MH (SanJam Recordings/9 Rue Des Mesanges/35650 Le Rheu/France)

WOOD • Song Lines CD

Sort of a broken-English Quicksand/Grade style of sludge-rock. Pretty quality recording, thankfully. I don't know if it's an incomplete translation or if they're being poetic when they talk about their "heartstone," but as much as I try to overlook the little foibles, it remains a bit distracting. This band, however, is a pretty damn solid rock outfit (if a little stiff) and can cover themselves fairly well. Chugga-chugga only goes so far, so 10 songs and 34 minutes is more than adequate. DO (Alberto Pol/Via Colombo 21/28921 Verbania, VB/Italy)

WORTHLESS • Which Side Are You On CD

Whoa! This actually pretty cool, pop punk that instantly brings bands like Dillinger Four and American Steel to mind. This CD seems to be a compilation of new, as well as previous released material that is out of print. Lots of hooks and melodies, along with really good lyrics that are smart and honest. Cool stuff. MO (Metro Recordings/PO Box 1108/Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742)

WOW & FLUTTER • Pounding the Pavement CD

This is pretty good indie-pop stuff, but hot damn! Why do they devote the first track to 6 minutes and 18 seconds of avant garde, whimsy synthesized noises? I listen through the whole track expecting some sort of showcase of talent and find nothing... until it hits track number two. Wow & Flutter plays extremely pleasant rock that's dreamy yet defined. They have a very light sound which encompasses every aspect of their playing. The vocals are mellow, the guitars are thin but robust in tone, and the percussion is never too heavy or overbearing. A good production all around (musically). ALP (Jealous Butcher Records/PO Box 14306/Portland, OR 97293)

ZANUSSI • 7"

I suppose this is power violence with a hefty dose of Man Is The Bastard. There are 11 songs sung in Spanish (the band is from Spain). Zanussi uses a lot of samples and sound bites to keep things interesting. Ultimately they remind me of that great German band Massick. Not really my style but this is well done and comes with a lot of reading material (most of it in Spanish, some in English), so I might as well recommend it to people who like their music fast and insane. MH (Ozono Kids/PO Box 627/Manresa/08240,BCN/Spain)

KAFKA/COMPACT JUSTICE • split CD

Kafka: NYHC with high-pitched, screamed vocals in Italian. The lyrics deal with animal rights for the most part and they are heartfelt. Compact Justice have a similar sound, but the vocals are not as scream. I can't really figure out what they're saying. I think they just plucked words and expressions from various Integrity records and threw them together in a completely arbitrary way. Weird. MH (IC Recordings/PO Box 100404/03004 Cottbus/Germany)

SUGARBOMBS/SCOREFOR • split 7"

I found it!!! The one record in the heap that looks bad but is actually good!!! These two German bands here play melodic punk rock that is just that and nothing more. Especially Scorefor does an excellent job at crafting two timeless mid-tempo tunes that feature plenty of hooks and pretty harmonies. Somewhat similar to bands such as The ABS, Sleeper and All. (Also loved the Opels on the cover!!!) MH (Rockstar Records/Verbindungsstrasse 9/52080 Aachen/Germany)

MARA'AKATE/FABLE • split 7"

Fuck yeah. More of that fast, chaotic hardcore that is oh-so-popular right now. Fable gives one emotive, dynamic track sounding like a mix of The Khayembi Communiqué, Saetia, and Reversal of Man (loud/soft parts, screamo, power-waltzes, etc.), but plays without relying too heavily on their influences. Mara'akate delivers four short blasts of fury and angst like that of Usurp Synapse... but with a darker, Orchid-esque approach. Both bands are driven by aggression and energy. Wow... This whole review sounded like an advertisement. Let's see how many references I could throw out there... ALP (Happy Couples Never Last Records/PO Box 36997/Indianapolis, IN 46236)

DIE KOSMO GESELLSCHAFT/WROUGHT: IRONSMILE • split 7"

Wrought Ironsmile are from Victoria (BC, Canada). They contribute two gentle songs that are very easy on the ears. They come across as quite genuine and the songs are given character by the inclusion of a harmonica and flute (or similar wind instrument). Die Kosmo Gesellschaft are from Berlin. Listening to their side enabled me to imagine how it would be possible to trace the evolution of the Klikitat Ikatowi (guitar tension + non-growled vocals) sound to that of Milemarker (successful inclusion of keyboards, etc.). Their two songs have vocals and lyrics in German and include some commentary in English. DF (Swingbeat Records/Marienburgerstr. 29/10405 Berlin/Germany)

ROCKS/THE LOUDMOUTHS • split 7"

The Rocks are from Australia and they play catchy upbeat '77 style punk rock. This style was perfected many years ago, and the Rocks still do it well. The Loudmouths also play snotty, rough, and melodic punk but their vocals are a lot more raw and gutsy. Their sound is tough and cutting, and they have the same sort of aggressive attitude that made the late '70s LA punk bands so damn good. I took this for review because the bass player of The Loudmouths was a friend of mine in the mid '80s, and I wanted to see what she was up to. I am not disappointed. KM (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

CAST IN FIRE/KOMBAT • split 7"

Cast in Fire offers two not so well produced metallic, double bass-heavy songs with lyrics that evade me. Kombat aren't that different from CIF musically except that their vocals are more gruff and the production is fatter. This kind of music reminds me of Monument, a Swiss band I used to love. In '92. Me thinks I'm too old for this stuff. MH (Toystore Records/Leemstraat 3/9820 Merelbeke/Belgium)

FALL TIME/MAR • split 7"

Dude, Fire Walk With Me Records is that coolest name for a label. Mar are metal core band that actually has some fast parts and at times even have riffs that remind me of early black metal. I like most of it (except the wuss-out parts) because it has a dark evil feel to most of it (except for the singing). The unprecedented five bombs rule. Fall Time are another hardcore metal band, not as cool Mar but have a similar way of using eerie arpeggio leads over thumping heaviness. They sound a bit like that band Reveal in their good moments. ADI (Fire Walk With Me Records; www.8ung.at/BurnBabyBurn or FireWalkWithYummy@Yahoo.de)

IN MEMORY OF/RAKSASAS • split 7"

This release is shared by two German metal mesh/hardcore bands. In Memory Of's lyrics are critical of shows like "Big Brother" and "Survivor", those of Raksasas are more personal. One more advance release that is hard to comment on. While it is certainly not great there really isn't anything wrong with it, either. MH (Stephan Moeller/Winzenburgerstrasse 12/31061 Aifeld/Germany/xmoeller@gmx.net)

FUCK ON THE BEACH/RUIDO • split 7"

Well, you should know what to expect by now. Japanese kings of thrash and power violence make another sonic attack on the ears! Absolutely top speed drumming and insane vocal screams over mad guitar playing! 100% power violence! Ruido are back with another powerful release. Somewhat different than previous releases. The music is chaotic and grindy but does not lack strength. The lyrics were kind of difficult to read, unfortunately, but Ruido fans can expect the usual. CF (Know Records/PO Box 90579/Long Beach, CA 90809)

FALLEN SHORT/DISASTER STRIKES • split CD

Fallen Short plays good brutal sounding hardcore with both male and female vocals. The lyrics are good and the music is tight. Disaster Strikes also plays good hardcore and also has both male and female vocals. Fallen Short has kind of growly vocals and heavy music whereas Disaster Strikes is a little less heavy but still good with very good female vocals. I would recommend this. DJ (Rodent Popsicle Records/PO Box 1143/Alston, MA 02134)

AMPS FOR CHRIST/1-EYED CYCLOPS • split 7"

Amps For Christ provide a couple of sound collages that mix electronic noise with elevator music. They're from California. Their "music" did not make me jump with joy. 1-Eyed Cyclops is a guy from Italy doing the Bastard Noise thing (I assume). I can't tell really since I'm not so familiar with that kind of sound. It does make me understand however what my neighbours feel when they hear anything harder than Creed ("But Marianne, this "Tragedy"—it's just noise.") MH (Empty Chairs/Via Vico 22/00196 Rome/Italy)

OVER MY DEAD BODY/SWINDLE • split 7"

Straight edge hardcore from two bands. Picture a mob of kids crowded together, fingers pointed at the ceiling, heads thrown back singing about being straight edge till the day they die. You know the music, if you like it then get this. DJ (Slow Gun Records)

RAW RIDE/ANARCHY CONDOMS • split 7"

This is the best record I got for this round of reviews! Fuck yeah! What we got here is a double whammy from Yokohama Japan. Raw Ride play fast chaotic thrash that are generously recording five songs that destroy in a matter of a few minutes. These guys play fast and play with their samurai swords unleashed. Screaming songs that put Yokohama on the map of thrash, giving notice to bands like Total Fury, Insane n' da Brain, Flash Gordon, and many others that come to mind. Anarchy Condoms play a heavier and more mid-tempo punk that keep a Discharge beat throughout the song. I feel the same vibe when I listen to Deathreath or Gaute. One line verses of "Never keep me spinnin" this record constantly. I love this damn record! SA (Hamakko Records/3-2-7-202/Nagata-Higasi/Minami-ku/Yokohama/Kanagawa/Japan/232-0072)

SHONBEN/MY WINTER JANE • split 7"

My Winter Jane is an emo band from Japan that features female vocals that don't go perfectly with the music, but nevertheless, this is by no means bad. Shonben offers 2 awesome melodic emo hits that remind me of Texas Is The Reason and Piebald. They are from London and I hope to hear more from them in the future. MH (Snuffy Smile/4-1-16-201/Daita/Setagaya-KU/Tokyo/155-0033/Japan)

MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES/HAWG JAW • 7"

Manchurian Candidates are vicious and fast with extremely harsh sounding vocals. Their furious wall of sound is cruel and ugly, with no regard for the casualties. Hawg Jaw is equally mean, but they turn the distortion way the fuck up and go for something way more slow, heavy, brutal and guttural. Even more ugly and uncompromising. Manchurian Candidates will kill you quickly and move on, while Hawg Jaw prefers torture and a slow death. KM (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

BREAK OF DAWN/APATHEMY • split 7"

Both of these bands play trendy metal-core. Break Of Dawn are melodic and have clean parts. There's a couple real heavy break downs and some singing parts, everyone and their little sister are playing this stuff lately. Apathemy are similar but not quite as cliché with guitar work that reminded me of the Luddite Clone. I really wanted the drums to come in fast after the intro on the first song but of course they had to wimp out and go for the mid tempo approach. The second song has a really awkward transition but redeems itself at the end with a blazing guitar solo. ADI (Dead Droid/PO Box 36091/Grosse Pointe, MI 48236)

HYSTERIC/NO PLACE FOR A HERO • 7"

The Hysteric play Hellbender-like poppy punk that is definitely above par. NPFAH sound similar but have even more of an aggressive edge. Their second song is a cover of Journey's "Don't Stop Believin'". I liked it. MH (Flammable/PO Box/7714 Chicago, IL 60680-7714)

LONG LIVE NOTHING/THE LAZARUS PLOT • split 7"

It's difficult to figure out what's going on with this record, my apologies to the bands if I don't get it right. The side that I think is Long Live Nothing starts out hard, heavy and kind of metallic. Then it switches to a twangy southwestern instrumental. The Lazarus Plot is more melodic and then gets rougher at the end. I liked the female vocals. There's an interesting combination of stuff here, but there's little else for me to go on beyond that. DF (Disgruntled Records/827 Somanauk St./Sycamore, IL 60178)

THIS WORLD IS MINE/MILES APART • split 7"

Miles Apart play absolutely awesome Jimmy Eat World/Texas-ish melodic emo pop. They're from Italy and I think they used to be in this band called Eversor who were great already, but I like this even better. This World Is Mine are from Japan and their brand of emo pop is quite similar to Miles Apart's. I was blown away by both bands. Their music is super-catchy yet retains a certain roughness. Just the way I like it. MH (Snuffy Smile/4-1-16-201/Daita/Setagaya-KU/Tokyo/155-0033/Japan)

2 MINUTOS DE ODI/O MILKHOUSE • split 7"

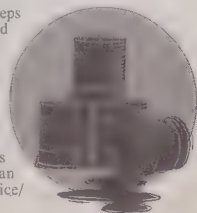
Both bands have a similar DIY ethic of cooperation and draw on similar musical concepts. The main difference is that Milkhouse is cleaner while Dos Minutos is rougher around the edges. Which is better depends on your preference. Milkhouse has crisp, up front female vocals and makes much use of back-ups. The Dos Minutos sound is less bursty and more smeared. Each band does four songs with fairly political lyrics written in English and Spanish. DF (Jaime Diaz/Apdo 6317/41080 Sevilla/Spain)

CALLOUSED/SHITLIST • split CD

This is one hell of a split. Both bands play raging crust/hardcore that rips shit up! Calloused is made up of ex-Mankind? and Sate of Fear members, and it is apparent! The music is really great Swedish influenced crust with very political lyrics and a male and female singer. I love this kinda stuff! Not too much can really be said! Shitlist on the other hand takes the same formula to another level. In Kent's words, Shitlist is "just plain mean." Damn straight! This is brutal crust with blast beats, angry lyrics and punishing vocals. The CD also contains the Masquerade LP from Calloused and the Cold Slap of Reality 7" from Shitlist. Almost an hour of brutality! Sweet! DD (Fired Up Records/PO Box 8985/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

TREADWELL/16 • split 7"

16 starts out slow and harsh and just keeps getting slower and slower and heavier and harsher, and then their song just comes to a complete stop. Stop. Treadwell are way more caustic and brutal than usual. The few times I have seen them live they reminded me of Born Against, but these songs are way more brutal, noisy, and distorted. I can still hear the Born Against, but it is buried very deep now. The vocals are snotty and coarse. KM (Badman Records/Martin Cesky/386 01 Strakonice/Czech Republic)



@PATIA NO/JABARA • split 7"

Jabara plays good distorted hardcore with male screamed vocals in Japanese. @patia No plays good political punk with a peace punk sound, but not that soft. They are from Venezuela and sing in Spanish. Both bands have translations into English. I liked this record. DJ (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yai-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo/164-0013/Japan)

ARMISTICE/CIRIL • split LP

Long running So Cal Anarcho punks Armistice unleash their best material as of yet! 6 tracks of supreme punk. Armistice definitely have not let up over the years and this has to be their best release! True hardcore anarcho-punk with a lyrical attack on the state and xenophobia, yet they also stress the importance of coming together and standing by your values and not selling yourself out. Great lyrics and music that you can't get from your average band. Recorded at T4 studios with a great production and sound quality. I only wish that this was a full LP. OK, this is hard... Ciril are from Long Beach, CA, and as I hear supposedly sound like Rudimentary Peni(?)! Personally I think some of the lyrics are ridiculous. Quote: We are were the boys with love hammer/We are were the creeps with the oozing tool we are were the boys with the fucking toys... I'm sorry but you can't be Rudimentary Peni. Nick Blinko sung about crazy shit, but not dumb perverted slobbering cries for sex! This reminds me of the Filth/Blatz split. The Filth side on mine is completely worn out but not the Blatz side. CF (Know Records/PO Box 90579/Long Beach, CA 90809)

THE LAST FORTY SECONDS/THE CHASE • CD

I feel kinda weird reviewing this after I actually toured with The Seconds, but here goes: The Chase are this awesome, extremely energetic band from Maryland that is made up entirely of 14 year olds. They jumped up and down and rocked so hard that I was often concerned for their safety and good health. Oh my bloody, it's as if Lifetime had never broken up!! The 3 songs on here are also going to be on the full length CD which should be out just about now. Check it out!!! (No, seriously, check it out!) Massachusetts's own The Last Forty Seconds play 2 new songs that are sad and messy. People have compared them to Portraits Of Past, so I'll just repeat that once more: they kinda sound like Portraits Of Past. Their third track is a Jane's Addiction cover that is impressively funky and tight. This platter is limited to 200 copies and comes in a super nice, handmade folder. So go ahead and shell out the couple of bucks. MH (PO Box 462/Northampton, MA 01061)

THE TRANSPIRE TON/SECONDS SEPARATE THE DAYS • split 7"

The Transpire Ton's "I Felt A Funeral" has an old school emo feel reminiscent of Julia. Seconds Separate The Days's "Ups, Downs, And Long-Distances" is an upbeat indie ditty. Unfortunately, each of these tracks falls in to the average category. They are not bad, but not good enough to really jump off the vinyl and grab you. LO (New Clear Records/3011 Nantucket/San Antonio, TX 78230)

COMRADES/AGATHOCLES • split CD

Comrades are from Italy and they play powerful grinding grind with deep snarled demonic vocals. UGLY as fuck. Belgium's Agathocles is much faster and much slower (depending on the song), but just as ugly and brutal. Their vocals are higher pitched and far less demonic sounding, but just as gruesome. Both bands scream about the horrors of modern day life. Did I say "ugly" yet? UGLY. I mean really this shit will peel the paint of your walls! KM (SOG Records/Paolo Petralia/Via Oderisi/Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Rome/Italy)

SON AMBULANCE/BRIGHT EYES • split CD

4 songs by each band. This came out on Saddle Creek and if you don't like that label you certainly won't like this CD. It's the usual folksy indie emo stuff, except that these songs are even more over the top than the rest of the label's releases. Now wait, though! That doesn't necessarily mean that I don't like them. I'm really not sure what to make of Bright Eyes. I kind of became a fan of them when I reviewed their last full length. But you really have to be in the right mood for these songs. The mood that makes you lock your doors, smear avocado on your face, drink something you're not supposed to drink, call up people who were mean to you in high school and scream obscenities into the phone. This isn't healthy music. I often think this is what Tom Waits would sound like after he lost his testicles in a freak accident involving a fishing rod and a helicopter. As for Son Ambulance—the first song on here is a very interesting little ditty mixing a Ben Folds like piano riff with Britpop vocals. Unfortunately the rest of their songs are more reminiscent of an Adam Sandler joke. And that is just plain wrong. MH (Saddle Creek/PO Box 8554/Omaha, NE 68108-0554)

MORAL HAZARD/CHUPACABRA • split 7"

Moral Hazard has one long song to Chupacabra's two. The moral hazard starts with a bass intro that reminds me of Dystopia. The music is crust/punk that isn't overly exciting, but not bad by any means. The song is about corporate subsidization of public schools. Moral Hazard has two male singers while Chupacabra has male and female singers. They go for a similar formula but with the added bonus of some soft interludes with the female singer actually singing, only to return to the thrashy insanity. There is even some double bass and chugga parts. Awesome! The Chupacabra songs are about the environment and being conscious. This 7" also comes with a little booklet with images and pictures of things that relate to the songs. All in all, a pretty solid release! DD (Cathphraz Records/PO Box 533/Wadell, AZ 85355)

ESTIGIA/EXECRADORES/GRITO DE ODIO • CD

This CD kicks ass. Get it now, however you can. Each band plays great political hardcore. Estigia and Grito de Odio singing in Spanish and Excradores in Portuguese. Lyrical content is spread all over the place. There are punk anthems, songs about the military, songs about religion, and even a Varukers cover ("Protest and Survive"). I just keep listening to this CD. To top off all the other good stuff this CD is a benefit, bitchin'. DJ (Difusion Anarcopunk/Apdo 6112/C.P. 50080/Zaragoza/Spain)

PIG DESTROYER/GNOL • split CD

Pig Destroyer don't fuck around much, they just deliver the maximum brutality with blast beats and blurry hand guitar riffs mixed with crunchy metallic double bass metal breaks to give these songs enough diverse parts to avoid being stuck in a single dimension. These songs are good and production is top notch and you usually don't even miss the lack of a bassist. Fucking grindcore... Gnol aren't nearly as good and are defiantly riding on the coat-tails of this release. Silly punk that sounds like some bad demo. The only redeeming quality (yes, quality with a "K") are the nonsensical lyrics which make me laugh. ADI (Robodog Records/12001 Aintree Ln./Reston, VA 20191)

DIABOLO ROSSO/Y • split 7"

Y have some of the most muffled and distorted vocal work that I have heard! I almost wonder if this was a recording problem. Otherwise they make a lot of howling, grinding, thrashing fucking noise! Diavolo Rosso are so incredibly vicious and mean. Frantic and intense hardcore played very fast and ugly. Violent and aggressive with slower sullen funks. KM (Flower Violence/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany).

HIGH STRUNG/ONE REASON • split CD

High Strung offer 6 songs of pretty basic punk that is played quite aggressively. One Reason offers more of the above, except that they feature male/female vocals. Not bad, but really, not great, either. A better recording might have helped. Often this sounds like a demo. (I went to see "Autumn In New York, by the way, and yes, did it ever suck! What's up with all the horny old guys, anyway?") MH (highstrung@hotmail.com/One Reason/PO Box 4244/Cleveland, MS 38732)

SOLEX/THE 1985 • split LP

If you are interested in the sort of arty rock stuff that comes out on File Thirteen these days or the so called "no-wave" that comes out on GSL then this split 12" may be just what you needed. The 1985 play arty rock that at times reminds me of why I disliked Shudder to Think. The vocals verge on annoying. Personally, I wouldn't recommend checking out Solex. Their song was simply bad, and they make The 1985 look awesome. The best thing about this record is that it is very, very short. Yikes. KM (Progeria Records/PO Box 2198/Church Street Station, New York, NY 10008-2198)

FOILIN' THE WORKS/SBITCH • split 7"

I hate splits like this, one side is awesome and one side sucks. Foilin' the Works isn't all that great, to say the least, the music is uninteresting and the lyrics aren't about anything, as far as I gather. On the other hand, Sbitch is an awesome female fronted punk band! I love this kinda stuff—angry, political, aggressive. Songs about tribal people to oppression and humanity's cruel ways. DD (Los Bandito Records/PMB 175/2002 A Guadalupe/Austin, TX 78705-5670)

IDEAL ANTI FASCIA/HOW • split 7"

These bands combine for eleven songs of raw thrash that is some of the ugliest you will find anywhere. It's rather uncontrolled and explosive if that's the way you like it. My Spanish was good enough to discern that the title translates to, "Death to the SGAE," but it wasn't good enough to figure out what the SGAE is. I think it has something to do with the recording industry. The sleeve looks hand printed and both it and the vinyl are about as thick as such things could be. DF (Building Records/Apdo 6317/41080 Sevilla/Spain)

BREAD AND WATER/REASON OF INSANITY • split 7"

Reason of Insanity play fast aggressive hardcore without losing that toe tapping quality. The vocals are brutal and harsh, and their artwork is classic cut and paste punk. Bread And Water have political lyrics and they play straight forward hardcore with a bit of melody. Their main vocalist is a woman, and her voice is supplemented by the occasional burst of distorted growling. Both bands are okay, but nothing on this 7" really blew me away. KM (\$3 to Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

BOTCH/KNUT/ANANDA • split 10"

This three way split 10" was recorded live in France. The sound quality is really quite good, and this 10" will be a welcome treat for fans of these bands. Knut has one unreleased track, but all of the other songs are also available on studio releases. Each band does two tracks. My copy came on white vinyl, but I believe that even the black vinyl copies are limited edition. The 10" does a good job of capturing the live feel of Botch (I have never seen the other bands live). KM (Overcome Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN 2000/LE SHOK • split 7"

This shit's pretty goofy. Electric Frankenstein 2000 performs a short, snot-rock number, "Monster Boots," while Le Shok plays an even shorter and snottier piece entitled "Booze is the Best Part." Both songs are quick, lasting a combined 2:40 seconds on the turntable. So, if this really annoys you, it'll be over in no time. Le Shok played in Goleta last month but I skipped out to see Spazz's last show at the Gilman. I heard Le Shok act like assholes on stage anyway. ALP (Know Records/PO Box 90579/Long Beach, CA 90809)

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT/GET UP KIDS • 7"

A white cover with little embossed spider and snake compliment this white vinyl. The record geek in me is surfacing and getting annoyed that I already got the white-as-snow sleeve a bit dirty. Each band does one song. RFTC offer up a song called Free Language Demons, which is a tad on the slower side but still has all the rock you've come to expect from the almighty Rocket along with the horns throbbing rhythm. The Get Up Kids do a song called Up On The Roof and is a bit mellower than other material and they even have a short bridge with a chorus of background "ahhhhs" and distorted singing over it. The progression is kind of cool but the song is so familiar sounding that I'm afraid it might just be a cover song, leaving me an idiot because I didn't recognize it, but the Kids were always good at copying... Ouch!!! Anyway, the keyboard seems to be fitting in more and more with this band. I have no idea what label this is on or how to get it but I'd try and snatch it up ASAP. ADI (no address)

RELITH/PARENTAL ADVISORY • split LP

Parental Advisory play fucking lightning fast grindcore with a lot of power and break neck energy. The vocals are a combination of uglified deep demonic howling and more straight forward screaming. They mix up the tempos and the assault and manage to prevent their songs from sounding too similar to one another. They also throw in some cool sounding effects, and their lyrics are pretty awesome. Very political. They hail from Brazil and their lyrics are prented in several languages. Relith are from Portugal and they also play a form of grind core. They are not nearly as good as Parental Advisory but they hold their own. Furious grind with harsh vocals. Their lyrics are also very political. I would have to say that Parental Advisory made the best sounding grind that I reviewed for this issue. KM (Luna Records/Daiza Postal 2480/Brasilia-DF/70849-970/Brazil or lunarecs@zipmail.com.br)

SEPTIC TUMOR/DAIRY QUEENS • split 7"

Dairy Queens are from Fairfield, CA and I hope I never have to see them play live. Extremely abrasive punk/hardcore that more than anything is just really harsh and hard to listen to. The vocals are extremely abrasive and the music is anything but light and friendly. No idea what they might be screaming about. Septic Tumor are from Tulsa, OK and I don't want to see them live either. They play fast thrashy but very generic hardcore. Neither of these bands is really all that good. Maybe they will get better, but I wouldn't recommend this to anyone unless that person was just looking to hear some fast, generic, hardcore with nasty sounding vocals. Very punk, but not too interesting if you ask me. KM (Chode Brand Music/1138 N. Edgefield/Dallas, TX 75208)

V/A • Tomorrow Will Be Worse Volume #2 CD

Prepare to be beaten into submission by a whole host of bands that should probably be incarcerated before they do some real damage! Ruído, Scalplock, 9 Shocks Terror, MK Ultra, Krighshot, Real Reggae, Uncurbed, and Mueekda Di Rato all do one to four tracks each. Fast, brutal and smacking you down at every turn, this is one comp that goes for the fucking throat! KM (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

V/A • Genetic Mutations Volume 2 CD

Three kinds of music here: bad ska, bad indie rock sounding stuff, and bad Teen Idols style pop-punk stuff. In fact, the Teen Idols are the first band on here. That should give you an idea of it. I guess it's good if you like that kind of music, but I don't. DJ (DHMG/16 Frinton Rd./London E6 3HA/UK)

V/A • Quincy Shanks Sampler #3 CD

From what I have been able to gather this is a free CD that serves as an introduction to the Quincy Shanks label. Some of the bands on here are: The 4-Squares, Biscayne, Rom, The Hitmen, Tricky Dick and There Is No Shining Heart. This CD comes without an inlet or any kind of information about the bands (where are they from? what are they singing about? what records have they done? who are they?). Honestly, I don't understand the point of doing a compilation that features no info at all. Musically this stuff is in the Mighty Mighty Bosstones arena (minus the ska). Big bold punk, kinda angry but polished at the same time. Nothing to write home about. MH (Quincy Shanks/PO Box 3035/Saint Charles, IL 60174)

V/A • Food Not Bombs CD

This is a really diverse CD. Bands include Ruinacre, Orwell, Soophie Nun Squad, Edge-Ucate, Submission Hold, Baxter, and more! What a great CD! Something for EVERYONE! It's even packaged using cardboard refuse. Mine came on a Budweiser box piece. There are even steps to start a Food Not Bombs in your town! I was told by Lisa that FNB comps don't sell well, and that is fucked up. If a comp is good it should sell, and if it's for a good cause it should sell. But this comp is great and is for a great cause! SO BUY IT! DD (Defeated/39W719 W. Lori Ln./Elgin, IL 60123)

V/A • Antipodes 7"

A 7" comp highlighting the best and brightest of the current screamo craze. Antipodes has The Assistant, Neil Perry, Hassan I Sabbah, Jerome's Dream, and Usurp Synapse. If you haven't heard of any of these bands you either: a) live under a rock; b) just don't care. And if that doesn't suit you, you can get a sample for what everyone else is up to on this one little record. The only problem is that the recordings aren't level, so the volume and quality fluctuates a lot. Ah well, what can you do. The record has so much for so little it is almost like a sampler, but collectable. LO (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York City, NY 10276)

V/A • Maximum Subjectivity LP

Maximum Subjectivity has a good line up with bands like Hybris, Man Vs. Humanity, Peace of Mind, Universal, Amen 81, Phillippe, Diavolo Rosso, Demon System 13, Fear Is The Path To The Darkside, Murder Disco Experience, Stagnation's End, and Durango 95. The comp comes with a booklet and the sound quality is generally pretty good to great. A nice way to check out some of the better European hardcore bands, with the emphasis being on harsher sounding assaults and crazed thrash. KM (Flower Violence Records/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

V/A • 0 to 60 in 73 Bands... CD

Crimeny, 73 bands! They do pop punk, crazy noise shit, '77 style punk, grindcore, dance tracks, crust punk and some stuff that sounds like demo punk—all of them lasting no longer than one minute, so as to fit the most bands possible on one CD. Apparently, they asked something on the order of 900 bands to be on here, and the 73 are the ones who got picked (or answered). It has an international feel because there are lots of bands from places other than North America. Also, it is nice that they put contact info for all of them, so if you were using this to get some exposure to the stuff out there, you could contact those bands. LO (\$7 to Josh c/o No! No! Records/1826 Viramankay/Ann Arbor, MI 48103)

V/A • Bcore Disc Sevens 1998-2000 CD

A very eclectic mix of indie rock here of some of the more popular indie bands that you might know. This is a some kind of anthology CD of the split seven inches from 1998-2000 they've done with bands like June of 44, Aina, Bluetip, The Disemberment Plan, and Juno. The better songs were from June of 44 and Juno. Nothing too out of the ordinary, just some good indie rock songs. SA (Bcore Disc/PO Box 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

V/A • Redwood Records—A Collection CD

It is quite unfortunate that this CD comes with so little info. I'm assuming the entire purpose of this sampler was to introduce people to the bands on Redwood Records and it looks like they missed out on a great opportunity by supplying us with such skimpy packaging. Anyway, let's see who's on here: it starts off with Ex-Ignora who I haven't listened to in a while. I suddenly realise that this band was ahead of its time. Give them another chance—they're kind of crazy and out there, but they're good. Next is Impel who I cannot comment on much, then we have The Killingtons doing a catchy melancholic indie rock song. There's also Metrosfitter who I've never really liked. This song doesn't change that. Next up is Inside and then Rocky Votolato & Seth Warren who grace us with a quiet little song featuring an acoustic guitar and a violin. Very nice. Then there's Sharks Keep Moving and Treadwell who you must have heard by now (if you haven't you lose). The last 2 bands are Nemirah and Mara Akate, both sounding the most hardcore of all the bands on here. MH (Redwood Records/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834-6041)

V/A • Short, Fast + Loud! CD

Forty tracks of crazed hardcore, bandana thrash, and straight forward in your face hardcore from all over the world (Poland, USA, Japan, Germany, Mexico, Canada, Brazil, England and more). The cast includes Dead Nation, El Nudo, Existench, In Control, Insult, Life's Halt, Point of Few, The Ultimate Warriors, What Happens Next?, Petus Eaters, Lana Dagales, Pignation, Ruination, Dread 101, Discordia, and a shit load more. There is a good mix of new up and coming bands as well as plenty of tracks from The cover folds out into a very small poster with tiny (I mean if you think HaC has tiny print try reading this thing!) little squares from each band on one side and some cool photos on the other side. Ready, set, thrash!!! KM (Slap-A-Ham Records/PO Box 420843/San Francisco, CA 94142-0843)

V/A • NYC-Bogota Threat 4 Way Split CD

This 4 way split CD features Indecision, Exigencia, Step2Far, and Zona Cero. Indecision play that fined tuned mosh metal that have made them so popular. Since one of the songs is called "Release The Cure" I believe it on their last full length, but perhaps the other ones are not. Exigencia have a smooth, catchy hardcore sound reminiscent of youth crew straight edge. Each songs is catchy and has a sing along of some form. Step2Far are heavy, more mosh metal, and faster than the other bands on the comp. Their sound would probably be best described as New York Hardcore. Tough, solid, and rhythmic. Zona Cero have the most effect, most distortion, and most chaos in their sound... though is still falls into the most metal category. Their drummer blazes with blast beats and the singing is gut wrenching screams over heavy guitar. At the end of this CD are 4 interviews, one with each band. This is a pretty original idea. The comp comes from Spain and 3 of the interviews are done in Spanish. LO (www.direccionpositiva.com)

If you ever wondered what those punks in the Czech Republic were up to, here's your answer! If you're into crust, you will enjoy this quite a bit! The recordings aren't the best, but this is still a good tape!! The bands are: Gride, Stenmark, Dread 101, Balaclava, Needleful Things, How Long?, Cerebral Turbulency, Negligent Collateral Collapse, Thema Eleven, Not Mindlock and Twisted Truth. Most of the bands are either crust of grind. The tape is a real surprise thrown in! The tape comes with a booklet that includes lyrics for most of which are in Czech, no translation, but it's mostly political stuff. Anyone into the Eastern European scene should get this! DD (Impregnat/Bohdadt Mach/PO Box 2,2/2,763 61 Kapaieda/Czech Republic)

The line-up for this CD is pretty impressive: Force Fed Gigs, Devola (3 songs), Spirit of Versailles, The Ultimate Warriors, Rep Seki, 1 Robot, Locust, Façade Burned Black, Rune, Raccbannon, Sloth, John Wiese, Stellina, Lick Golden Sky, Dead Letter Auction, The Keyboard Masters, The Pervators, Curb (2 songs), Leval Blessing, Suicide Note, To Dream of Autumn, Last Remaining Pinnacle, Illithed, Usurp Synapse, and The Sutek Conspiracy. Lots of chaotic new school emo noise, emo thrash violence, and chaotic hardcore. The CD doesn't come with a booklet or any info about the bands other than their address which is pretty disappointing really. I would recommend taping it if you like the material, but as far as I am concerned there isn't a good reason to actually own this one. KM (And Here My Troubles Began.../PO Box 421/Mooresville, IN 46158)

This CD unites 9 Japanese bands that play any number of styles in between youth core hardcore and thrash. Sound quality varies a little, but as usual with Japanese bands they make up for it with their spirited attitude. So, unsurprisingly, for the most part this was fun to listen to. Some of the bands on here are: Power Unit, Flame, Nec-pples, Brain Eaters, Final Youth and Disgusting Void. MH (Ttuo Kakizawa 3-2-7-202 Nagata Higasi/Minami-Ku/Yokohama/MH/232-0072)

This is a collection of metal hardcore that features bands from Sweden and the US. Some of the names are: An Hour and A Half, Face-Fallen, Man Wrecks, Ashes of Humanity, Joan Said Please and Suicide. The sound quality varies, but overall it's pretty good. Standout for me were I won't Follow who sound similar to Inside Out (west coast) and How You Get There who at least try to make this stuff sound fresh by adding some melody. (No lyrics or pics of the bands) All had the double bass drums!!!! MH (Set In Stone Records/102 Havenwood Cir./Daphne, AL 36526)

This is an extremely DIY CD comp complete with hand screened cloth covers and funky CD labels and Xerox copied booklet. The line-up is a who's who of popular DIY hardcore bands; Neil Perry, To Dream of Autumn, Usurp Synapse, Thursday, Raceabnonn, PG, 99, Landed, Knives & Greenwater, Five Stars For Failure, Ache, Joshua Fit For Battle, Lycosa, Numbers Are Neutral, Off Minor, The Assistant, The Awakened, The Cable Car Theory, The Keyboard Masters, The Scarlet Letter, The Vida Blue, and one band that was marked out with a black marker (I guess they didn't make the cut!). The music ranges from fucked up noise to fast chaotic hardcore to emotive melodic punk to hard hitting hardcore. It doesn't get much more hand made than this. KM (Kordova Milk Bar Records/PO Box 145/Hope Valley, RI 02832)

In the tradition of many great Japanese four way split LPs, this one holds its ground while breaking into new barriers of Japanese thrash extremities. Gouka play intense D-beat punk with furious vocals straining over furious riffage not unlike your forefathers of punk hardcore Discharge. **Tru! hardcore!** Little Bastards don't hesitate to blast right into things with grind laden hardcore with dueling growls and screams. Don't be afraid when I say grind, because I only use that as a reference to try and describe the sheer insanity of a million mile hour drumming and sweeping guitars. Awesome breakdowns and great speed picking reminds me of Napalm Death enslavement to obliteration era. Two words: **FUCKING BRUTAL!!** Trapped play more intricate type hardcore with acoustic breaks. Great stuff with the occasional D-beater thrown in. great usage of the dual vocal punk style. **Gooh shiiiiiiiit!** Extremely energetic hardcore with manic blasts and awe-inspiring vocals that really help the music along. Fans of Evance, take note, this is similar in style but with crazy blasts thrown in. Overall this is an awesome release with a good variation of styles. When these bands are centered around the D-beat philosophy, each one takes a separate attack and carves out a new style. This is a really great release and any fan of great Japanese hardcore should have this in your hands. **CF (Office Impact/2-28-5-302 Nishinaka/Minami-Ku/Yokohama/ Kanagawa/Japan)**

This is a pretty awesome idea for a compilation. A whole bunch of bands that are from Hillsborough County, Florida all got together and decided to do a comp CD and booklet. They got donations and put on a bunch of benefit shows and then split up all the CDs between the various bands. The comp includes Monuments To Ruin, Living Proof, War With Society, So Far So Good, M.F.R., The Cursed, Fun With Nature, Risky Business, Thought Corruption, Reckless Deerhunters, T.B.A., H.E.C.A.T.E.S.T., Murder Suicide Pact, and Vegan Wisconsin. Some of the bands are simply awful and some are pretty damn good. Most of the bands play harsh hardcore and thrash. The booklet has a page from each band as well as a lengthy explanation about how the comp was born and all that. The comps are apparently free while supplies last. More bands and communities should take a hint from these kids and try something similar. It just doesn't get any more DIY than this. KM (postage to Burn Brandon Records/ Sound Idea Distribution/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

This is a split between four Dutch bands: Betercore, Soberresponse, Point of Few, and Office Killer. Betercore play good blasting fast thrashy hardcore with harsh vocals and political lyrics. Point of Few also plays fast thrashy hardcore with harsh vocals. Soberresponse plays aggressive hardcore. The vocals remind me of early Uniform Choice, kind of aggressively spoken. Office Killer has a real metallic tone. They play emo-sounding hardcore with some fast parts and screamy vocals. Overall very good and political. DJ (Wastedyouthpowercore/smaragd 11/1703 Ja Heerhugewald/Holland)

There are 20 American bands on this compilation. Some of their names are: Openhand (best song on here), Pezz, The Banned, Jettison, Dead End Kids, The Mixelpixies, The Grand Prixx, Textbook and Charlie Pathetic (ska). The sound quality varies greatly. Musically this is mostly melodic punky nappy anywhere between Texas, Blink 182 and any band on Fat Wreck. Kind of a mixed bag but also a good chance to check out some new bands that you've never heard of. MH (Murk Ta/PO Box 4663/Lafayette, IN 47903)

20 tracks in 53:44 minutes. This compilation contains 20 CDs from 19 bands. Two tracks from Red Martian are included on their CD. They play energetic buzzsaw punk with a melodic base. The rest of the tracks on this compilation range from bar rock to pop punk to drunk punk and of course, metal. Most are forgettable. The exceptions being Ghoultown who do a respectable job reviving the cow punk sound and Thistle who play a prickly fuzzy off-beat pop tune. The comp ends with a decent go to group improvisation from the Dow Ensemble who builds a nicely textured sound that is too brief. SIS (Center of the World Records/176) Gross Rd./Dallas, TX 75228)

4 songs. Spastic, fast hardcore with a pretty bad recording and really shitty artwork ("send SASE for lyrics"—do I even need to comment on that?). The only thing that endeared this to me was the title of the first song: "He dresses in the dark to surprise himself." That, I thought, was funny. MH (PO Box 54/Richboro, PA 18954-0054)

Bland hardcore with a crust punk influence, yet poppy at the same time. I feel like I've writing this review before. Its hard for me to compare this to anyone because I really cant stand listening to this. Maybe its the production holding it back. At least the lyrics are about taking action so they get some props. ADI (StuggleForExistence@usa.net)

RUN AND HIDE! All is Suffering heading towards you, and no one can survive! This is an unbelievably punishing and brutal tape! It's like a mix of dark hardcore (like His Hero is Gone and older Neurosis) and grindcore! The drummer could easily play in any blackmetal band. This is one hell (and I do mean HELL!) of a tape! It has more songs than the 7" and more songs than the CD on the CD! This is very original, using samples of monk chanting, unrelentless moving forward, and some of the most sonic attacks complete with blast beats. The lyrics bring the darkness of human existence to the surface with their poetic and cryptic prose. All is Suffering is charging ahead into new, and scary territory, leaving no survivors in their wake. DD (422 Solums Isle Rd./St. Leonard, MD 20685)

pretty rocking kickoff (in a Balance of the World or Boy Set Fire sort of way)... Singing vocals that give way to screamed hardcore vocals. Really quite excellent. While the vocals sound like they would be socio-politically motivated, a lyrical examination turns up some very personal thoughts on friendship, death and innocence. Nothing groundbreaking there, but sincere and it is aurally pleasing to at least this one reviewer. The recording is solid and the players have some actual talent...One might also sit inside a room and wonder why the band is just a lot more ass-kicking than they are. Harmonizing is very strong. Just take it 1 foot forward to go on here. Harmonizing is very strong. Who's that? Five songs, 30 minutes. DO. (no address)

French hardcore at its finest. It didn't take me long to get into this one. Eight complex songs which meander through mid-tempo instrumentals and culminate in heavier sections with no lack of emotion. Nicely screamed vocals and just the right amount of tempo changes result in a very happy listener. Lyrics are all in French but Gerome insists they deal with such issues as "questioning authority, taking back power and products, and dynamiting the show biz!" Yeah. Nice layout and cover work wrap up an impressive demo which is not to be missed. NH (Amanda Woodward/22 Rue De Vaucluses/14000 Caen/France)

These guys play emotionally charged hardcore. The vocals are half sung half frantic screams and the songs range from chaotic to feel good rock out. The drummer has really poor timing and kind of brings the band down (sorry to be so blunt but its the truth). The songs are political with lyrics in English but I'm not sure what lingo they're actually screaming in. The tape has a nice layout and the recording is good for a demo but I'm not sure if this is a demo. It might be more a full length. ADI (No Action Take Distro/2115-21. Jin Suneai Gombak/53000 KL/Malaysia)

Does it get any shittier then this...for the love of god this is horrible not even song titles how am I supposed to tell which bands which? Does Vendredi 13 Records make an effort to find the worst bands with the shittiest possible recordings? Words can begin to describe this repulsive noise. I'd rather be stuck in a van on a humid summer day with Tony Brett's ass after a bean-filled meal than listen to this. ADJ (Vendredi 13/25Rue Goudoulli/31240 St Jean/France)

Because I'm no longer even surprised when we get weird stuff like this to review. Because this is—well, it's dance music. There are four tracks on here, the first one sounding a lot like Daft Punk (incidentally DSR is also from France). The second track is a trippier Björk-ish instrumental that would have appealed more to me had it had a vocal track. The 3rd track has a breakbeat feel to it and the last one is kinda house-ish (but I'm no expert on this matter). I did enjoy this a lot. It is well recorded and pretty catchy at times. Time to slip into my snakeskin tank top and pink trainers, sneak out the house and join my fellow bespectacled zit-squeezers, my spunky rump-shaking two-steppers and gunk-mongers at that rave on the other side of the highway. No handbags!!! (Yes, I have indeed lost my mind.) MH (Vendredi 13 Recordings/25 Rue Couduville/31240 St.Jean/France)

It is quite amazing how well these (young) guys play. I don't think I've ever seen a show as tight and as well played than when I saw them in Gainesville. It was scary perfect. And they're all like only 14 years old (okay 17 or 18). Personally I could have done without them all wearing black and the light show, but hey, who am I to tell them what to do... It just seems that a band as talented as this one really doesn't need the theatrics—the music and the surprisingly unpretentious lyrics speak for themselves. Anyway, One Step Closer's music is on the fast and angry side with quite the metal influence. I'm going to compare them to Converge (please keep in mind that half the time I don't know what I'm talking about). The sound quality and the packaging are awesome. I strongly urge you to shell out the couple of bucks and get this. MH (PO Box 83593/Convers, CA 90013)

Crust mixed with 80s hardcore. The screaming is really distorted. Production isn't so good so I cant get that good of a feel for it. It seems like every issue I get about 5 demos that sound just like this. I'm sorry I just cant think of anything else to say... my mind has melted. Bland. ADI 205 Franklin Ave. #1A/Brooklyn, NY 11205)

Brutal politicized hardcore from Memphis Tennessee. A lot of good bands have come out of that area and The People's War is another one of 'em. Here's five songs that discuss issues of class, religion, and other issues local and otherwise, in a powerful way. Vocals sound like nothing I can pinpoint, other than the fact that they are pretty brutal and the music follows suit. Some good shit here. SA (Po Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

About 30 songs of pretty good DIY hardcore. They had a song on 625 Records Barbaric Thrash Detonation, so you might have heard them there. The recording is kind of muddy, but if you can tamper with your stereo you can get it to sound alright. Included on the tape are: '98 Demo, '96 Demo, '99 Live tracks, '97 Unreleased tracks, and two comp tracks. Pretty cool. DJ (Autonomy-Resistance-Equality Records/C/o John M. Barber/ PO Box 82462/Lafayette, LA 70598)

This is a full length tape and comes in some elaborate 7" packaging. It appears to be about as DIY as you can reasonably get. The tape has a wide variety of songs including the song on the split with Die Kosmo Gesellschaft also reviewed in this issue. Some of their songs are screams, while others are more melodic. Some are fast and some are slow. There are rough edges in both sound and appearance, giving the whole project a nice lo-fi feel. Nicely done. DF (Compilation no. 27./PO Box 30 11 30/ 04251 Leipzig/Germany)

Math rock. Too bad these mathematicians couldn't figure out that you should put a label on a tape to at least indicate which side is which. Besides that I like this demo. Frenzied and pissed yet can get a little booty shaking. Disjointed but flowing bass with emotive hardcore octaves for the guitar. Reminds me of Ebullient releases. Production good. Short and sweet. ADI (Kleiner Kielort 7A/20144 Hamburg/Germany)

Spoken word and experimental noise make up both sides of this tape. Depressing socio-political themes and lyrics. This didn't really float my boat. CD (Autonomy-resistance-equality Records c/o John M. Barber/PO Box 82462/Lafayette, LA 70598)

I liked this. Crusty folk-punk outta Oregon, with some 80's metal stylings, frantic high pitched growls, singing about war, arms race, the trash on TV, and the church. CD (1715 North East Killingsworth St./Portland, OR 97211)

Fast and furious German hardcore. It's got punch, anger, and dissonance... yeah. This is pretty fuckin' good. Hella heavy with yelled, strained vocals of anguish. The recording quality is OK, but a little quiet on the tape itself. Nice, hectic, driving hardcore. Great demo. ALP (Steffen Hinkel/Augartenstrasse 15/68159 Mannheim/Germany)

Metallic catchy hardcore with vocals that sound like Countervail all recorded very raw and very unpolished, which is one of the better parts of this tape. At some parts of the songs it sounds like they listen to some Yaphet Kotto and Bury Me Standing because it gets very emotionally charged. With a little bit more practice on the drums, these guys could do some damage. SA (Spencer/1669 Hamilton St./Simi Valley, CA 92965)

Every now and then you get a demo and you just know that you will be hearing more from this band because it is above average in every respect. This one here is from Portland and it looks and sounds the part. Soundwise this reminds me of Countdown To Oblivion and Severed Head Of State. Really well done. The packaging is super nice, too. Purchase instantly, MH (PO Box 40766/Portland, OR 97240)

This reminds me of the Yah Mos with choruses and half assed silliness, also is kind of thrashy. The lyrics are a bloopy mess with no spaces between the words but what I deciphered seemed witty in a blunt way. These dudes seem like they have a lot of fun being snotty punks, I bet they break stuff live. This tape is bitchin. ADI (4420 South R Circle/Fort Smith, AR 72903-3503)

This is a benefit tape compilation, however I'm still not sure what it is a benefit for. It comes with a cool booklet in English and German. The tape is pretty good with bands such as Abuso Sonoro, Submission Hold, and many others. All in all I thought this was cool. DJ (PO Box 301130/04251 Leipzig/Germany)

This is a seven deo. Damn, they really know how to pack a cassette tape. Brusca, from Brazil, sing in Spanish, but give translations in English. They play jazzy rock with vocals that remind of Nuzzle. Some of the guitar solos keep me interested since I haven't heard much solos that do justice. These guys play some good Brazilian rock'n'roll. SA (Angelo Olive/Via f. Ili Roselli/39-72015, Fasano/Brazil)

17 fast and angry songs that sound pretty damn old school to me. Somewhat
similar to Wishful Thinking. Say No More and Inside Out (east coast).
I kind of liked this. The lyrics were certainly cool in a Charles Bronson
kind of way. I'm sure they would be a fun live band. "We are the kids, we
are the FUCKING KIDS!!!!" Lots of potential here. MH (Nickey Nolan/
1720 E. Pleasant Court/Davenport, IA 52804;
x10betweenusx@hotmail.com)

No parade share members with from Ashes Rise, and I can definitely hear some from Ashes Rise meets His Hero Is Gone in their sound. Well played hardcore like the aforementioned bands coupled with great vocal work. The vocals are what make No Parade as well as His Hero Is Gone, Tragedy, and from Ashes Rise so good damn good.

It may be the Tennessee accent or maybe they just try all really hard to copy each other, but this vocal sound totally works. They will soon have a 7" out on Partner In Crime Records. Great. KM (Elijah Wasserman/ 746 Elysian Fields/Nashville, TN 37204)

This sounded like it was recorded in a tool shed, but it does have potential. Good screaming with ok instrumentals, and variations of tempo. I liked the robot on the cover. KW (mikecancourt@hotmail.com)

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 0091 | **the hidden chord** "suicide note to myself"
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 0081 | **switchblade** s/t 10" (u.s. press)
 0091 | **the hidden chord** "eight blue eyes" CD
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 0361 | **the plastic constellations** "let's war"
 CD (split release w/ modern radio)

(out in january)

- 0201 | **the vida blue** "our miracle point of contact"
 LP and CD (split release w/ lance harbor)
 0217 | **the crush** "eyes to break the ice" 7"
 0011 | **rivethead** "we don't fuck around" 7"
 0024 | **bright eyes** "motionSickness" b/w
 "soon you'll be leaving your man" 7"
 0061 | **cadillac blindside** "read the book, seen
 the movie" LP (CD on soda jerk)

(the months following january)

- 0004 | **song of zarathustra** "discography vol. 1"
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 0111 | **neil perry** s/t 5" picture disc
 0114 | **purist** s/t 12" w/ etched b-side
 0128 | **blow up** s/t CD
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 0231 | **makara** discography LP
 0251 | **the hidden chord** "abigail vongetti: a
 musical sound recording by the hidden
 chord" CD-EP (10" on level plane)
 0071 | **har mar superstar** s/t picture disc LP
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 0081 | **the crush** "tonight will ruin tomorrow" CD

(later)

- 0071 | **the khayembil communique** / **the vida
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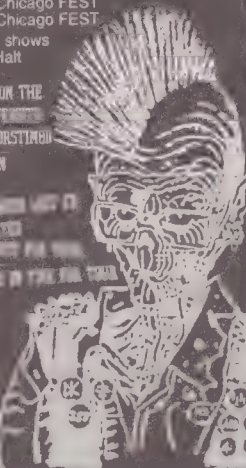
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2001 CALENDAR & VEGAN COOKBOOK

11x8.5 \$2.50 28pgs.
This is, well, a calendar and vegan cookbook. Each month has a new recipe and that handy graph of squares with numbers in it. They tell you how to make things like vegan whip cream, which sounds pretty advanced if you ask me. LO (Anna Weevil/11053-89 Ave./Edmonton, AB/T6G 0Z7/Canada)

AD HOMINIM #8

8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.
Ad Hominim contains personal writings, band interviews, and a few other essays. Interviews are short with very direct questions and answers. Those questioned are members of Mixelpick, OS101, Stigmata, and Shutdown. There is an essay on how the Pennsylvania state police got information on the organizers of street demos at the Republican National Convention and a companion press release on recent protests in the US. Other essays cover the presidential debates, the meat packing industry, an anti-gay conference, and why the editor is no longer a Christian. There is a short interview with Jesus Christ, which is the third one I have read recently. He might soon be more popular than Trial! Lastly, there are a few music reviews and an odd essay on hardcore re-enacting. SJS (1401 Portland Ave, S #C303/Minneapolis, MN 55404)

APOLOGIZE, PULL OUT HIS EYES...

4.25x7 \$7 24pgs.
This small publication is about women and slasher films. The author/editor presents a paper that looks at this subject with a feminist point of view. Then the author presents a self-critique of that paper. The remainder of the 'zine contains a discussion of the films of George Romero and a quick analysis of exploitation films. SJS (Vanessa Hams/2139 N Milwaukee/Chicago, IL 60647)

ARCHIVE #1

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 24pgs.
The contributors to this 'zine begin with the following statement: "This is our attempt at presenting information we find more interesting than your average textbook material." They devote the following pages to analyses of topics marginalized or left out of history texts. The birth control movement and its flirtations with eugenics and population control amongst lower classes. The founding of the conservation movement in America and the foundation it established for long lasting ecological awareness and protections. An overview of the many roles women have played in labor struggles and organizing. Lastly there is a good analysis of some influences Einstein's theory of relativity has had on the arts. Each of the essays is footnoted and supported with a list for further reading. One other essay addresses the objective or subjective mindset of people recording history. SJS (Deanna Hitchcock/PO Box 8131/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

ARSENAL #2

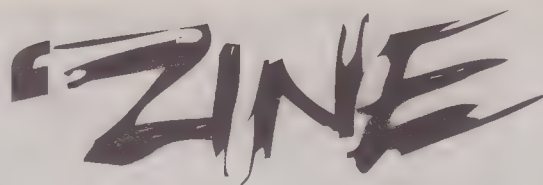
5.5x7 \$4 52pgs.
Subtitled "A Magazine of anarchist strategy and culture", *Arsenal* takes extended looks at issues confronted by an evolving anarchist movement. There is attention given to differing opinions and points of view within a broadly conceived anti-authoritarian philosophical framework. Anti-Racist Action is the subject of one article. Its author reviews tactics of the organization and possible future directions. Another article looks at consciousness raising and fund raising strategies of the Zapatistas and what similar organizations might learn from them. There is a history of the anarchist movement in Eugene, Oregon and the role it has played in the recent expansion of anarcho-awareness. Other articles look at putting autonomous theory into practice through community organizing in Syracuse, NY and the accomplishments of Philadelphia's anarchist community between 1890 and 1917. The organized lecture series, parades, protests, newspaper publicity, and huge fundraising events all providing the attending public with an insight into anarchist ideas and practice. Elsewhere within the pages of *Arsenal* is an explanation of the motives for publishing the magazine, a critical review of Chumbawumba and their intentions, comics, and some nifty graphics. SJS (1573 N Milwaukee Ave./PMB #420/Chicago, IL 60622)

ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER #10

8.5x11 \$4.95 80pgs. +23 band CD comp.
This is a glossy cover music 'zine from Tampa, FL. This issue contains interviews with Grade, Jersey, Blake Schwarzenbach, Pollen, Fay Wray, Crispus Attacks, the editor of *Motion Sickness* 'zine, the editor of *Rats In the Hallway* 'zine, and a metal guitar player from Tampa. The interviews tend to be disjointed series of questions that range from band histories to politics to stupid shit about prostitutes, shit, and drunkenness. The remainder of Attention Deficit Disorder is filled with 'zine and music reviews and some sorry excuses for columns. I can't help but feel that this 'zine is a waste of paper. The CD sampler contains, one track each from a bunch of pop punk and melodic hardcore bands. SJS (PO Box 8240/Tampa, FL 33674)

BREAK THE CHAINS #2

8.5x11 \$7 8pgs.
This second installment of *Break The Chains* is subtitled the "newsletter of the NW anarchist support network" this pamphlet covers the status of court proceedings for activists involved with direct action protests and speaking out on corporate and government abuse of power in the northwest. There are messages from several people discussed and suggestions for lending a hand, should you have a mind to do so. SJS (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)



BEEKEEPER #2

8.5x11 \$2 24pgs.
A mostly music 'zine from Cincinnati that begins with a long interview with the Orchid. They discuss song lyrics, Y2K madness, record labels, and their tiff with Isis. Editor Andy then explains how he disconnected the automatic return on his turntable so he can play 5" records. He then goes on to complain about drivers in Cincinnati and the odd relationship he has with bicycle and multiple car crash incidents. There is also an essay entitled "Will And Grace Is The Worst Show On TV." The rest of this issue is filled with music and 'zine reviews. SJS (PO Box 198064/Cincinnati, OH 45219)

THE BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #14

8.5x11 \$1 24pgs.
Black Clad Messenger contains news of activities carried out by the anarchist opposition to authoritarian repression and articles and essays that look at many issues of concern within the anarchist resistance. Some issues discussed include the anti-Palestinian bias of US media covering the Israeli-Palestinian summit, sexism in the anarchist movement, US intervention in Bolivia and the widespread protests that resulted and cultural influence on human gender roles. There are many short items on sundry anti-authoritarian and anti-exploitation actions from around the planet. There are several statements from activists facing trials and prison and an essay evaluating methods for direct action now that the FBI and law enforcers consider anarchists a threat. Also included is an essay on human separation from nature in our modern civilization. SJS (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

BORN AGAIN LOSERS

5.5x8.5 \$1 48pgs.
Born Again Losers takes many personal issues and turns them into barbed articles for you to think about. In this issue Joolie talks about mental illness and its effects on the/her family, veganism and animal rights, women's bodies, politics, child rearing, crushes, and art. The only bad part of this 'zine is the copy job is sometimes too dark over text and you can't read it. So really I am just saying I want to read it, which is a compliment. A nice first issue; I look forward to the second one. LO (Joolie Geldner/6334 Shattuck/Oakland, CA 94609)

BROWN ROT #6

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 28pgs.
Brown Rot has lots to offer its readers. There are informative articles and opinion pieces on ecology, going vegan, living car free, composting, and schools. To entertain you they also offer up a review of Atari's discography of releases and an interview with *Maststock Experimental Music* 'Zine. Cool. LO (Daniel Murphy/PO Box 6626/Boise, ID 83707)

BURN COLLECTOR

book \$9 300pgs.
The book release of *Burn Collector* compiles all past issues (#1 through #9) into one big volume. Everything is taken just as it was, so you really do get anything you might have missed. Personally, I think *Burn Collector* is one of the better 'zines around. AI's knack for poignant summation and analysis of everyday life is insightful and always amusing to read. If you look back through any of the past HaCs you'll find glowing reviews for each issue. I am not kidding, you will like this. Plus, the book makes it more economical than buying them one by one, so catch up. LO (The Buddy System/302 Bedford Ave. #284/Brooklyn, NY 11211)

BURNT #3

8.5 x 11 \$1 20pgs.
Burnt is a cut and paste 'zine assembled by some folks in New Jersey. It contains mostly personal writings and essays on social issues. There are several essays on the ups and downs of working temp jobs. Another essay discusses the non-existence of god and why that is Okay. There is an essay on the death of Brian Deneke, a punk kid killed by a jock down in Texas. This essay seems to approve of and call for vengeance. There are some poems and other writings on recycling, AIDS in Africa, Walmart, and protesting. *Burnt* also contains record and 'zine reviews. SJS (Franco/400 Park Rd./Parsippany, NJ 07054)

CAUSTIC TRUTHS! #75

8.5x11 \$7 48pgs.
This issue of *Caustic Truths!* contains biographies of four people known for the assassinations they committed or attempted. Included is a condensed life history of Mark David Chapman. Next up is an interview with Jen Angel and a tale of abuse and degradation at a military school that ends in crime, prison time, and intellectual redemption. The longest article is an overview of the secrets revealed by a member of a top-secret governmental UFO intelligence agency. The person revealing is a DR. Michael Wolf, his book is *Catchers of Heaven* and this article ties together and proves valid just about every UFO conspiracy theory in existence, from Roswell to crop circles. The remainder of this issue is filled with music reviews and columns. SJS (PO Box 92548/152 Carlton St./Toronto, ON/M5A 2K0/Canada)

CHUMPIRE #135

8.5x11 stamp 2pgs.
In this issue of *Chumpire*, Greg discusses the pros and cons of school district consolidation, one big high school and seven small middle schools or three small junior/senior high school combos. Also Greg dresses down the Frito Lay junk food empire in favor of many worthy local brands and waxes philosophic about marriage (same gender and otherwise) and divorce. The rest of the sides are filled with 'zine reviews, movie reviews, music reviews, and lineups, analysis, and impressions of some recent shows in Western Pennsylvania, including the ongoing series of Woodcock performances and shows at Pittsburgh's Roboto Space. This issue is printed on excellent brown paper. SJS (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

CRUDE NOISE #1

7x8.5 \$1+stamps 40pgs.
I'm biased in reviewing this 'zine because I know Meredith and find her to be one absolutely kick-ass lady, and it's hard for me to put aside that knowledge and solely review the 'zine... but I don't really think it makes much difference because this 'zine is absolutely wonderful. Inside you will find tales of the living space Meredith shares with several folks, and the awesome community space that they have made out of it. Also included are (sometimes horrifying) tales of traveling, recipes, contributions from several people, and awesome prints of woodcuts (I think?). And, to top it off, the aesthetic presentation of the words within is beautifully done. Go and get this 'zine now. LK (Meredith/223 Jane Place/New Orleans, LA 70119)

CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER #14

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 36pgs.
About 3/4 of this issue is comprised of an unedited transcript of e-mails which editor Giovanni and his pal Allison wrote to one another while not working at work or studying at college. You get an array of gossip, jokes, slander, stories, and random chatter piled together with no semblance of order or reason. Giovanni states "I think e-mail is generally a crock of shit, but it was a pretty fun toy to play with" in his intro. Well, it sounds tedious and boring. After reading a way into this a few themes become apparent and a level of humor is achieved. Giovanni is a smart-ass in a very tough shell and Allison attempts to gently analyze him. The remainder of this issue contains three commentaries. In the first Giovanni describes what he must do if he wishes to eat healthy, according to various pamphlets and studies he has read. Next, he waxes philosophic on the questionable desires people have for breeding and why the young punks in Spokane seem to do so without thinking much about the future. Last, is a long show review that is actually an analysis of the sorry state of most young people in Giovanni's community. Giovanni seems like a very cantankerous young man. His 'zine is quite entertaining. SJS (Giovanni/PO Box 1781/Spokane, WA 99120)

THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW #1

5.5x8.5 \$7 20pgs.
I was disappointed to see that so many of the pages of this 'zine were filled with record reviews... it seems that the writer has a lot to say about animal rights, human rights, and the environment (as is noted on the cover of the 'zine), but those issues are not discussed in very much depth within the pages of *The Day Before Tomorrow*. The stuff in the 'zine is interesting; I just wish there was more of it and less of things I can read elsewhere. LK (Pulin Modi/124 Raymond Ave./PO Box 1980, Vassar College/Poughkeepsie, NY 12601)

DEFULT 'ZINE #4

8.5x11 \$3 32pgs.
The editors say that the intent of this 'zine is to, "give a voice to anyone who has something to say." They certainly make an effort to achieve this goal. The 'zine has a music focus, including interviews with Decameron, Catharsis, and Sol Perpetuo, as well as many reviews and columns. All of the text in this is in Spanish. LK (PO Box 1424/c1000wao/Buenos Aires/Argentina)

DIATRIBE #10

5.5x8.5 \$1.25/trade 28pgs.
I would have a slight amount of trouble describing this on my own so I'll just use the authors own words: "*Diatribes* mostly deals with social commentary from an esoteric, left hand path occult, post sub-culture perspective." The social commentary is by and large criticism of the US and the world, and kind of taken from an outside perspective (because living in squats and whatnot has lifted this person onto a higher consciousness where the shit from above just lands on the trailer parks and not his/her head, apparently). Lots of the pages have drawings on them with some odd, post-nuclear mixed with occult-ridden themes. I would describe them as decent. There are also some stories with a horror theme to them or whatever. I especially enjoyed the mass to Tiamat instructions, but I had some problems getting it to work correctly. Also, if you are a slave to Frito-Lay and Budweiser, yet also a rebel and feel like soaking it to your God, they include some good ideas on how to scam products by complaining on the hotlines and getting free coupons. They made a party out of it and called it a Scambory! (A fun idea, but I don't think it beats talking for a few hours about having your head up an elephants ass for six hours a day for sixty years, like how our parties are). I can agree with some of the things written, and while I am definitely not Mr. Positive I feel that some arguments here base too much of themselves on an idea that we're all just sheep in a world we can't control. Except for this person of course, s/he's special. I think there's much more to life than just the oppression of some shit-hole economic system or whatever the fuck is being argued here. Thou art God. RG (1303 Hollywood Street North East/Grand Rapids, MI 49505)

The Motley Crew For This Voyage: RA=Danny "Skate Bane" Ornee,
RA=Ryan "Motamk" Graizer, SJS=Steve "Mid Man" Snyder, SA=Steve
"Pos" Aoki, AP=Alex "Pretty Boy" Pasternak, LX=Leslie "No More Cookie
Trays!" Kinn, CD=Chris "Seeps on a Door" Duprey, CF=Cruck "Up-Cruck"
Franco, & LO=Lisa "The Cap'n" Oglesby

DISASTER STRIKES #1

8.5x11 free 42pgs.

This is good. None of it is original, but rather a compilation of writings from other 'zines and record booklets that the editor thought were important. Articles from *Suburban Voice* #43, the *Noise/Text War* double CD comp, *Hodgepodge* #5, and *Ebullition Records' XXX* comp, Los Crudos/Spitboy split LP, *Struggle* LP, and *Give Me Back* comp LP. Lots of good articles on coming out, the Zapatista Struggle, prostitution, and porn vs. erotica. A good read. CD (Jeff Bramhall/207 North Main Street/Sharon, MA 02067)

DISORDERLY CONDUCT Winter 2000-2001

5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

Subtitled "an insurrectionary green anarchist quarterly" *Disorderly Conduct* is densely packed with reports from the front lines of direct action protests, critiques of the left and their more widely accepted civil disobedience tactics, and much information useful to folks devising lives of autonomous thought and action. This journal supports the use of property destruction and resistance in the face of authoritarian repression. There are several topics discussed at length in this issue. These include the events surrounding the Prague anti-IMF/World Bank actions, sexism inherent in the anarchist and anti-authoritarian movement, and discussion of the non value of elections and voting. Throughout *Disorderly Conduct* you will find essays dealing with secrecy, gardening, indigenous peoples, green anarchy, monkey wrenching, and many related issues and concerns. SJS (Anarchist Action Collective/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

DURGA #3 5.5x8.5 stamps/trade 20pgs.

Durga is a "zine that sets out to address" the personal aspects of living in a culture of domination. Within its pages the author writes about job culture and the distinction between working and having a job. There is also an analysis of how women have been marginalized in many social movements and what men must do to gain the trust and full inclusion of women. Two shorter pieces look at pornography and a revised Y2K conspiracy. These essays are written from personal experiences. The author expresses frustration with unreconstructed male domination but also some for change. SJS (PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

EARTH LIBERATION PRISONER

NEWSLETTER Dec. 2000 5.5x8.5 \$7 20pgs.

The title accurately describes this pamphlet. It contains court reports and legal updates for several cases involving direct action protests in the US and Europe. There also is a lengthy contact list for earth and animal liberation prisoners in the US and Europe and a few suggested ways to help these folks out. SJS (NA-ELP Support Network/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

ELEMENT SKATE CORE 'ZINE #13 7x7 \$7 40pgs.

The title sums up this publication as well as I might. Within its pages you will find interviews with folks who skate or play in bands. The conversations focus on skating and the state of hard core past and present. Those people interviewed include Kevin Seconds, Ed Templeton, Billy Kahn, Chris Kelly of 97A, and Chris Colohan of The Swarm. There are many photos of bands and skaters throughout the pages. A few brief words from editor Eric Z describe his reasons for making this issue. SJS (Eric Ziembowicz/23144 Cleveland/Dearborn, MI 48124)

EMPOWERED SPIRITS #1 5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.

A personal political 'zine with lots of poetry, plus anger towards idiotic all to tight crotchted chaos punks and society, chaotic collages, and some rants. All of it is cut and paste and original. I kind of feel a reoccurring theme throughout of questioning any authority, even yourself. There is a section of pieces featuring SoCal. Meare of CBS krew, and Hope. This is good for long bus rides and boring days at home to fill your head with questions and debate. Off the idiotic chaos punk menace! (No offense to any cool kids.) CF (Josh Frank/418 N Scrivener St./Lake Elsinore, CA 92530)

ENGINE #6 8.5x11 \$3 64pgs.

This is a music zine from LA that focuses on punk and hardcore. The bulk of its pages are filled with interviews with a diverse bunch of bands. These interviews go beyond the basic bio/discography questions to explore philosophies, politics, and the scenes from which the bands emerge. Those interviewed include Flesh Eating Creeps, Jean Seberg, MK Ultra, Stitches, Kill The Man Who Questions, Bembu, Smogtown, Dahmer, Kastratio, and Crucial Response Records. The interviews that stood out for me were with MK Ultra who talk about work and life, Mrtrva Budoucnost who talk about life in the Czech Republic and punk in Europe, and a long talk with Frank from Feederz about situationist actions of Feederz, history of the band, and taking matters into your own hands. *Engine* also contains music and zine reviews, a few columns, and essays on favorite zines and records. SJS (PO Box 64666/LA, CA 90064)

EXISTENTIALIZING THE LITTLE GUY

3x2 \$7 14pgs.

This is a tiny little comic book type thing that makes no sense. At least, not to me. DJ (Danielle/PO Box 5964/Portland, OR 97228)

FAX MASTER 2000 4x5 \$1 48pgs.

Okay, so this guy is officially the "fax master" at his work. Really. He sends and receives faxes all day long. I believe he is moderately bored with this job, so he has created this 'zine to detail the happenings of his job and life. Discussions about work and co-workers and all that good stuff. I do have to say that it's a good thing James is not the "collating master," because some of the pages in this 'zine were duplicated, while I believe others were missing. Oops. LK (James Squeaky/PO Box 5964/Portland, OR 97228)

REVIEWS

FRACTURE #14 8.5x11 \$3 88pgs.

Fracture begins with many columns. Some are ruminations on personal issues, others are travelogues or rants. Featured in this issue is a listing of DIY promoters throughout the UK and a wealth of information on how to contact them, what amenities they can provide, and descriptions of payment methods, venues, and experience. This will probably be invaluable to anyone considering a tour of England. Following the listings are short interviews with a number of individual promoters. Elsewhere in *Fracture* there are two interviews. One with Boy Sets Fire and the other with Chris Dodge. The latter covers the history of Slap-A-Ham, Spazz, and power violence. Lastly is the final section of a series on the US led attack on Yugoslavia. This section covers the diplomatic and political games played during and after the bombing. The remainder of *Fracture* is filled with music and 'zine reviews. SJS (PO Box 623/Cardiff/CF3 4ZA/Wales/UK)

FROM THE GROUND #7 5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

This reads more like a literary journal than a 'zine (not to say that a 'zine can't be literary-journal-like...), with a majority of the writing being poems documenting feelings had in different regions of the U.S.A. I'm not a particularly huge fan of poetry, but for those who enjoy a poetic walk through the mind of another person, you just may enjoy spending some time reading *From the Ground*. LK (329 Island Dr./Melbourne Beach, FL 32951)

FUN, FOREST, AND FANTASY #3

5.5x8.5 55¢ US/76¢ Canada/\$1.80 elsewhere 16pgs.

Some nice stories to read about work, cops, travel, and more cops. Well, actually the more cops part is a story about going up to Seattle last year to protest the WTO meetings. I always like job stories so you can't really go wrong there in my opinion, and stories about getting busted by the cops are almost always a good read as well. The layout is done in various cut and paste styles. All in all, I like the 'zine and founds the things interesting to read, even though it wasn't terribly long or anything. RG (Tim Rakunze/PO Box 5272/Ventura, CA 93005)

GRUB #11 4.25x7 stamps/trade 24pgs.

This is a pretty cool, but small, vegetarian cookzine that comes with 4 recipe cards. Recipes include humus, coffee cake, mac and cheese, and vegan pie. Pretty cool. DJ (PO Box 1471/Iowa City, IA 52248)

GRUB #100 5.5x3 55¢ 24pgs.

A mix of tempting and repulsive items for you to pour over. There are a handful of vegetarian recipes (with neat 3"x5" cards for you to place in your recipe box) and a story of maggot infestation in the cuboard. Not exactly two things I would mix, but since they both take place in the kitchen, and both have to do with food, it sort of makes sense. Overall, I found more commentary than cooking tips, which sets this away from something one might normally label a cookzine. LO (PO Box 1471/Iowa City, IA 52240)

HAPPY GOAT #9 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

When I first started reading issue #9 I thought it had a lot of poignant stories about growing up. There were pieces on keeping yourself amused, relationships, finding punk, music and moods, and some work stories. But after a certain point it got to be a little too specific and I began to be less interested in the anecdotes. It just sort of lost me in the mix somewhere. Perhaps too much detail, perhaps too centered on them to reach out to the reader. I guess part of figuring it all out is figuring out a way to express it to your reader. LO (PO Box 9876/Cedar Rapids, IA 52409)

HARBINGER news free 16pgs.

Harbinger is a newsletter overflowing with secrets, magic, and nonsense. *Harbinger* sets it's sights beyond our wildest dreams and tramples freely on our deepest fears and most sacred shibboleths. *Harbinger* bursts into song without notice and shouts with joy until it's shouts cause headaches and annoyance like a child that refuses to quiet. Then *Harbinger* continues to sing and shout with joy until all we can do is join in and rescue our sanity. Like a flock of Brown Pelicans gliding above the waves, *Harbinger* is self willed yet it beats it's chest begging for attention like a desperate politician. *Harbinger* is incendiary, offensive, arcane, obnoxious, honest, and profound. *Harbinger* is absolutely essential reading for any person who is awake and LIVING their life. SJS (CrimethInc. HQ/2695 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

HIBRIDO ECLECTICO #2 8.5x11 \$2 16pgs.

This 'zine is entirely in Spanish, so I read as much of it as I could. There is an interview with *Diferentes Actitudes Juveniles*, but I spent most of my time trying to figure out what the hell the "Princess Thunderclap" comic was all about. I hope that I am missing something because I can't translate very well, because visually this is just confusing. LK (Juan Naum/130 Seigel St. #3L/Brooklyn, NY 11206)

HOPE SPRINGS F R O M SOMEWHERE #1

5.5x8.5 postage/trade 24pgs.

Neat little personal 'zine with lots of short stories. Most of them are about instances in life and the writer assesses some meaning out of them. Life is a series of events and once they pass they are gone forever,

that's what I seemed to get out of them. One story in particular that I thought was really good was about how she got cancer and was told by doctors she was going to die and had six months left. As I was reading it I was sad because I thought about the other stuff she wrote, and now I knew her death was inevitable and she knew it also, and it just felt depressing. So, as I was on the edge of my seat reading it, it all came together after she pulled herself out of the drunken stupor that the situation subjected her to, and sought alternative medicine with the support of a friend. Now her death didn't seem to be looming on the horizon. Did she miraculously make it? Read it your damnsself. RG (PO Box 60242/Las Vegas, NV 89160)

HUXTABLE #1 8.5x11 \$1+2stamps 28pgs.

Definitely an ambitious folk who put together this 'zine. It's teeming with stickers and flyers and even trading cards. As for content, it's an assortment of silly stuff with a few serious things (like poetry) thrown in the mix. Some of the items to read are an interview with Shaun from The Truents, many really short stories that are usually pretty funny, web site reviews, a punk and hardcore quiz (which I totally failed), a hip hop wordsearch (which I rocked), graffiti pictures, music interviews, comics, and a shitload of other interesting and entertaining things to read. The layout is cut and paste, and I would have to say this is a good first issue, it's very positive and super mega. RG (46 Park Avenue/Oyster Bay, NY 11771)

IMPACT PRESS #29 8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

The October/November issue of *Impact Press* contains articles on how the mainstream media went about ignoring the street protests and actions surrounding the summer's political conventions, how vaccines have become hugely profitable for global pharmaceutical companies, the relationship between religion based conflicts and economic inequality, and a cover story on the excessive US military budget. Opinion pieces and columns look at the need for activism in the African-American community, voting, the ongoing boy scouts ban on gay members debacle, and the importance of supporting the arts. Elsewhere you will find the usual intelligent comics, letters, events listing, HIV/AIDS info, and some music reviews. They pack much into each issue. SJS (Impact Press/PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

IMPACT PRESS #30

8.5x11 \$2 56pgs.

The cover story in this issue of *Impact* asks the twofold question: Did Jesus exist and does it matter? The author, Gary Sloan, reviews current research into the facts of biblical writers and their times. His research seems to point to a negative response to both parts of the question. Another feature article considers the difference between American policies toward Cuba and China. There is a review of some disturbing research into the excessive diagnosis of Attention

Deficit Disorder, the abuse of Ritalin as a cure, and the complicity of Novartis, the Ritalin manufacturer, in the marketing of A.D.D. as a common occurrence. Other articles include an exposé on body building and male body image and a piece that looks at the continuous support of the Indonesian military by the US government. You will find the usual assortment of columns, comics, activist event listings, and music reviews throughout this issue of *Impact Press*. SJS (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

IT'S ALIVE #19 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

The best hardcore photozine around today. Keepin' the pages fresh with great shots of current hardcore bands along with nostalgic shots from as early as the mid 80's. Every issue is packed with full page photos and flyers with Uniform Choice and Gorilla Biscuits to Life's Halt and Fields of Fire. Fred Hammer does an excellent job of archiving the hardcore scene that is growing around him and he definitely keeps "the scene from crumbling" with these awesome 'zines! Keep it up Hammer! And I'm sure they surely will! Positive GO! SA (Fred Hammer/PO Box 6326/Oxnard, CA 93031)

JETPLANE #1 4.25x5.5 \$7 28pgs.

This small in stature 'zine is "a combination of photography, typography, and graphic design." That sums up the content nicely. Just about each page has an artsy picture on it of various subjects, and occasionally there are words to go with them. It's simple, but that compliments the meanings of the whole thing in a nice way. Also, with one side of the page always being blank, it help each one stand on it's own better. RG (Mike Lecky/PO Box 474/Charlottetown, PEI/C1A 7L1/Canada)



All art borrowed from On Lord...

IMPOSSIBLE DREAMER #1 8.5x11 \$4+4 IRC 120pgs.
This is a music 'zine put together by a guy named George from Leicester, England. He focuses his attention on several bands with whom he appears to be obsessed. What you get are lengthy rambling stories about shows, records, and sometimes videos by these bands and George's involvement with them. Bands who get the *Impossible Dreamer* treatment include Rancid, Groovie Ghoulies, Better Than a Thousand, H2O, Good Riddance, Green Day, Undeclinable Ambuscade, and Bis. You get many words describing the train to the show, the performance space, how he felt taking photos and hearing his favorite songs, and what happened after the show. Also George usually reviews the bands' latest record song by song. A large portion of *Impossible Dreamer* is given to the recent comeback record and tour from Blondie. George seems utterly obsessed with the band and goes on for tens of pages describing in excruciating detail what seems to be his every thought and action relating to his obsession. You get to read about each of the Blondie performances he attended, how he got to visit with the band after the show, and the trips to and from each show. Then he goes on at length about their new singles and record, the video and radio play the received, and this anticipation of their entry into the pop charts. There are pages of reprints of Blondie show and record reviews and interviews from various newspapers and magazines and much more Blondie related stuff. George is definitely a fan of Blondie and much of this 'zine is a scrapbook of his fanaticism. *Impossible Dreamer* closes with a few book reviews and a discussion of movie soundtracks and some shorter pieces on more shows and records. SJS (George Bean/141 Narborough Rd./Leicester/LE3 0PB/England)

LABIA LICKER #1

5.5x8.5 \$? 12pgs.
This is a collection of writings from the Self Propelled Autonomous Womyn's Network. Included are brief essays and poems dealing with anger and hurt felt by womyn when confronting patriarchy and intolerance. Scattered throughout the pages are some disturbing anti-womyn quotations culled from writers from many of the planet's cultures. SJS (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

LA PAPPA CON IL POMODORO NEWSLETTER #2

8.5x11 \$1 4pgs. each
This newsletter focuses on grind, crust, power violence, and related music issues from around the world. Each issue is half reviews and half interviews. Interviews in #2 are with Hypocrits and Cripple Bastards. In #3 the interviews are with Kryptosexual Canroid, Lo Sterminio, and Plague Rages. The interviews are short and deal mainly with social issues in each band's home area, politics, and the state of the grindcore scene. SJS (Marco Tournoud/Via Roma 59/10056 Oulx (TO)/Italy)

MAC PARIADKA #1-#4 2000

8.5x11 \$4 82pgs.
We received 4 issues of this Polish 'zine at one time. Since they are incredibly thick, and in Polish, there is most likely much more to them than I can really describe here. It comes out regularly and is probably quite useful for anyone who wants to learn more about some of the cultural issues and interesting things happening in that area. Each issue has columns, political articles, scene reports, music reviews, web site reviews, fanzine reviews, and some ads. Some of the features from these issues were a comic from Seth Tobocman (in Polish), articles on anarchism and feminism, Thoreau, Hip Hop, and Afghanistan, as well as interviews with Filth Of Mankind, Sunrise, Intensity, Sabot, Harum Scaram, React, and The Varukers. LO (Redakcja/PO Box 67/81806 Sopot 6/Poland)

MANANA LOS CHICAS SERAN PRIMEROS

5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.
Unfortunately, I am trying to take care of this review at the last minute—and I am one of the reviewers who cannot read Spanish, so this is will sort of be bare bones description. My apologies, your 'zine deserves better than this. There are numerous and lengthy 'zine reviews, columns, an article on cleanliness, and interviews with J Church and The Walnut Street Project. LO (Dto. 168 Albatros 27/Punta Alta (8109)/Bs As/Argentina)

MARTYRS AND OTHER FUCKERS #1

5.5x8.5 \$1 44pgs.
An excellent first issue! Interviews with 9 Shocks Terror, Verbal Assault, and The Nerve Agents. Those bands should explain the basic content of this 'zine. Crazy thrashing in full perspective with great photos all over the place. There is a section of assorted writings in the back for some filler between all the hardcore assault. The photo section is great, all your favorite hardcore heroes kiddies! CF (Jeremy D. Smith/157 Ramsdell Ave. #4/Buffalo, NY 14216)

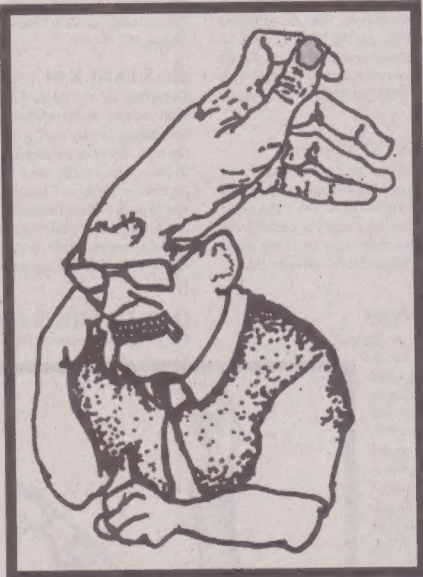
MY DYING SYMPATHY #11

5.5x8.5 trade 44pgs.
This personal 'zine contains stories from the life of author Sprout. This journal begins with Sprout unhappy with his job packing and mailing "hippie" stickers to head shops. He comes into possession of a truck, packs his stuff for travel and hits the road. The travel stories are interwoven with tales of some of the residents of Eugene, Oregon and some of the people who have passed through his life. Travel stories are usually worth reading and Sprout's are entertaining overviews of a few places on his path. He has a vindictive side when telling about some of the people who have crossed his path. Eventually Sprout tells of another job at a fruit shipping company, riding his bike, face and body painting with an older folk singer named Biff, and coffee and crossword puzzles. SJS (PO Box 1287/Lawrence, KS 66044)

MEDIA READER Jan-Mar 2001

news \$2 24pgs.
This issue, of the always excellent *Media Reader*, features several lengthy articles on a variety of social and political issues. First up is an interview with an epidemiologist named Dr. David Richardson. He describes his work with people exposed to radiation in the area near Three Mile Island. He also discusses the problems with current radiation exposure standards, the effects of one's environment on overall well being, and how a person can be aware of existing dangers. There is an exposé on the rise and fall of counter culture slogan purveyor UnAmerican. A pair of stories describe happenings at two of this year's big demonstrations. One describes the actions of police who broke in on and arrested the people creating puppets for the demonstrations at the last Republican convention. The other describes the setting and activities in Prague during the World Bank/IMF meeting. Also included are highlights taken from Jello Biafra's spoken word performance after the RNC. The remainder of the pages are filled with letters, book and music reviews. SJS (PO Box 641544/Chicago, IL 60664)

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #6



8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.
Lots of content crammed into a few pages. Issue #6 opens with thoughts on being called a Christian 'zine. Though the editor himself is Christian, he is cautious of what pitfalls such a label will give potential readers. (Perhaps I have just jinxed him by mentioning that in my review.) There are a number of personal pieces in this one, so the intro is just your first taste of the life of David. He ponders the logistic nature of long term, monogamous relationships, talks about some reactions to body image, and analyzes the virtues of help. There is also a very cool roundtable discussion/interview with folks from Reach The Sky, Farside, Ann Beretta, Liar, and FBI 'Zine about guns, the death penalty, events of historical importance, accomplishments, and more. It was cool to have a cross section of people answer these questions and just check out the array of answers people had. I thought the editor did a good job synthesizing this interview and it turned out quite cool. LO (David Lucander/PO Box 4248/Springfield, MA 01101)

METAL RULES #7

8.5x11 \$? 100pgs.
Normally, I might not take the time to pour over every page of a metal magazine... but I was on the train and there ending up being a number of weird things in here to keep me interested. Even though I am not a fan of metal, I do remember the time when metal was king. Reading this was like stepping back in time. First off, I was impressed by the up-front integrity of the editor. The reviews and interviews are not kiss ass, instead they choose to each release's merit and let people think what they will. There are a wealth of interviews in this issue, including ones with Impaled, Discern, Impiety, Bruce Dickinson, Zakk Wylde, Spiral Architect, Sea Of Dreams, Kreator, Manowar, Daniel Roeback, King Norris, and last but not least Sebastian Bach. For those of you who don't recognize that already, that would be a mix of famous and underground all sharing space in one magazine. My favorite was the one with Sebastian Bach because 1) he was in Skid Row and that is funny on its own, and 2) he sort of makes an ass of himself. This issue also features concert and scene reports, letters, and other goodies. A well done issue. LO (2116 Sandra Rd./Voorhees, NJ 08043)

MODERN FIX Nov. & Dec.

8.5x11 free 52pgs. each
We get this magazine all the time and I am always tempted to say it goes just out of the boundaries of what *HeartattaCk* deals with. That being said, I did find some interesting things when reading over these two issues. First, the November issue was dedicated to the deceased singer of Snot. In doing so they put together a collage of things people said about him and sort of reflected on how his life had affected others. I thought this was cool. Then their regular content of reviews, interviews, and write ups filled the rest of that issue. The December issue had a piece about Napster, wherein they took quotes from different musicians on what their opinion was. It was interesting to juxtapose the people who stood for against it. Another winner feature. Overall, *Modern Fix* isn't really my bag but they can do some really neat features. LO (3368 Governor Drive Suite 318F/San Diego, CA 92122)

MY BAD POETRY #2

5.5x8.5 \$? 50pgs.
It's a misleading title on more than one front. First off, the 'zine is mostly comprised of fiction stories, with just four or so pages of the aforementioned poetry. And secondly, the poetry is quite good in my opinion. The stories were good; fairly long and with fairly artsy prose, but it didn't feel forced. I won't give in on depth critique, because, well, who am I? Needless to say, this 'zine is for people who like reading. I found it to be inspirational because I am very often writing stories and poetry, but it just rests in my room. There are always people to share it with, sometimes one just forgets that. RG (Jeff Hall/PO Box 485/80 Boylston St./Boston, MA 02116)

MY CAT WALKS ALL OVER ME #2

8.5x4 50¢ 10pgs.
This jumps to a great start with a nice piece comparing babies to zombies and having abortions to killing zombies. There's more to it than you might think. Next there is the always popular, in my book, theme of "stuff that bothers the fuck out of me." Lastly are some quick record reviews. One review is of Suffocation, so this 'zine automatically gets my vote. The layout is a cut and paste style with various pictures of Jesus and Mary floating around. It's short, but the things to read are all good, yo. RG (Vanessa Hams/2139 N Milwaukee/Chicago, IL 60647)

NATIVE SON #2

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.
First of all, this 'zine looks cool. They try to have a theme of youth and how people grow, but it only makes its way into some sections of the 'zine. Still, I enjoyed reading their talks with Cobra Kai and Brian of Catharsis. They talk about experiences being a teenager, projects, revolution, and punk (of course). Also included are a bare bones diary of a trip to New Mexico, delineation of how the world is screwed up, and stuff about bike trips. Pretty much, this issues sort of encompasses what this person did and thought over a summer. LO (Paul H./1013 Rhoads Hall/710 Franklin St./Richmond, VA 23220-4101)

NECROMANCER #1

7x4 \$1 20pgs.
A mix of personal and fantasy. Poetic thoughts on night, notes from protesting the death penalty, and some well written prose. Jonathan has done 'zine in the past, and currently writes columns for HaC, and so I thought I was prepared for the kind of things in this 'zine. It surprised me with an extra portion of quality and art that his other stuff had only to a lesser extent. Very nice. LO (Jonathan Lee/164 St. Agnes #3/Memphis, TN 38112)

THE NEW SCHEME #1

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
This is a music 'zine from Denver edited by a person named Stuart. This issue contains interviews with Pinhead Gunpowder, Cadillac Blindside, In Flames, The Explosion, and Mike of Skylab Commerce. The interviews cover history and discography information and a few issues specific to each person answering questions. The remainder of the pages are filled with record reviews. SJS (PO Box 44003/Denver, CO 80201)

NOCTURNAL DOMINION #4

8.5x11 \$1 14pgs.
A 'zine from Belgium with lots of 'zine reviews and interviews with One X More and Darkness crammed into its pages. Their news and addresses section is impressively long, almost as long as the editorial page that delineates many thoughts from the editor. Issue #4 is actually the end of *Nocturnal Dominion* and what they call a half issue. I wonder how much stuff they would have in a full issue? LO (Laurent Paciti/24, Rue Vandiessche/1050 Bruxelles/Belgium)

NO ONE TOUCHES THE DREAM TEAM #2

5.5x8.5 \$2 20pgs.
Damn, these folks think they are hilarious; and often times they are. Their sophomore effort has people reviews, a story about hobos, warnings of monkey domination and shady people, a Departure interview, and a review of this first issue. Though I never laughed aloud, I enjoyed their wit. LO (Chris Leeds/3525 Moorhead Ave./Boulder, CO 80305)

NOSE DIVE #10

7x8.5 \$2 44pgs.
Nose Dive has a nice aesthetic, lots of collaged art and black and white dramatics. This sets me up to like this read. Most of the content discusses life in New Orleans. There are discussions of personal issues and local activities, and a bunch of stuff about biking. The Anarchist Art Attack interview and piece about Jules Perahim were interesting and gave a nice balance to the more anecdotal personal content. Issue #10 has a story has continues from issue #9 and ones that goes into issue #11; that's how the hook your in. LO (PO Box 72581/New Orleans, LA 70172)

OH LORD... #1

4.25x5.5 \$1 40pgs.
I realize that I had reviewed and issue of this prior that was actually their second issue, and a comic book. Anyway, this weird little 'zine that rambles and amuses. The art looks like a collage of stuff from Neil Burke and that guy from Combat Wounded Veteran who draws the amputees. Inside, they talk about talking shit, tales of child discipline and mall security, relationships, feminism and the practicality of actions, religion, and more. A strange little packet of evil. LO (2222 6th Ave./East Moline, IL 61244)

PEOPLE, BEES, AND HONEY

5.5x8.5 \$? 8pgs.
This pamphlet discusses honey bees in detail. The author, Anna has researched their nature and herein describes their lives. Anna tells of the social structure within a beehive, how bees collect and transport pollen and nectar and how they inform each other of nectar sources via their dance. The pamphlet also includes a discussion of commercial treatment of bees by those who exploit them for honey and pollination work. There is also some interesting information about bees as indicators of environmental health and damage. SJS (11053-89 Ave./Edmonton, AB/T6G 0Z7/CANADA)

THE PLOT THICKENS

5.5x8.5 \$4 36pgs.
A compilation of comics in one book. *The Plot Thickens* takes to punk, politics, and modern society with a sharp pen and sardonic wit. LO (Slab-O-Concrete/PO Box 148/Hove/BN3 3DQ/UK)

POETS' GROOVE #7

5.5x8.5 \$1 or trade 28pgs.
This issue is alternately titled "Internalized Music" and editor/author Sebastian suggests that the words might become music held in your head. The collection of writings includes poems and prose. The poems are tersely worded and deal in concrete images that create a narrative. The prose is economically worded as well. Sebastian tells two stories about motion and isolation. SJS (S. Sebastian Petsu/6367 Overbrook Ave./Philadelphia, PA 19151)

PROPHECIES FROM THE CHILDREN OF CAIN

5.5x8.5 \$? 52pgs.
This 'zine is thick, and checked full of tiny letters. Articles on A16 and Mayday, and a lengthy article on NAFTA and the FTTA. Good, but kinda boring in some places. CD (Justin Conlon/160 Summit St. #1/Hyde Park, MA 02136)

PSIONIC PLASTIC JOY #3

8.5x11 50¢ 6pgs.
This is 3 pages stapled together. Enough of the layout is large cut and paste images; I bet they could have downsized this by at least a page. Ah well, in the aforementioned 6 pages you can read about subversive power in the information age, the similarities of opposing political sides, copywriting idea, 'zines and music currently available, and some stories. It wouldn't take much for this 'zine to be about twice as good. LO (Jason Rodgers/97 Intervale Rd./Wilton, NH 03086)

PUNKANUT #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 68pgs.

Punkanut is a personal 'zine comprised of three travel stories, one concert scam story, and e-mail from a pal. Two of the travel stories are somewhat disheartening. The first tells of three folks hitching and train hopping from Jacksonville to NYC and then attempting to return. Things don't go to well. There are personality conflicts, cops, canceled rallies, and broken hearts. The other story tells of editor Wylie's attempt at trainhopping from his home in Texas to L.A. He is caught, arrested, dumped into jail, and seriously questions his chosen mode of travel. The third travel story discusses the various aspects of fast and slow pooping while riding trains. Finally there is a wonderful story about desire. Wylie and some friends want to attend a big time Iron Maiden concert. They do their best to sneak in or scam their way in but with no luck until they give up. Punkanut contains well-written stories by a person aware of relationships and interactions. SJS (Wylie Punkanut/PO Box 540304/Houston, TX 77254)

Q FOR TREASON #2 4x8.5 75¢ 40pgs.

Kind of a journal. The first excerpt is a story about a trip to some various places in Canada. It covers what they did day to day, and I found it interesting to read. I found that a little trip like they went on is so much more interesting than almost anything I do in my life. It would be nice to just leave your car at home and then just hitch to wherever you want to go, and then just crash at peoples houses. There's about eight or so pages with pictures of the trip, all of them comprised of them getting in erotic poses with statues of the forefathers of Canada. I thought they were funny, especially they are completely out in the open. Another story is about them defacing billboards on the side of the road and then getting caught. And there's some other things mixed in. Nice read. RG (Anna Weevil/11053-89 Ave./Edmonton, AB/T6G 0Z7/Canada)

RABBLERouser #1-3 5.5x8.5 free 44pgs./32pgs./12pgs.

Rabbleroiser is a personal 'zine written by one Richie who currently resides in Philadelphia. He writes about his experiences skating, painting graffiti, riding his bike, going to hardcore and hip-hop shows, hanging out with his pals, and visiting his mom. He seems to have a fairly active life though he does not always enjoy himself. There are fun times and sad times within his 'zine and Richie reveals quite a lot about himself and his emotional states. The last half of each issue is given to photos of graffiti, some his own. SJS (Richie/1022 Randolph St./Philadelphia, PA 19147)

R@SLIN AUTHORITY #1 8.5x11 \$1 20pgs.

The note that came with this 'zine said, "Here's my shitty 'zine. It's all reprints." Well, that's not too nice of an introduction, but whatever. It is indeed reprint-filled, and most of the stuff originally came from the International Anarchist News, so you can guess the slant that it all has. I found it interesting, but perhaps if you already read the IAN you won't find much new stuff in here. Writings on equality, prisoner(s), anarchy, and more. LK (Ron/PO Box 67303/Los Angeles, CA 90067)

RAW PUNK BASTARDS #1 5.5x8.5 \$? 40pgs.

Just what you would expect from the title, that's what you are going to get. I assume that Discharge (not the awful butt rock era Discharge either) would be proud to see that they have successfully influenced their own genre of punk along with Mob 47 and The Varukers (and others I won't spend my time talking about). Interviews with raw punk bands Despite, the almighty Diskonto, Thabto, Self Destructive Species Distro, Game Of The Arseholes 'zine, and Holy Whores. DIY until death style commitment. I hope I don't come off wrong but some of the commentary seems really pissed at people with political motivation and I hate that, at least there is no sign of the Casualties anywhere. Plenty of studs and patches keep yer beer goggles on straight. CF (PO Box 197/Steger, IL 60475)

RAW PUNK BASTARDS #2 5.5x8.5 \$? 24pgs.

Repeat process. Get off floor, shake off hangover, re-charge hair, pick up heavy studded jacket, drop needle on worn out Disclose 7" and smash the state. Interviews with Disclose, Aftermath, Totally Ridiculous, and Chode Brand Musik. CF (PO Box 197/Steger, IL 60475)

REVEREND RICHARD J. MACKIN'S BOOK OF LETTERS #14 5.5x8.5 \$3 48pgs.

This is a collection of letters written to corporations by Mr. Mackin. He asks questions about advertising and various social issues surrounding their products and practices. Sometimes he receives responses which are published with the letter. Mr. Mackin is often quite witty, especially when his letters are written in haiku or free verse. The responses are usually not so witty. This certainly can be an enjoyable diversion for the reader and Mr. Mackin. SJS (Rich Mackin/PO Box 890/Allston, MA 02134)

THE ROMANCE OF REVOLUTION #3

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.
This is a good 'zine. Anarchist rants on self-service technology and its affects on us, why zoos still suck, education and self-determination, a history of Syndicalism. All of that, and some rants and 'zine reviews. Good stuff. CD (Tommy Nail/PO Box 924/Allen, TX 75013)

ROCKIST #002 8.5x11 \$? 64pgs.

This is a music 'zine from the Boston area. It includes interviews and music reviews. There are overviews of Muler and Fluke Starbucker. There are short interviews with At The Drive-In and Blupit. There is one long interview with Knapsack that mostly covers line-up, biography, discography, and recording information. There are many pages of music reviews, a lengthy introduction and praise for the Clash. SJS (Kevin S. Hoskins/539 Washington St. #2/Brighton, MA 02135)

SHAZZBUT! #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

This is subtitled "the travel issue" and it includes stories from the author's recent travels around the country with a van full of friends. The stories cover interactions among the group traveling, interactions with people the met and stayed with, and skateboarding in various locales. The travel begins with some trainhopping in the wrong direction, the consequent backtracking and a run-in with railroad security. Eventually the group assembles and the fun begins. There are many blurry photos and some difficult to read scrawling. Otherwise Shazzbutt! is a fun 'zine. SJS (Mark Novotny/5413 South 6th Ave./Countryside, IL 60525)

SLIDE THE NEEDLE #1 8.5x11 \$2 44pgs.

If you're interested in a magazine that looks solely at the independent music scene, this may be a good place for you to look. Slide the Needle covers many different bands such as Urban Legends, The Make Up, The Locust, Tristeza, Nashville Pussy, and many, many more. There are also a few columns, though not quite enough for my liking. Those who love to read about bands will find this magazine to be quite a treat; those who don't enjoy a 100% music focus should turn elsewhere. LK (PO Box 7445/Olympia, WA 98507)

SOUND VIEWS #57 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

This issue of Sound Views includes several interviews with a diverse group of musicians and a promoter. First up is a conversation with author and founding member of the False Prophets, Steve Wishnia. He speaks of writing and making music in the NYC scene during the past 20 years or so. Promoter Glen Leslie talks about his involvement with jazz and improvised music in NYC. There are interviews with the World Inferno Friendship Society in which they discuss their origin, intentions, and music making and an introduction to Les Sans Cullottes in which they describe their musical exploits and social observations. There is also an article describing the various ensembles led by drummer Bobby Sanabria and the highlights of his discography. Other stuff includes reviews of several books about rock writers, a critical overview of the Beach Boys' recordings from the 1970s, and a rundown of some of the recent releases by some '60s and '70s garage-psyche-proto punk reissue labels. There are some insightful reviews of a diverse batch of recordings and the final installment in the infamous Bad Dates column. Other things filling the remaining pages include columns, classifieds, and comics. SJS (PO Box 23523/Brooklyn, NY 11202-1713)

SUBSIDIZED MESS #1 & #2 8.5x11 stamps/trade 20pgs.

A new all hardcore/punk zine featuring a great interview with Dead Nation (with killer photos), Change 'zine, and also a reprinted interview from an old MRR with the awesome BGK. Another 'zine with great photos! Any 'zine with Amebix pictures gets the true seal of approval. There are great stories about various hardcore ailments in and out of the scene. If you want a double dose you would probably be into *Martyrs And Other Fuckers* I also reviewed. Great reviews to! I like their sense of opinion and interest in awesome hardcore for sure. I didn't even know that there were two 'zines when I got this. Issue #2 is quite smaller. It packs the same amount of punch into a smaller space. Reviews some rants and an interview with Lifes Halt. That's about it really. CF (Joe Hays/70 Plum St. #2/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

SYNONYMOUS TO ANONYMOUS

4.25x5.5 \$2+stamps 60pgs.
Quite an extraordinary, little pocket-sized 'zine. It's very well written, thoughtful, and tasty. The author describes his creation as "a mess of truth, fiction, and thoughts taken from journal entries, previous writings, notes, ideas, and letters" and that sums it up pretty well. Complete with pictures and sketches, this is a fun and interesting read. You should write Adam Kelly a letter with \$2 (or a "good trade") enclosed with a couple stamps to receive one of these. AP (Adam Kelly/167 Astral Dr./Dartmouth, NS/B2V 1B6/Canada)

THOUGHT BOMBS #11 5.5x8.5 \$2 80pgs.

The amount of content crammed into this issue is staggering. Much of this issue is poetry written by the editor some 25 years ago. The intro explains his journey in the world and how he has landed where he now is, editor of *Thought Bombs*. Complementing the poetry are a number of prose pieces about various things that occurred to various contributors. There are some other articles about the prison system, political ideas, and forces of revolution. LO (South Chicago ABC Zine Distro/PO Box 721/Homewood, IL 60430)

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #4

8.5x11 \$? 16pgs.
The *Twin Cities Hardcore Journal* has, not surprisingly, information about the Twin Cities. There are interviews with The Carebears and Mushmouth, and a bunch of reviews. If you are interested in either of the bands mentioned or want to find out more about the Minneapolis/St. Paul scene, this would certainly be a place for you to look. LK (803 Thomas/St. Paul, MN 55104)

TWISTED ROCK PRESS #7 8.5x11 \$1.50 20pgs.

Most of this issue of TRP is poetry and art. Other pages have short music reviews, thoughts on friends, and some guitar tips. There also include interviews with Switchblade Symphony, Impotent Sea Snakes, and Flipp; all of which were pretty short. The editor is looking for other people who want to contribute dark fiction and goth inspired stuff. So if you're twisted enough perhaps you can be in issue #8. LO (Kevin Estes/4041 Nicholl Ave./Muskegon, MI 49444)

UNAFFILIATED #1 8.5x11 \$? 24pgs.

This 'zine contains some political and social writings, some fiction, and some music reviews. First up editor, Jennie Lee, describes her experiences at the demos surrounding the Republican National Convention. There is an essay on the transatlantic business dialog that describes the considerable relationships between governments and corporations. Two other essays look at third party candidates for US president and the effects of a meat based diet on our planet and animals. There is an excerpt from the Unabomber manifesto that looks at social interaction in our industrial society. The short stories are brief and deal with personal experiences. One story describes the thoughts of a pregnant 14-year-old. SJS (720 City Park A116/Fort Collins, CO 80521)

THE UNION #1 5.5x8.5 \$3 68pgs.

For a first issue, this 'zine looks pretty amazing. With a nice layout throughout, it keeps my eyes peeled on every page. Featuring interviews with Botch, Grade (which was boring), MK Ultra, Locust, Kill the Man Who Questions, Phyte Records, and more; you already know what to expect. Very nicely done and very slick. I have a feeling that this is a start to a long future for this 'zine. SA (Rudee/BP 3021/59703 Marquon-Baroeul Cedex/France)

THE UNSCENE #2 5.5x8.5 \$? 20pgs.

This short 'zine exists entirely to promote Eugene's underground punk/rock scene. Show reviews, band write-ups, and lists of upcoming shows fill each issue. The current issues features a less than stellar interview with Guttermouth and a more interesting one with alternative folk singer Honey Vizer. LO (541) 338-0229

THE URBAN HERMITT 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

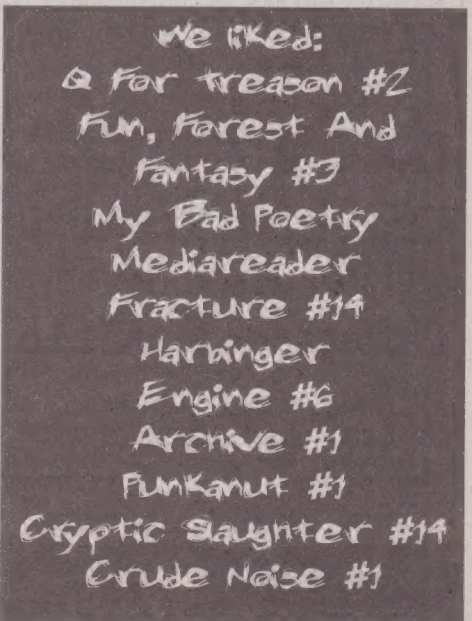
I swear I've read this 'zine before, but for the life of me I cannot find the issue number here. Sarah calls this the "fuck you" issue because of so much of the content and the fact that the whole thing is written by hand. (Thank goodness she has nice handwriting.) Inside you'll find pages of sarcastic anecdotes, thoughts about interactions, ideas about the world, and other goodies to fill in the blanks. I like *Urban Hermitt* because it is totally real and has all the ups and downs of a conversation. LO (Sarah/1122 E Pike #910/Seattle, WA 98122)

**WELL-FAIR? #3** 5.5x8.5 \$1 or trade 36pgs.

This is a 'zine of personal experiences from a guy in Seattle. It contains essays on the need for physical contact within the punk community, the WTO protests and surrounding activities, voting or not, working and the stability and loss of passion it may bring, and working with juvenile sexual offenders. *Well-Fair* also contains poems, travel notes from some places visited by the editor, a report on life in Yugoslavia, and some reviews of books and zines. SJS (Huey Proudhon/PO Box 95516/Seattle, WA 98145)

WE'RE GONNA FIGHT #2 6x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

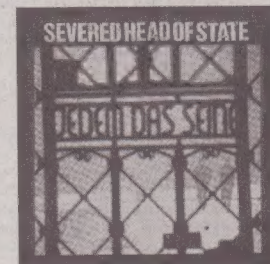
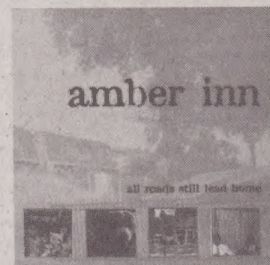
Though parts of this 'zine are rough around the edges, it is highly resourceful and mindful if international solidarity. The columns about school, alcohol, cigarettes, working, and veganism-all come from a compassionate viewpoint that is interested in rejecting that which harms and embracing that with restores. I was impressed by the breadth of people and bands interviewed in this issue. The list includes, Refuse Records from Poland, Darbouka Records from France, Pointing Finger from Portugal, the Malooka Collective from France, and Container Crusties from Hell from Holland and France. There are also music and 'zine reviews for a variety of releases. LO (8 Crs Gambetta/69007 Lyon/France)



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 AMBER INN - All Roads Lead Home LP
 AMBER INN - Serenity In Hand 7"
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 REVERSAL OF MAN - This Is Medicine LP
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 YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... LP
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 SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... CD
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 ECONOCHRIST - Trained To Serve LP
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 C.R. - Forty Six Song CD

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 DEAD NATION - Painless 7" B
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 DISEMBODIED - Heretic CD M
 FROM ASHES RISE - CD (2 LPs + 7" material) J
 FROM ASHES RISE - Concrete And Steel LP J
 GUYANA PUNCH LINE - Sounds For... 7" B
 HELL CHILD/WORD SALAD - split 10" H
 HIRAX - El Diablo Negro 7" picture disc F
 HIS HERO IS GONE - The Plot Sickens CD J
 INFEST - 1991 Live on KXLU Radio 12" L
 ISIS - Celestial LPx2 Q
 LÄRM - Extreme Noise CD discography L
 LAST IN LINE - L'Esercito Del Morto LP L
 THE LAST FORTY SECONDS - 12" H
 LE SHOCK/THE STITCHES - split 7" C
 MAINSTRIKE - Farewell 7" B
 MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES/HAWGJAW - 7" A
 MAN IS THE BASTARD - Mancruel CD J
 ORCHID - debut 7" B
 ORCHID/COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN - 6" C
 PG. 99 - Document #5 LP L
 RACEBANNON - First There Was... LP J
 RED SCARE - Strangers Die Everyday LP J
 RED SCARE - Strangers Die Everyday CD L
 RED SCARE/TRUE NORTH - split 7" B
 REVERSAL OF MAN - early discography CD L
 RIOT/CLONE - Do You Want Fries... LP J
 RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE - LP J
 SEEIN' RED/MK ULTRA - split CD L
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Progress CD M
 SUBMISSION HOLD - Eat More Garlic CD M
 TEAR IT UP - Just Can't Stand It LP J
 THE OATH - Transatlantic Thrash Terror 7" B
 THE SCARLET LETTER - The Last... 7" B
 UNITED SUPER VILLIANS - Choke... LP L
 USURP SYNAPSE/HASSAN I SABBAAH - 7" B
 RESIST & EXIST - Kwangju CD G
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 WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? - Ahora Mas... 7" B
 YAPHET KOTTO/SUICIDE NATION - split 7" B

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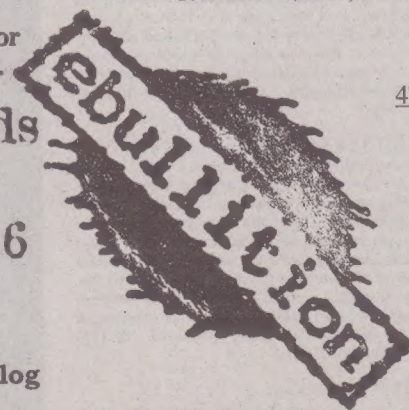
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